

UC-NRLF



B 3 336 949



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
DAVIS

GIFT OF

Mrs. Paul M. Grant



George Richmond Del.

(From a drawing in the possession of the Earl of Carlisle.)

H. Wright Smith Sc.

Yours truly,
Wm H. Purcott

HALF-HOURS

WITH THE

BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

CHARLES MORRIS.

VOL. III.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

1891.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
DAVIS

Copyright, 1886, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.



CONTENTS.

SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
Squire Paine's Conversion	ROSE TERRY COOKE	7
Discomfited Hunters	CHARLES C. ABBOTT	20
Sonnets	VARIOUS	32
Children	JOHN NEAL	39
Oration on La Fayette	CHARLES SUMNER	43
A Hymn to the Types	CHARLES G. HALPINE	47
Political Parties	DE WITT CLINTON	51
Obliterated Continents	ALEXANDER WINCHELL	55
Pedestrianism in Europe	BAYARD TAYLOR	69
A Western Reception	FRANCES C. BAYLOR	80
Drifting	T. B. READ	92
The Influence of Educated Women	BENJAMIN RUSH	95
Tobacco	" "	98
A Terrible Ride	ALBION W. TOURGÉE	100
Newspaper Characteristics	FISHER AMES	110
Alexander Hamilton	" "	113
Advice to Farmers	HORACE GREELEY	116
Life in Nature	VARIOUS	123
Robert of Lincoln	W. C. BRYANT	123
To the Mocking-Bird	ALBERT PIKE	125
Birds and Thoughts	R. H. STODDARD	127
The Voice of the Grass	SARAH ROBERTS	128
The Coral Grove	J. G. PERCIVAL	129
The Chambered Nautilus	O. W. HOLMES	130
The Humble-Bee	R. W. EMERSON	132
My Strawberry	HELEN HUNT	134
The Petrified Fern	MARY L. BOLLES	135
Washington Resigns his Commission	DAVID RAMSAY	137
Specimen of a Collegiate Examination	FRANCIS HOPKINSON	140
On Whitewashing	" "	144
Characteristics of Arabian Poetry	HENRY COPPÉE	148

SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
The Secret Chamber	NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE . .	156
Shakespeare Ode	CHARLES SPRAGUE	167
Novel-Writing before Waverley	R. S. MACKENZIE	173
Restricted Development of Poetry in America	E. C. STEDMAN	183
The Gulf Stream	M. F. MAURY	192
The Storming of the Bastille	JOHN S. C. ABBOTT	206
An Astonished Gambler	MARY N. MURFREE	214
The Black Regiment	GEORGE H. BOKER	227
First Impressions of Japan	JAMES BROOKS	229
Keimer's Attempt to found a New Religion	MASON L. WEEMS	237
Jack and Gill: A Criticism	JOSEPH DENNIE	247
After the Ball	NORA PERRY	253
Oration on the Death of Washington	HENRY LEE	256
Religion in its Relations to Literature	W. E. CHANNING	260
Sunday Morning in Wallencamp	SALLIE PRATT McLEAN . .	264
The Lady Riberta's Harvest	MARGARET J. PRESTON . .	273
Domestic Life in 1800	SAMUEL G. GOODRICH . . .	277
A Visit to Sunnyside	J. G. WILSON	283
The Art of the Future	CHARLES G. LELAND . . .	289
In the Depths of the Mine	MARY H. FOOTE	299
Aspects of Nature	VARIOUS	308
A Forest Nook	ALFRED B. STREET	308
A Day	ROBERT KELLY WEEKS . .	310
The Fall of Niagara	JOHN G. C. BRAINARD . .	312
The Sky	R. H. STODDARD	313
To Seneca Lake	J. G. PERCIVAL	313
Twilight	ISAAC McLELLAN	314
Sunrise from Mount Washington	RUFUS DAWES	316
The Brook	WM. B. WRIGHT	317
The Rain	ANONYMOUS	320
Death and the Future Life	CHAUNCEY GILES	321
A Pretty Time of Night	JOSEPH C. NEAL	330
Our Familiar Birds	MARY TREAT	339
The Dancers of the Nile	G. W. CURTIS	348
Instructions in the Art of Duelling	HUGH H. BRACKENRIDGE .	359
The Wants of Man	JOHN QUINCY ADAMS . . .	364
A Royal Seat	EUGENE BENSON	372
A Traitor Discomfited	F. M. CRAWFORD	379
Death of Charles the Bold	JOHN FOSTER KIRK	390
New England Weather	S. L. CLEMENS	400

CONTENTS.

5

SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
Old Roads and Wood-Paths	WILSON FLAGG	404
Modern Business Methods	C. A. BARTOL	414
Boating down the Grand Cañon	W. H. RIDEING	422
The Rivulet, the River, and the Ocean	VARIOUS	433
The Rivulet	W. C. BRYANT	433
The Connecticut River	LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY	435
By the Sea-Shore	JOHN WHITE CHADWICK	436
Song of the Ocean	ANONYMOUS	438
Inside Plum Island	HARRIET P. SPOFFORD	440
My Ships at Sea	R. B. COFFIN	441
Minute Forms of Life	G. P. MARSH	443
Development of Religious Ideas	D. G. BRINTON	448
A South-Sea Idyl	C. W. STODDARD	459
The Man without a Country	E. E. HALE	467
The Vagabonds	J. T. TROWBRIDGE	480
The Bible and the Iliad	FRANCIS WAYLAND	484
The Terror of the Earthquake	MARY AGNES TINCKER	489
The Eternal Goodness	J. G. WHITTIER	500
A Mine-Explosion	FRANCES H. BURNETT	504

HALF-HOURS

WITH THE

BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS.

SQUIRE PAINE'S CONVERSION.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

[The short stories which Mrs. Cooke has been for years contributing to our leading magazines are among the best specimens extant of the American humorous tale, and for happy handling of the New England dialect, and versatility in character-drawing, are of unsurpassed excellence. Under her maiden name of Rose Terry she formerly published a volume of poems, of marked merit, from which we have made an extract in a preceding volume. She is a native of West Hartford, Connecticut, where she was born in 1827. The story whose concluding portions we give opens with a description of Squire Paine's masterful way of "managing" his wife into the grave, and his high respect for the "Golden Rewl" as applied to others,—not to himself. Miss Roxy succeeds Mrs. Paine as manager of the household.]

IN the library of Squire Larkin's time the next hour was spent by Samuel Paine and Roxy Keep in a passage of arms. He was determined to secure Roxy to manage his establishment on his own terms; and she was willing to be secured, but it must be on her terms; and, being a tailoress, she carried the day. In consideration of the little home she left in Hermon, and the lucrative trade

she left, she required of the squire a written guaranty that her services should continue for two years in any case, subject only to her own change of mind; that her salary should be paid quarterly, under pain of her immediate departure if it failed to come to hand; and that the aforesaid salary should be a sufficient equivalent for the trade she gave up. After much conversation, the squire yielded all these points, though with no good grace.

"Well, now I've gi'n up to ye," said he, "I'd like to know how soon ye can come, Roxy. Things is a-goin' every which way here. Lowisy's a good girl,—she's a good enough girl; but she ain't nothin' *but* a girl, an' she ain't no more fit to run a house'n she is to preach a sermon: so I'd like ye to come back's quick as ye can."

"I dono's I need to go," curtly and promptly answered Miss Roxy. "I reckoned I should stay when I come: so I sold out my house to Deacon Treadwell's widder, an' I fetched my trunks along. They're over to Reading depot; and the stage-driver he'll take the checks to-morrer and fetch 'em back. I don't never let no grass grow under *my* feet, Squire Paine."

"Land alive! I should think not!" ejaculated the astonished squire. So Miss Roxy stayed, and the house was stirred up from beneath to meet her. Bridget gave notice just in time not to have it given to her; and, brush in hand, the fiercest of bandanna handkerchiefs tied over her crisp black hair, Miss Roxy began that awful "setting to rights" which is at once the privilege and the necessity of strenuous souls like hers. At first Louise was half inclined to rebel: the slipshod family rule, or misrule, had just suited her youthful carelessness. But Miss Roxy's keen humor, pleasant common sense, and comfortable efficiency soon enlisted Louise on her side; and the girl could not help enjoying the bright order, the speckless comfort,

the savory meals, the thrift that was not meanness, and the frugality that could be discreetly generous, which followed Miss Roxy's reign; and at the end of two years the squire was glad enough to renew the guaranty which this foreseeing woman still demanded of him. Well for her, well for all of them, was it that he did so sign.

In the mean time Squire Paine had gone his way, buying and selling, and talking much about the "Golden Rewl," and many small tiffs had ensued between him and Miss Roxy on points of domestic economy. But the squire knew, if he had never read, that discretion is the better part of valor, and, considering just in time that house-keeping was not his forte and was Miss Roxy's, he always beat a retreat after these battles, and not always with flying colors. But now, toward the beginning of this third year, there began to be trouble in the camp. Elisha Squires, in common with various other youths of Bassett, had found out that Louise Paine was charming above all other girls of the vicinity; and the squire's house became a sort of besieged castle, greatly to his disgust and indignation.

"I won't hev it! I won't hev it!" stormed he one fine night, when the last of seven callers had gone from the front door, and Louise judiciously slipped off to bed.

"Won't hev what?" calmly inquired Roxy, who sat by the "keeping-room" table, toeing off a stocking.

"Why, I won't hev so many fellers a-comin' here the hull etarnal time. There ain't no use on't, an' I tell ye I won't hev it. I won't, as sure's ye live."

"What be you goin' to do about it?" was Roxy's cool rejoinder.

"I'll lock the doors."

"Then they'll come into the back-winder," smiled the exasperating spinster. "Look here, Squire Paine," and

she laid down her knitting, and confronted him as one who

“Drinks delight of battle with his peers,”

“you’re a master-hand to talk about the Golden Rewl: how’d you ha’ liked it ef Squire Larkin had locked the door to this house on you?”

“He hadn’t no call to: he was dead.”

“Now don’t jump no fences that way. ’Spose he’d ben alive?”

“I dono’s I’m called to tell ye. I’m a professor in good an’ reg’lar standin’, an’ the Golden Rewl hes allers ben my standard o’ livin’; an’ the sperrit and principle o’ the Golden Rewl is to do to others as you’d wish to be done by; an’ ef I was a gal I should be glad to hev the doors locked on a passel o’ fellers that come foolin’ around nights.”

“You’re life-everlastin’ sure o’ that, be ye?” was the dry rejoinder.

“Well, ef she ain’t, she’d orter be; an’ I’m free to conclude that Lowisy does what she’d orter, bein’ my child—and her ma’s.”

“I don’t believe no great in hinderin’ young folks’s ways, Squire Paine. It’s three wheels to a wagon to be young, an’ hinderin’ don’t overset nothin’: it’s more apt to set it, a long sight. Don’t you never expect Lowisy to git married?”

“I dono’s I do, an’ I dono *as* I do. Married life is an onsartin state. Mebbe Lowisy’d be better off to stay to hum with me. Anyway, there ain’t no sech hurry; ’tain’t the best goods go off the fust. An’ I tell ye what, Roxy, I do expect she’ll hark to me about who she marries, and not go an’ git tied up to some poor Jack.”

“Then I tell *you* what, Samwell Paine, you expect nothin’, an’ you’ll sup sorrow. Girls will pick out their own husbands to the day after never, for all you. I

always hold that there's two things a woman had oughter pick out for herself, spite o' fate; and them two is her husband an' her carpets."

"An' I expect to pick 'em both out for Lowisy," answered the undaunted squire, as he marched off to bed, holding his tallow candle askew, and dropping hot tears,—of tallow—as he went.

But, as fate, or Louise, would have it, Squire Paine was not to pick out either of these essentials for his daughter. She was fast drifting into that obstinate blessedness which is reserved for youth and love, which laughs at parents and guardians, defies time and circumstance, and too often blinds the brightest eyes, and brings the most fastidious hands to

"Wreathe thy fair large ears, my gentle joy,"

and finds out too late it is Bottom the weaver.

In Louise's case, however, there was no danger of such waking: she had good reason for her preference. Elisha Squires, her father's clerk, was a handsome, well-educated, energetic young fellow,—a gentleman by nature and breeding both. Louise had pitied him ten thousand times for his unfit position in her father's employment, before he perceived that she was interested the least in him or his occupation; and, when it dawned on the busy and weary soul that one bright blossom looked over the paling into his desert life, what was the natural impulse that followed? It is not a young man who "loves the wild rose, and leaves it on its stalk," literally or figuratively; and these juvenile idiots fell fathoms deep in love with each other, entirely unconscious of the melancholy fact that one was the richest girl in Bassett, and the other working for daily bread. Arcadia could not have shown more divine simplicity. But Bassett was not Arcadia; and when sundry

jealous and disappointed swains discovered that "Lowisy Paine" would go home from prayer-meetings with 'Lisha Squires, had actually been seen lingering with him at her father's front gate in the starry May darkness, even after the nine-o'clock bell had rung, and was sure to welcome him on a Sunday night, though she might snap and snarl at them, then Louise's troubles began. Prayer-meetings must be attended; but the squire went to and fro with her himself, and Elisha could not be spared from the store to attend them at all. Squire Paine hated to lose his clerk, but he would not lose his daughter: so, with the obtuse perception of the heavy father from time immemorial, he rushed into the *mêlée* like some floundering elephant into a flower-bed.

"Lowisy," said he, one Sunday night, after the row of adorers were dispersed, Elisha Squires among them, "hear to me now! I ain't a-goin' to hev you courted the hull time by these here fellers. You've got to stop it. 'Specially I won't hev ye careerin' around with 'Lisha: he's poorer'n poverty, an' as stuck up as though he was mighty Cæsar. I've fetcht ye up, an' gi'n ye a good eddication, an' you ain't a-goin' to throw yourself away on no sech trash."

The hot color rushed up to Louise's forehead, her red lip curled, and unspeakable disdain expressed itself, as she looked straight into her father's face; but she did not say a word. She left the room with perfect composure, stopping to pick a dry leaf from her pet geranium, and walked up the stairs with a slow precision that ought to have spoken volumes to her father's ear, as it did to Roxy's.

"Well, you've done it now," remarked that respectable woman.

"Yes, I guess I hev," was the squire's complacent answer, quite misapprehending the sense in which he had

done it. "I guess I've put a spoke inter that wheel, an' sideways too."

Roxy gave one of the silent chuckles which meant deep amusement, and took herself off to bed. She was not a woman to interfere with the course of true love between Louise and Elisha, both of whom had become special favorites of hers since their first acquaintance; but, as she said to herself, she would not "make nor meddle" in this matter, having full confidence in Louise's power of managing her own affairs, and far too much reverence and delicacy in her own nature to be a match-maker. But the squire went on from bad to worse, and, in his blind zeal to have his own way, brought things to a swift conclusion; for, having given Elisha notice that he should need him no longer, he was more than surprised one fine July morning to find that Louise had left him too,—that the pair had gone together. The squire was black with rage when the fact was announced to him by Miss Roxy, and a brief and defiant note from Louise put into his hand. He raved, raged, even swore, in his first wild fury, and paced up and down the kitchen like a wild animal.

Miss Roxy eyed him with a peculiar expression. She felt that her hour had come. As she afterward said, "I should ha' bust ef I hadn't spoke. I'd ben a-hankerin' to give it to him quite a spell, but I held my tongue for Lowisy's sake. But thinks sez I, now's your time, Rox-anny Keep; pitch in an' do your dooty. An' I tell ye it whistled of itself. Seemed as though 'twa'n't me re'lly, but somethin' makin' a tin horn out o' my lips to rouse him up to judgment." And certainly Miss Roxy was roused herself: she confronted the squire like a Yankee lioness.

"Look a-here, Samwell Paine: it's time somebody took ye to do. You've ben a-buyin' an' a-sellin', an' a-rakin' an'

a-scrapin', till your soul—ef you've got any—is nigh about petered out. You call yourself a Christian an' a professor, an' a follerer of the Golden Rewl, do ye? An' here you be, cussin' an' swearin' like a Hivite an' a Jeboosite, an' all the rest on 'em, because things ain't jest as you would have 'em to be. You hain't had no bowels of compassion for Lowisy no more'n ef you was her jailer, instead of her pa. What's the matter with 'Lisha Squires? He's a honest, good-disposed, reliable feller as ever was, good enough for anybody's girl; a Christian, too,—not one o' the sugar-sandin', rum-waterin', light-weight kind, but a real one. He don't read the Golden Rewl t'other side up, as you do, I tell ye. You make it doin' to other folks just what you want to do, an' lettin' them go hang. I tell ye the hypocrite's hope shall perish; an' you're one on 'em, as sure as the world. 'Tain't sayin' Lord, Lord, that makes folks pious: it's doin' the will o' God, justice, an' mercy, an' lovin'-kindness."

Here Roxy paused for breath; and the astounded squire ejaculated, "Roxanny Keep!"

"Yes, that's my name: I ain't afeared to own it, nor to set it square to what I've said. I hain't lived here goin' on three year, an' seen your ways, for nothin'. I've had eyes to behold your pinchin' an' sparin' an' crawlin'; grindin' poor folks's faces, an' lickin' rich folks's platters; actin' as though your own daughter was nothin' but a bill of expense to ye, an' a block to show off your pride an' vanity, not a livin', lovin' soul to show the way to heaven to. An' now she's quit. She's got a good, lovin', true-hearted feller to help her along where you didn't know the way, an' didn't want to, neither; an' you're ravin' mad 'cause he hain't got no money, when you've got more'n enough for all on ye. Samwell Paine, you ain't no Christian, not 'cordin' to gospel truth, ef you have

been a professor nigh on to forty year. You no need to think you was converted, for you never was. Folks ain't converted to meanness an' greediness an' self-seekin' an' wrath an' malice. The Lord don't turn 'em into the error of their ways: he turns 'em out on't. Ef you was a minister in the pulpit, or a deacon handin' the plate, you ain't no Christian 'thout you act like one; an' that's the eternal fact on't. You've ben a livin' lie all these years; an' you've ended by drivin' your only daughter, your own flesh an' blood, the best thing the Lord ever give ye, out o' house an' home 'cause you was mad after money. An' it'll happen unto ye accordin' to the word o' the Lord about sech folks: you'll be drowned in destruction an' perdition, an' pierce yourself through with many sorrers, ef you don't flee for your life from sech things, an' foller after righteousness, godliness, an' the rest on 'em. You'd oughter go down on your poor old knees an' pray to be converted at the 'leventh hour. There, I've freed my mind, thank the Lord! an' there won't be none o' your blood found on my skirts ef the last day comes in to-morrer mornin'." With which the exhausted lecturer heaved a long breath, and began to mop her heated face vigorously with her inseparable bandanna handkerchief, which might have symbolized to the audience, had there been any, a homely victorious banner.

The squire stood amazed and afraid. In all the long course of his life nobody had ever before gainsaid him. Outward respect and consideration had been his portion: now the ground cracked under his feet, and he found himself in a new land. He did not go to the store that day: he stumbled out of Roxy's sight, and shut himself up in the unused parlor, where alternate storms of rage, conviction, despair, and scorn assailed him for many hours. It was, indeed, a dreadful battle that he fought in the musty

silence of that darkened room, pacing up and down like a caged tiger. Roxy had spoken awful words; but they were milk and honey compared to the echo which his late-awakened conscience gave them: still he fought with a certain savage courage against the truths that were toppling over to crush him, and justified himself to his own accusing soul with a persistent hardihood that had better served a better cause. It was reserved for God's own stroke to bring sweet waters out of this rock: Moses and the rod had smitten it in vain. Just as his courage seemed to aid him, and he had resolved to send Roxy back to Hermon and her tailoring, and brave out the judgment of his fellow-men and the desertion of Louise, nay, more, to revenge himself for that desertion by refusing her aid or comfort, or even recognition of any kind,—just then, as he had settled down into his self-complacency, and wilful disregard of God's own words, pelted at him as they had been by Roxy, he heard an outer door open, invading steps, voices of low tumult, a sort of whispering horror and stifled grief drawing nearer to his retreat, and the door opened very slowly, disclosing the stern features of Parson Peters, the village minister. Not altogether stern now was that long and meagre visage: a sort of terror mingled with pity softened its rigid lines.

"My brother," he said, lifting one hand, as he was wont to do when praying over a coffin, and facing the troubled and inflamed countenance of Squire Paine,—*"my brother, the hand of the Lord is upon you this day. Your child has been taken. There has been a terrible accident to the train by which they left Reading Station, and news has come that both are—gone."*

Like a forest tree into which the woodman sets his last stroke, the squire tottered, paused for one instant of time, and fell forward prostrate.

Roxy was behind Parson Peters as the old man fell; and, pushing that eminent divine out of her way like a spider, she was at once on her knees by his side, promptly administering the proper remedies. It was only a fainting-fit; but, when the squire recovered, he was weak, humble, and gentle as a little child. He lay on the sofa in the parlor all day. The unused windows were opened, and the sweet summer air flowed in and out with scents of late roses and new hay on its delicate wings; but Squire Paine did not notice it. He took the broth Roxy brought him without a complaint, and actually thanked her for it. She herself guarded the outside door like a dragon, and even refused admittance to Parson Peters.

"No," said she; "it's good to let him be to-day. I tell ye the Lord's a-dealin' with the poor old creter, an' we hadn't ought to meddle. Human nater is everlastin' queer, an' there is some folks nobody can tune so well as Him that made 'em. He'll take up his bed an' walk as soon as the merracle works, an' we can't hurry it up any; but I've faith to believe it's a-workin'."

And it was according to Roxy's faith. As soon as the sun went down, the squire rose up, ate what was set before him, put his disordered dress to rights, and walked feebly over to the weekly prayer-meeting; for these things happened of a Thursday.

The lights in the little school-house were dim and few, for the night's warm atmosphere made even the heat of the two necessary lamps oppressive; but Squire Paine took no advantage of this darkness, though the room was unusually full. He walked to the very front bench, and seated himself before the deacon who conducted the meeting; and, as soon as the opening hymn was sung, he waved the good man, who was about to follow with a prayer, aside with a certain rugged dignity, and rose,

facing the assembly, and beginning with broken voice to speak.

"Brethring," he said, "I come here to-night to make a confession. I've lived amongst you for sixty-odd year, man an' boy, an' the last forty on 'em I've ben a livin' lie. Brethring; I hev ben a professor in this here church all that time, an' I wa'n't never converted. I was a real stiddy-goin' hypocrite, an' I hain't but jest found it out. The marciful Lord has kinder spared me for a day of repentance, an' it's come: I tell ye it's come! There was one that dealt with me mightily, an' shook me some,—one, I may say, that drilled the hole, an' put in the powder of the Word, an' tamped it down with pretty stiff facts; but it didn't do no good. I was just like a rock bored an' charged, but pooty rugged an' hard yet. But, brethring, **THE LORD HAS FIRED THE BLAST HIMSELF**, an' the nateral man is broken to pieces. I give up right here. The Lord is good. God be merciful to me, a sinner! Brethring, can't you pray?"

There was but one answer to the pathetic agony of that appeal. Deacon Adkins rose, and prayed as if his lips had been touched with a coal from the altar, and there were sympathetic tears in the hardest eyes there before he finished; while Squire Paine's low sobs were heard at intervals, as if they were the very convulsions of a breaking heart.

"Let us sing

" 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,' "

said the deacon, after his prayer was over. And, when the last line of that noble Doxology floated away into the rafters, they all gathered round to shake hands, and express their deep sympathy with the repentant and bereaved father. It was almost too much for Squire Paine. The

breaking-up of the great deep within had worn upon him exceedingly: humbled, sad, yet wonderfully peaceful as his spirit felt, still the flesh trembled, and was weak. He was glad when Roxy came up, and, taking hold of his arm, led him homeward.

Was he glad, or death-smitten, or, as he thought, suddenly in the heavenly places, when his own door opened before his hand touched the latch, and Louise, darting forward, threw her arms about his neck?

"Land o' liberty!" shrieked Roxy. "Do you want to kill your pa outright? An' how came ye here anyway? We heered you an' him was both stun-dead!"

Roxy's curt and curious interposition seemed to restore the equilibrium suddenly. Squire Paine did not faint, and Louise actually laughed. Here was something natural and homely to shelter in after the dream-like agitation of the day.

"No," said Louise's clear voice: "we wa'n't hurt, not much,—only stunned, and scared a bit. But there was two in the next seat who—well, *they* won't come home to their folks, Aunt Roxy. We thought maybe you would be anxious; and then somebody said right before us that we were both killed, and they'd sent the news over to Bassett: so we thought the best thing to do was to come back and show ourselves. Here's 'Lisha."

Squire Paine must have been converted; for he shook his son-in-law's hand with all good will, and kissed his daughter heartily. His voice was somewhat weak and husky; but he managed to say, so as to be heard, "An' now ye've got home re'lly, you've got to stay home. I sha'n't hev no more sech risks run. And, 'Lisha, we'll open the store real early to-morrer. I dono when it's ben shut twenty-four hours before."

This was all he said; for the New-England man, saint

or sinner, has few words when feeling is strongest. But the squire's actions spoke for him. He never referred to the past, but strove with his might to live a new and righteous life. Not all at once the granite gave place to gold: there were roots of bitterness, and strivings of the old Adam, many and often; but none who had once known him doubted that Squire Paine was a changed man. At his own earnest request, he was allowed to make a new profession of religion; and, after relating his experiences in due form to the assembled deacons, he wound up the recital in this fashion: "It was the Lord's hand done it fin'ly, brethr'ing; but, next to him, I owe this here real conversion to Roxanny Keep."

"Hallelujah!" exclaimed Aunt Roxy, when Mrs. Deacon Adkins betrayed her good husband's confidence far enough to tell her this. "I tell ye, Mrs. Adkins, I took my life in my hand that mornin'; but I felt a call to do it. Ye know David killed Goliath with a pebble, nothin' more; an' I allers could sling straight."

DISCOMFITED HUNTERS.

CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

[Dr. Abbott, a native of Trenton, New Jersey, where he was born in 1843, is known in science as an energetic archæologist, the author of a work on "Primitive Industry," and the collector of many ancient Indian relics from the Trenton gravels. He has recently published two attractively-written books of popular science, "Rambles of a Naturalist" and "Upland and Meadow," which show the close observation of an ardent lover of nature, and an unusual facility of making pleasant reading out of ordinarily dry subjects. From the last-named work we select a brace of amusing hunting-stories, to which the quaint

Quaker phraseology of the one "quoted from an old diary" adds a highly agreeable flavor.]

BETTER repeat the twelve labors of Hercules than attempt to catalogue the varied forms of life found in the area of an average ramble. Indeed, I have seldom seen a half-acre that was not a "Zoo" which the study of a lifetime would fail to exhaust; but, if this is the sole incentive to take a recreative stroll in the upland or meadow, it were better to stay at home.

On the other hand, to feel that whatever creature we may meet will prove companionable—that it is no stranger, but rather an amusing and instructive friend—assures us both pleasure and profit whenever we chance abroad.

He who has this interest in the life about him can never be lonely, wander wheresoever he will, nor return from a contemplative ramble other than a wiser and happier man.

When I talked, years ago, to the old men of the neighborhood,—there is not one of them left,—I invariably wished that I had been my grandfather. I felt fully a century too late.

If half the tales they told me were true, nothing of to-day equals that which was found here when they were young. If this had been an old man's fancy it would have only provoked a smile; but, alas! it was so far true as to cause me at the time endless regret. It was by no means a sugar-coated pill that I was forced to swallow when one of these gray-beards quietly remarked, "You seem to know something about animals, but we had the critters themselves."

This was not cheering to one who was ambitious of seeing something of wild life, but I had one consolation: my old friend had not seen the country in its best days,

as judged from his point of view. As proof of this, compare his remarks with the following from an old diary:

"Ninth mo., 1734. Father reports Friend Stacy as saying that formerly ducks and geese were more abundant than they now are. He thinks the use of great noisy guns has reduced their numbers. How they could be more abundant than of late puzzleth me to comprehend. Watson's Creek is often truly black with them, and gatherings of fowl of many kinds do now pass up the Cross weeksen, such as take several minutes to pass by. The geese are always in wedge-shaped companies, and are never so numerous as in the smaller sorts. I do seldom see the great swans, but father says they are not unusual in the wide stretches of the Delaware. The Indians that lately tarried by the great spring on our hill-side did shoot several near where the creek joins the river. . . . Father allowed me to accompany Oconio, my Indian friend, to Watson's Creek, that we might gather wild fowl after the Indian manner. With great eagerness I accompanied Oconio, and thus happened it. We did reach the widest part of that creek early in the morning. I think the sun was scarcely an half-hour high. Oconio straightway hid himself in the tall grass by the water, while I was bidden to lie in the tall grass at a little distance. With his bow and arrows, Oconio quickly shot a duck that came near by, swimming within a short space from him. I marvelled much with what skill he shot, for his arrow pierced the head of the duck, which gave no alarming cry. Then, with a second arrow, he struck down another, but not so quickly, at which the great company of fowl flew away, with great clamor. Very many returned quickly, much to our pleasure. Oconio did now fashion a circlet of green boughs, and so placed them about his head and shoulders that I saw not his face, and, thus arrayed, he

otherwise disrobed and walked into the stream. He held in one hand a shotten duck, so that it swam lustily, and, so equipped, was in the midst of a cluster of fowl, of which he deftly seized several so quickly that its fellows took no alarm. These he strangled beneath the water, and, when he had three of them, came back, with caution, to where the thick bushes concealed him. He desired that I should do the same, and with much hesitation I disrobed and assumed the disguise Oconio had fashioned; then I put forth boldly towards the gathered fowl, at which they did rise with a great clamor, and were gone. I marvel much why this should have been, but Oconio did not make it clear, and I forbore, through foolish pride, to ask of him. And let it not be borne against me that, when I reached my home, I wandered to the barn, and, writing an ugly word upon the door, sat long and gazed at it. Chagrin doth make one feel very weak, I find; but I set no one an example, by speech or act, in thus soothing my feelings in so worldly a manner.

“While I do yet write of our wild beestes of this country, let me here remark that while we rejoyce that great bears have mostly gone far towards the unsettled mountains, still a few do linger with us; and Oconio recently did assure me that he knoweth of a small one that liveth in a great chestnut-tree, not far within the great east woods. . . . With much misgiving that we were to go without my parents’ knowledge, but hoping success would secure forgiveness,—for a longing heart offers tid-bits to our scruples,—we set out, while it was yet dark, on third day; and it was frostful and stingy for so early in the ninth month. As we passed the growth of dwarf chestnuts bordering the common road, I marvelled at the great companies of squirrels that were then gathering the harvest of nuts; but Oconio chided me for

lingering, and, following chiefly his footsteps, we strode straightway and silently through the wood. There was yet a proper pathway that was readily to be seen, which, as I have learned, was that used by the Indians when they passed to Amboy, where they gathered the bounty of the sea. When we had gone so far as an hour's walk taketh one, suddenly Oconio turned into a dense and trackless thicket; first looking at his gunne, and the flint and priming thereof. I could not readily keep to him in the midst of the bushes, and labored much to force my way where he moved silently. But it rejoiced me to know we had but a short distance to go, for suddenly he turned about and pointed to a great tree. It was the greatest of all trees that I have seen. I confess to being puzzled to know what Oconio was to do, that a bear should come from the tree and be shotten. I ventured a question, but it was only answered by an impatient 'See,' so I remained standing, eager to know, yet doubtful of my safety should there be even a small bear in the great tree. Oconio directly gathered a bundle of sticks and of crisp leaves, and the store thereof he placed at the foot of the tree, where I saw was a hole that even he could have entered. With his tinder and flint in a moment he added fire to the leaves, and with a great roaring the smoke rushed through the trunk of that tree. This was answered by a louder murmur, which I took to be the voice of the enraged bear, and Oconio stood bravely with his gunne should it appear. Account it not against me that I desired to flee, and I should have turned had I known just where to seek safety; and then came a greater terror as the enraged bear growled with fiercer anger. I turned, and Oconio exclaimed, 'Ugh!' as I did so. The bear was upon us,—not as one creature, but as thousands; for we had driven from the tree a hiving of bees. I turned so quickly that

I fell, and the maddened bees were quickly covering me, as I thought; but I regained my feet, and was soon fleeing from their torment. Whether Oconio did lead or follow I knew not, but we met at a brook, where I bathed my smarting flesh.

"We walked home in silence; and to this day I feel chagrined when my father talketh of bears; nor is honey a sweet morsel to me."

Almost my last conversation with my venerable friend was much the longest. He seemed far more disposed to talk than walk, and, while sitting in the dense shade of my three beeches, he remarked, "There was a spice in livin' when the country was younger you don't get now that all the big critters are about gone," and, pointing to a little woodpecker near by, asked, "Do you see that sap-sucker? I can remember when the big log-cocks were about as plenty as those are nowadays. Back towards the great Cat-tail Swamp, where there was yaller-pine woods, the log-cocks used to run up and down the trees like mad, and the way they sent the bark flyin' was a caution. If they thought there was a bug or grub under the bark, they'd lift it out, and, to get it, sometimes ripped a bit of bark off big as a dinner-plate. Now you see nothin' of all this, but have come down to little sap-suckers."

"Not quite," I replied: "there are flickers and red-heads left us."

"That's so; but they're not much better, nor many of 'em; and who livin', but me, ever heard a wolf growl or a painter screech?"

"Did you ever see a panther about here?" I asked.

"Didn't I as much as say so just now? See one? yes, once, and that was enough."

"Tell me the circumstances, please," I requested, with much pleasurable anticipation.

"Tell you the circumstances? If you mean the main p'int of the matter, I can give 'em to you. It was during a January thaw, and a big fresh on the lowlands. It's such times, you know, when all the fun comes in round here. Well, I'd lost a new boat, and found it in the woods near the mouth of Crosswicks Creek. It was left up in the bushes after the water had gone down a bit. I scrambled out of my skiff to reach to it, when the critter looked up and grinned right in my face. He'd been curled up in the boat, and didn't show any notion of leavin'; but I did, and, makin' one big jump for my skiff, the critter follered suit, and made for the woods. I didn't look behind, thinkin' he was comin' for me; but it seems he wasn't, and that was the last of him."

"Is that all?" I asked, with a show of disappointment

"All? Yes, and if you'd been in my place half the facts would have satisfied you. Critters like painters might go, and bears weren't always pleasant to meet with, but all the others were good in their way, and, along with the miles of big woods, made it a pleasant country. I don't say it to tease you none, but you've got now to take up with small fry, and only think about them that's gone for good. When I hear the tap-tap of the sapsuckers I think of the log-cocks; and when there's a bayin' hound in the fields I can hear the wolves, which, 'long late as '95, used to keep me 'wake o' nights. Things have littled down since I was a boy, sure enough. What you call trees we'd say were saplins', and such trees as I've cut are too scarce to count. Afore you're fairly in a woods now you're on t'other side of 'em."

But, in spite of the changes wrought by the deforesting of the country and the increased population, even in these later days unfrequented corners can be found, and one may have a bit of adventure if one chooses.

The average farmer is eminently practical, and quite properly so, but if an acre cannot be reclaimed for cultivation, or if its wood be not worth cutting for fuel, it is pretty sure to be abandoned to the few who love to see nature free from all artificiality. I know of an island in a creek, *planted* with swamp-sumach, where I can roam at will, because this tree does not poison me, and all my neighbors have to give it a wide berth or suffer the consequences; and here I can sit as much alone as though in the deepest cañon of the Colorado River of the West. But, while I have outgrown the feeling of disappointment that I live in so tame a country, and now prefer a mouse to a muskrat for a playfellow, very often finding my interest in animal life to be inversely to the bulk of its body, still an occasional exciting episode is not distasteful, as a recent occurrence proved.

Bitter cold though it happened to be, Miles Overfield moved with deliberation across the snow-clad fields, and even stopped at times to look backward and meadow-ward, as though he feared something he had left behind him might disappear in his absence.

I saw him before he reached the yard, for I had been out for a ramble on home-made snow-shoes,—my first and last experience of the kind,—and we met at the garden gate.

“’St!” he hissed, in a half-whisper, and raised his forefinger as he spoke, to suggest that I should stand still and hear him through; though why all this mystery on his part is to this day a mystery to me.

“Nobody knows, I guess,” Miles continued, “for they’re in a mean quicksandy tangle in the three-corner meadow. All snug in a hollow tree, and all briers and stuff about. ’Spose we’re in for a hunt; go along?”

“Please tell me, first, what are in the hollow tree?” I replied.

"Why, a couple of big 'coons. I just got a glimpse of one, but I know there's two of 'em."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Can't say; but I know it, and I'm in for a hunt to-night: so can't you go?" Miles asked, somewhat impatiently.

"If you know where they are, it won't be much of a hunt, Miles, for you've simply to go to the tree and take them out, provided they don't give you the slip. Where will the fun come in, such a cold night as this will be?"

"All right, if you don't want to go; I can get 'em alone, I guess. I wouldn't have hurried over here, but I thought you would like the fun." And he turned about with a look of mingled disappointment and disgust. Seeing this, after a moment's reflection I concluded to go, and called to him to that effect.

He turned about, but did not approach, and said, "All right; and, as my house is nearer than yours to the meadow, come down by eight o'clock. Put on boots, and, if the clouds threaten, whistle to 'em on your way over to keep off the moon." And again Miles started for his home, walking with a brisker step than when he came, because the meadows and the 'coon-tree were now in full view before him.

Before eight o'clock I was ready, and duly reported at Miles's cottage. In a few minutes we were under way, he carrying a gun and axe, and I leading a snarling cur, which Miles thought might be useful.

The full moon made the wintry night a perfect one; not a breath of wind sighed through the bare trees; the whole earth seemed silent and motionless under the firm white crust we trod upon. There was merit enough and beauty enough in the night alone to warrant a moonlight walk, even though I went home empty-handed.

"The critters are in there," said Miles, pointing to a big maple.

"Suppose they are, how are you going to get them out? Wait for them?" I asked.

"Root 'em out. The tree hasn't any holler so we can smoke 'em; but you get up there and punch 'em out with a stick, and when they crawl out on the branches shake 'em down to me and the dog."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, drawing a long breath: "that's your plan. Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Because you might have thought best not to come. Now you're here, you won't mind the job, will you?" he asked, with a grin that explained the disappointment I had noticed when I half declined his invitation.

"Your theory, Miles, about punched 'coons coming out of their holes, and all that, is no doubt good; but suppose I can't punch them?" I asked, and, somehow, my doubts increased as I thought of the bear proving to be bees, as in my great-great-grandfather's case.

While Miles started a little fire at a short distance from the tree, I considered the matter, and concluded to fall in with his plans as soon as my fingers were sufficiently warmed to enable me to climb. Of course Miles wouldn't climb the tree and let me catch the falling 'coon. He always took advantage of his years, and had that convenient form of rheumatism which prevented his doing anything he could get others to do. It was much the same as the boy's nine-o'clock fever, which secures to him an occasional holiday when the outside of the school-house is more attractive than the inside.

While we were crouching before a few flickering flames, a low growl was heard by both of us, and the curious antics of the dog at the same time called us at once to our feet, to discover the precise whereabouts of the 'coons.

Miles stepped back a few paces, and, gazing intently at the main crotch of the maple, cried out, after a few seconds, "There it is!" I looked in the direction indicated by him, and, sure enough, there was the animal. From where it sat no amount of shaking could dislodge it, and to climb the tree would be to put your hand on the animal before you could secure a firm footing. I thought we were baffled, unless we shot it, which Miles was averse to doing, as he did not wish to have it known he was able to hunt, or work would be expected of him.

"What shall we do?" I asked, impatiently, for the whole affair was growing monotonous.

"Do?" remarked Miles; "why, I mean to snowball the critter till it climbs out on a limb, and then you climb up."

A dozen big snowballs induced the 'coon to move, and we got a better view of him. "He's got no tail," I remarked, as the animal crept out a short distance on a nearly horizontal branch.

"Yes, he has; it's the moonlight blinds you," Miles replied; and so, accepting the decision that it was a 'coon, I commenced to climb. Securing, at last, a firm foothold where the 'coon had been, I took a general survey of the situation. The bright moonlight rendered every object distinct, and I had a full view of the "critter." There it sat, staring me full in the face, and with as wicked a countenance as I ever met; but it was no ordinary 'coon. Its broad, blunt face, its gray fur, arched back, and short tail, told quite another story. I was facing a wild-cat!

There are occasions when a man's thoughts outspeed the lightning, and this was one of them; but my actions could not keep pace. I had a thousand plans, and followed none. An angry scream is all I remember now, as it seemed to hurl me headlong to the ground. Down into the snow I plunged, burying my arms and legs far below

the frozen crust, and there, for the moment, I lay helpless. My next remembered thought was that Miles was attacked, as his rapid ejaculations, mingled with the yelping of the dog, seemed to indicate. It acted as a restorative, and, struggling to my feet, I was astonished to find that the cat had disappeared, and that Miles was some distance off, rapidly pursuing a homeward course. I hurried after, but he was safely housed before I could overtake him. Entering the door he had so recently slammed behind him, I found the man, pale as a ghost, and shivering before the empty andirons. It was a long time before he could speak intelligibly, but at last he calmed down sufficiently to tell me his story.

"While I was waitin' to see what you were goin' to do, I saw you sail out into the air; and such a yell as that critter gave! It took me all aback, and 'fore I knew what was comin' the thing struck me on the head. I jumped clear o' my hat, and put for home, but the critter held on. I cleared fence, ditch, and snow-bank without touchin' 'em, so it seemed, and not till I teched the garden-gate did the critter let up. Where it's gone, I don't know."

"Here it is," I replied, and from Miles's coat-collar I took half a yard of green brier that had been scratching him at every leap.

Miles looked at the thorny branch a moment in silence, and then found courage to whisper,—

"Suppose we don't say anything about this 'coon-hunt?"

"Suppose we don't?" I replied, and went home.

SONNETS.

The sonnet, whose popularity as a species of poetical composition is mainly due to Petrarch, has never become so great a favorite with the Germanic nations as with the Spanish and Italian, whose flexible languages easily adapt themselves to its requirements. Yet the English tongue possesses many beautiful sonnets, some of which stand out like royal gems in the crown of poetic fame. Nor have the poets of America worked this field of song in vain, as will appear from the selected group of sonnets we give below. In several of these the strictly regular form of the Italian sonnet has not been adhered to, but the poets have broken from the chains of conventionalism, and rhymed as suited their fancies, under the higher conception that the thought and not the sound should dominate the poetic soul, and that one fine idea is of more value than a multitude of fine rhymes.

We owe many of the most graceful and thoughtful of American sonnets to the facile pen of Longfellow. Two of the most beautiful of these we quote.

THE holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart;
The secret anniversaries of the heart,
When the full river of feeling overflows;—
The happy days unclouded to their close;
The sudden joys that out of darkness start
As flames from ashes; swift desires that dart
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!
White as the gleam of a receding sail,
White as a cloud that floats and fades in air,
White as the whitest lily on a stream,
These tender memories are,—a Fairy Tale
Of some enchanted land we know not where,
But lovely as a landscape in a dream.

River, that stealest with such silent pace
Around the City of the Dead, where lies

A friend who bore thy name, and whom these eyes
Shall see no more in his accustomed place,
Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace
And say good-night, for now the western skies
Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise
Like damps that gather on a dead man's face.
Good-night! good-night! as we so oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn.

From A. Bronson Alcott's "Book of Sonnets," addressed in grateful remembrance to his many literary friends, we select the one dedicated to Mrs. Elizabeth P. Peabody.

Daughter of Memory! who her watch doth keep
O'er dull Oblivion's land of shade and dream,
Peers down into the realm of ancient Sleep,
Where Thought uprises with a sudden gleam
And lights the devious path 'twixt *Be* and *Seem*;
Mythologist! thou dost thy legend steep
Plenteously with opiate and anodyne,
Inweaving fact with fable, line with line,
Entangling anecdote and episode,
Mindful of all that all men meant or said.
We follow, pleased, thy labyrinthine road,
By Ariadne's skein and lesson led;
For thou hast wrought so excellently well,
Thou drop'st more casual truth than sages tell.

The work just named contains an essay on the Sonnet, written by F. B. Sanborn, who proves his fitness for the task by the fine taste of his own sonnets, one of which we here append. We give also several of the illustrative examples from the same essay.

Ah, mournful Sea! Yet to our eyes he wore
The placid look of some great god at rest;
With azure arms he clasped the embracing shore,
While gently heaved the billows of his breast;
We scarce his voice could hear, and then it seemed
The happy murmur of a lover true,
Who, in the sweetness of his sleep, hath dreamed
Of kisses falling on his lips like dew.
Far off, the blue and gleaming hills above,
The Sun looked through his veil of thinnest haze,
As coy Diana, blushing at her love,
Half hid with her own light her earnest gaze,
When on the shady Latmian slope she found
Fair-haired Endymion slumbering on the ground.

Thou art like that which is most sweet and fair,
A gentle morning in the youth of spring,
When the few early birds begin to sing
Within the delicate depths of the fine air.
Yet shouldst thou those dear beauties much impair,
Since thou art better than is everything
Which or the woods or skies or green fields bring
And finer thoughts hast thou than they can wear.
In the proud sweetness of thy face I see
What lies within,—a pure and steadfast mind,
Which its own mistress is of sanctity,
And to all gentleness hath been refined,
So that thy least breath falleth upon me
As the soft breathing of midsummer wind.

W. E. CHANNING

As unto blooming roses summer dews,
Or morning's amber to the tree-top choirs,
So to my bosom are the beams that use
To rain on me from eyes that Love inspires;

Your love,—vouchsafe it, royal-hearted Few,—
And I will set no common price thereon ;
Oh, I will keep, as Heaven his holy blue,
Or Night her diamonds, that dear treasure won.
But aught of inward faith must I forego,
Or miss one drop from Truth's baptismal hand,
Think poorer thoughts, pray cheaper prayers, and grow
Less worthy trust, to meet your heart's demand,
Farewell! your wish I for your sake deny :
Rebel to love in truth to love am I.

D. A. WASSON.

O Death! what strange, deep secret dost thou hold,
To hallow those thou claimest for thine own?
That which the open book could never teach,
The closed one whispers, as we stand alone
By one, how more alone than we! and strive
To comprehend the passion of that peace.
In vain our thoughts would wind within the heart,
The heart of this great mystery of release!—
Baptism of Death,—which steepest infant eyes
In grace of calm that saints might hope to wear,
Whose cold touch purifies the guilty brow,
And sets again the seal of childhood there,—
Our line of life in vain would sound thy sea ;
That which we seek to know, we soon shall be.

MRS. E. S. HOOPER.

The deep problem of destiny is thus vigorously treated by James G. Percival.

Whence? whither? where?—A taper point of light,
My life and world,—the infinite around ;
A sea, not even highest thought can sound ;
A formless void ; unchanging, endless night.

In vain the struggling spirit aims its flight
To the empyrean, seen as is a star
Sole glimmering through the hazy night afar;
In vain it beats its wings with daring might.
What yonder gleams? What heavenly shapes arise
From out the bodiless waste? Behold the dawn,
Sent from on high! Uncounted ages gone
Burst full and glorious on my wondering eyes,
Sun-clear the world around, and far away
A boundless future sweeps in golden day.

The verbal stumbling-block "If," over which so many a knightly resolution has gone down, is the subject which John James Piatt so skilfully handles below.

Strong little monosyllable between
Desire and joy, between the hand and heart
Of all our longing! dreary death's-head seen
Ere our quick lips to touch the nectar part!
O giant dwarf, making the whole world cling
To thy cold arm before the infant feet
Of frail resolves can walk, man-like, complete,
Steep mountain-roads of high accomplishing!
Dim dragon in the way of our designing,
No Red-Cross Knight may vanquish! Though most brave,
Strong Will before thee crouches, a mute slave,—
Faith dies to feel thee in her path declining!
If! thou dost seem to our poor human sense
The broken crutch of our blind providence!

The angel Opportunity, which comes at some time to all lives, but quickly vanishes if not boldly seized and firmly held, is the theme of one of Helen Hunt Jackson's most thoughtful sonnets.

I do not know if, climbing some steep hill
Through fragrant wooded pass, this glimpse I bought;

Or whether in some mid-day I was caught
To upper air, where visions of God's will
In pictures to our quickened sense fulfil
His word. But this I saw: A path I sought
Through wall of rock. No human fingers wrought
The golden gates which opened, sudden, still,
And wide. My fear was hushed by my delight.
Surpassing fair the lands; my path lay plain;
Alas! so spell-bound, feasting on the sight,
I paused, that I but reached the threshold bright,
When, swinging swift, the golden gates again
Were rocky walls, by which I wept in vain!

The following pretty and charmingly-rendered conception is from the pen of Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE BABY SORCERESS.

My baby sits beneath the tall elm-trees,
A wreath of tangled ribbons in her hands;
She twines and twists the many-colored strands,
A little sorceress, weaving destinies.
Now the pure white she grasps, now naught can please
But strips of crimson, lurid as the brands
From passion's fires, or yellow, like the sands
That lend soft setting to the azure seas.
And so with sweet incessant toil she fills
A summer hour, still following fancies new,
Till through my heart a sudden terror thrills
Lest, as she weaves, her aimless choice prove true.
Thank God, our fates proceed not from our wills!
The power that spins the thread shall blend the hue.

A volume of description could not characterize the mocking-bird more clearly than R. H. Wilde has done in his photographic sonnet.

Winged mimic of the woods! thou motley fool!
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?

Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule

Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe.

Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy tribe,
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school ;

To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,
Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of Misrule !

For such thou art by day—but all night long
Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain,

As if thou didst in this thy moonlight song
Like to the melancholy Jacques complain,

Musing on falsehood, folly, vice, and wrong.
And sighing for thy motley coat again.

We close with two sonnets of humorous character, as foil to the
sombreness of tone of some of the preceding ones.

SPORT.

To see a fellow of a summer's morning,

With a large foxhound of a slumberous eye

And a slim gun, go slowly lounging by,
About to give the feathered bipeds warning
That probably they may be shot hereafter,
Excites in me a quiet kind of laughter ;

For, though I am no lover of the sport

Of harmless murder, yet it is to me

Almost the funniest thing on earth to see
A corpulent person, breathing with a snort,

Go on a shooting frolic all alone ;

For well I know that when he's out of town,

He and his dog and gun will all lie down,

And undestructive sleep till game and light are flown.

PARK BENJAMIN.

TO THE CLAM.

Inglorious friend ! most confident I am

Thy life is one of very little ease ;

Albeit men mock thee with their similes
And prate of being "happy as a clam!"
What though thy shell protects thy fragile head
From the sharp bailiffs of the briny sea?
Thy valves are, sure, no safety-valves to thee,
While rakes are free to desecrate thy bed,
And bear thee off, as foemen take their spoil,
Far from thy friends and family to roam.
Forced like a Hessian from thy native home,
To meet destruction in a foreign broil!
Though thou art tender, yet thy humble bard
Declares, O clam! thy case is shocking hard.

J. G. SAXE.

CHILDREN.

JOHN NEAL.

[John Neal occupied at one time a sufficiently large place in American literature to deserve some attention at our hands, though he was too prolific to be careful, and his works—novels, poems, plays, and magazine miscellany—are no longer read. They display power and originality, but little method or style. E. P. Whipple says of them, "John Neal's forces are multitudinous, and fire briskly at everything. They occupy all the provinces of letters, and are nearly useless from being spread over too much ground." Some of his essays possess great merit. We give a short extract in illustration. He was born in Portland, Maine, in 1793, and died in 1876.]

WHAT *are children?* Step to the window with me. The street is full of them. Yonder a school is let loose, and here, just within reach of our observation, are two or three noisy little fellows, and there another party mustering for play. Some are whispering together, and plotting so loudly and so earnestly as to attract everybody's atten-

tion, while others are holding themselves aloof, with their satchels gaping so as to betray a part of their plans for to-morrow afternoon, or laying their heads together in pairs for a trip to the islands. Look at them, weigh the question I have put to you, and then answer it as it deserves to be answered: *What are children?*

To which you reply at once, without any sort of hesitation, perhaps, "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined;" or, "Men are but children of a larger growth;" or, peradventure, "The child is father of the man." And then perhaps you leave me, perfectly satisfied with yourself and with your answer, having "plucked out the heart of the mystery," and uttered, without knowing it, a string of glorious truths. . . .

Among the children who are now playing *together*, like birds among the blossoms of earth, haunting all the green shadowy places thereof, and rejoicing in the bright air, happy and beautiful creatures, and as changeable as happy, with eyes brimful of joy and with hearts playing upon their little faces like sunshine upon clear waters; among those who are now idling together on that slope, or pursuing butterflies together on the edge of that wood, a wilderness of roses, you would see not only the gifted and the powerful, the wise and the eloquent, the ambitious and the renowned, the long-lived and the long-to-be-lamented of another age, but the wicked and the treacherous, the liar and the thief, the abandoned profligate and the faithless husband, the gambler and the drunkard, the robber, the burglar, the ravisher, the murderer, and the betrayer of his country. *The child is father of the man.*

Among them and that other little troop just appearing, children with yet happier faces and pleasanter eyes, the blossoms of the future,—the mothers of nations,—you would see the founders of states and the destroyers of

their country, the steadfast and the weak, the judge and the criminal, the murderer and the executioner, the exalted and the lowly, the unfaithful wife and the broken-hearted husband, the proud betrayer and his pale victim, the living and breathing portents and prodigies, the embodied virtues and vices of another age and another world, *and all playing together!* Men are but children of a larger growth. . . .

Even fathers and mothers look upon children with a strange misapprehension of their dignity. Even with the poets they are only the flowers and blossoms, the dew-drops or the playthings, of earth. Yet "of such is the kingdom of heaven." The Kingdom of Heaven! with all its principalities and powers, its hierarchies, dominations, thrones! The Saviour understood them better; to him their true dignity was revealed. Flowers! They are the flowers of the invisible world; indestructible, self-perpetuating flowers, with each a multitude of angels and evil spirits underneath its leaves, toiling and wrestling for dominion over it! Blossoms! They are the blossoms of another world, whose fruitage is angels and archangels. Or dew-drops! They are dew-drops that have their source, not in the chambers of the earth, nor among the vapors of the sky, which the next breath of wind, or the next flash of sunshine, may dry up forever, but among the everlasting fountains and inexhaustible reservoirs of mercy and love. Playthings! If the little creatures would but appear to us in their true shape for a moment! We should fall upon our faces before them, or grow pale with consternation, or fling them off with horror and loathing.

What would be our feelings to see a fair child start up before us a maniac or a murderer, armed to the teeth? to find a nest of serpents on our pillow? a destroyer, or a traitor, a Harry the Eighth, or a Benedict Arnold, asleep in our bosom? A Catherine or a Peter, a Bacon, a Galileo,

or a Bentham, a Napoleon, or a Voltaire, clambering up our knees after sugar-plums? Cuvier laboring to distinguish a horse-fly from a blue-bottle, or dissecting a spider with a rusty nail? La Place trying to multiply his own apples, or to subtract his playfellow's gingerbread? What should we say to find ourselves romping with Messalina, Swedenborg, and Madame de Staël? or playing bo-peep with Murat, Robespierre, and Charlotte Corday? or puss puss in the corner with George Washington, Jonathan Wild, Shakespeare, Sappho, Jeremy Taylor, Alfieri, and Harriet Wilson? Yet stranger things have happened. These were all children but the other day, and clambered about the knees and rummaged in the pockets and nestled in the laps of people no better than we are. But *if* they could have appeared in their true shape for a single moment, while they were playing together, what a scampering there would have been among the grown folks! How their fingers would have tingled!

Now, to me there is no study half so delightful as that of these little creatures, with hearts fresh from the gardens of the sky, in their first and fairest and most unintentional disclosures, while they are indeed a mystery,—a fragrant, luminous, and beautiful mystery! . . .

Then why not pursue the study for yourself? The subjects are always before you. No books are needed, no costly drawings, no lectures, neither transparencies nor illustrations. Your specimens are all about you. They come and go at your bidding. They are not to be hunted for along the edge of a precipice, on the borders of the wilderness, in the desert, nor by the sea-shore. They abound not in the uninhabited or unvisited place, but in your very dwelling-houses, about the steps of your doors, in every street of every village, in every green field and every crowded thoroughfare.

ORATION ON LA FAYETTE.

CHARLES SUMNER.

[From the many brilliant orations of the most celebrated and able Congressional opponent of slavery we select an extract from that upon La Fayette, alike for its biographical interest and the strong sympathy between orator and subject on the question of human liberty. As a writer Sumner was at once polished and vigorous, and as an orator no man of his day more fully enchaind the attention of the Senate. With this the nobility and purity of his character had much to do. He was born in Boston in 1811, first came into prominent notice through his oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations" in 1845, and was the subject of a treacherous assault in the Senate-chamber in 1856, which disabled him for years. He died in 1874.]

OVERTOPPING all others in character, La Fayette was conspicuous also in debate. Especially was he aroused whenever human liberty was in question; nor did he hesitate to vindicate the great revolution in France, at once in its principles and in its practical results; boldly declaring that its evils were to be referred not so much to the bad passions of men as to those timid counsels which instituted compromise for principle.

His parliamentary career was interrupted by an episode which belongs to the poetry of history,—his visit to the United States upon the invitation of the American Congress. The Boston poet at that time gave expression to the universal feeling when he said,—

"We bow not the neck, we bend not the knee.

But our hearts, La Fayette, we surrender to thee."

As there never was such a guest, so there never was such a host; and yet, throughout all his transcendent hospitality, binding him by new ties, he kept the loyalty of his heart,

—he did not forget the African slave. But his country had further need of his services. Charles X. undertook to subvert the charter under which he held his crown, and Paris was again aroused, and France was heaving again. Then did all eyes turn to the patriot farmer of Lagrange—to the hero already of two revolutions—to inspire confidence alike by his bravery and by his principles. Now seventy-three years of age, with a few friends, among whom was a personal friend of my own,—whom some of you also know, Dr. Howe, of Boston,—he passed through the streets where the conflict was hotly raging, and across the barricades, to the City Hall, when he was again placed at the head of the national guard of France.

“Liberty shall triumph,” said he in his first proclamation, “or we will perish together.” Charles X. fell before the words of that old man. The destinies of France were again in his hand. He might have made himself Dictator; he might have established a republic of which he might have been chief; but, mindful of that moderation which was the rule of his life, unwilling to hazard again the civil conflict which had drenched France with fraternal blood, he proposed a popular throne surrounded by popular institutions. The Duke of Orleans, as Louis Philippe, became king of France. Unquestionably his own desire was for a republic, upon the American model; but he gave up this darling desire of his heart, satisfied that, at least, liberty was secured. If this was not so, it was because, for a moment, he had put his trust in princes.

He again withdrew to his farm; but his heart was wherever liberty was in question,—now with the Pole, now with the Italian, now with the African slave. For the rights of the latter he had unfailing sympathy, and upon the principle, as he expressed it, “Every slave has the right of immediate emancipation, by the concession

of his master or by force, and this principle no man can call in question." Tenderly he approached this great question of our own country, but the constancy with which he did it shows that it haunted and perplexed him like a sphinx, with a perpetual riddle. He could not understand how men who had fought for their own liberty could deny liberty to others. But he did not despair; although at one time in his old age his impatient philanthropy broke forth in the declaration that he never would have drawn the sword for America had he known that it was to found a government that sanctioned human slavery.

The time was now at hand when his great career was to close. Being taken ill, at first with a cold, the Chamber of Deputies inquired of his son after his health; and upon the next day, May 20, 1834, he died, at the age of seventy-seven. The ruling passion was strong to the last. As at the beginning, so at the end, he was all for freedom; and the last lines traced by his hand, which he rose from his death-bed to write, attest his joy at that great act of emancipation by which England, at an expense of a hundred million dollars, had given freedom to eight hundred thousand slaves. "Nobly," he writes,—and these were the last words of your benefactor,—“nobly has the public treasure been employed.” And these last words, speaking from the tomb, still sound in our ears. Such was La Fayette. At the tidings of his death there was mourning in two hemispheres, and the saying of Pericles was again fulfilled, for the whole earth was the sepulchre of the illustrious man.

“Not to those chambers where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest;
Nor e’er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A purer spirit, or a fairer shade.”

Judge him by what he did throughout a long life, and you must confess his greatness. Judge him by the principles of his life, and you must bend with reverence before him. In all history he stands alone. There is no one who has done so much for human freedom. In youth showing the firmness of age, and in age showing the ardor of youth; trampling upon the prejudices of birth, upon the seductions of power, upon the blandishments of wealth, setting aside the favor even of that people whom he loved so well; whether placed at the height of worldly ambition, or plunged in the vaults of a dungeon, always true to the same principle.

Great he was, indeed, not as an author, although he has written what we are all glad to read; not as an orator, although he has spoken often and well; not as a soldier, although always brave, and often working miracles of genius; not as a statesman, although versed in government and intuitively perceiving the relations of men and nations;—not on these accounts is he great; but he is great as one of the world's benefactors, who possessed the largest measure of that greatest gift of God to man,—the genius of beneficence. And great he is as an example, which, so long as history endures, shall teach all,—the author, the orator, the soldier, the statesman,—all alike to labor, and, if need be, to suffer, for human right. The fame of such a character, brightening with the advance of civilization, can find no limit except in earthly gratitude.

A HYMN TO THE TYPES.

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

[Charles Graham Halpine, a poet and humorist of prolific powers, who wrote under the assumed name of "Miles O'Reilly," was born in Ireland in 1829, and died in 1869. His poems are very uneven in merit, and their humor is generally of a character adapted to a fixed period and situation and losing its point with the lapse of time. From his serious poems we extract one of much imaginative merit.]

O SILENT myriad army, whose true metal
Ne'er flinched nor blenched before the despot Wrong!
Ye brethren, linked in an immortal battle
With time-grown Falsehoods, tyrannous and strong!
Fragments of strength and beauty lying idle,
Each in its place, until the appointed day;
Then, swift as wheels the squadron to the bridle,
Ye spring into the long, compact array.

Obedient, self-contained, and self-contented,
Like veteran warriors in the mingled broil,
Each giving help where just his help is wanted,
Nor seeking more than his due share of toil;
Striving not, vainly, each to be a leader,
Your capitals are captains of the file,
The crown you aim at, to inform the reader
And help old Truth on for another mile.

What wondrous dreams of beauty may be flying,
Unwinged, unuttered, through your silent mass,
Even as a prism in some deep grotto lying,
Until the informing soul of Genius pass,
Filling the cavern with a light as tender
As that which breaks from Love's half-downcast eyes;

Then the cold gem awakes to rainbow splendor,
Where, couched in moss, beside the fount it lies.

Oh, what a burst of glory when ye mingle
Your bloodless hands in the support of truth,—
When to your banded spell the pulses tingle
Of tottering age and fiery-visioned youth!
What power and strength when ye stand up united
Beneath the master-spirits' guiding sway;
A thousand lamps at one lone star-beam lighted,
Turning the night of error into day.

Ye are the messengers, all earth pervading,
Who speak of comfort and communion still,—
Planks of a mighty ship, whose precious lading
Is man's just reason and his heart's fond will:
Launched on the stream of time, our thoughts are drifted
Far, far adown our children-peopled shore,
And the gay pennon of our hope is lifted
When him it cheered through life it cheers no more.

Unmarshalled army! earth is still a wonder,—
A bright God's wonder, all too little known;
Star-eyes above us, and the green sod under,
Oceans of beauty girdling every zone;
And man himself, whose deep heart throbs forever
With passionate longings, and the fierce unrest
Of hopes that struggle in a vain endeavor
To hear themselves by other lips confessed.

Ye are the mightier tongues we have invented
To bear our utterances ever and allwhere;
Our hearts into a thousand hearts transplanted,
A multiplied existence ye confer.

Falsehood, with bloodshot eyes, awoke from slumber
And glared in baleful terror on your birth ;
Meek-fronted Truth enrolled you in her number,
And cried, "I am not without swords on earth !"

Ye are true types of men. When disunited,
The world has nothing feebler or more vain ;
But when one animated thought has lighted
The dim recesses of each heart and brain,
The mass rolls onward with a steady motion,
Warned by your beacon from the rock of Death,
The breath of Knowledge sweeps the stagnant ocean,
And men rise up like billows at its breath.

Ye are the swords of Truth,—the only weapon
That Truth should wield in this protracted war ;
Ye are the rocks of Knowledge that we step on,
In thought's bright firmament, from star to star !
I see an angel winged in every letter,
Even as man's soul is hid within his clay :
I see a prisoner with his broken fetter
Emerging out of darkness into day.

Unspeakable ye are ! We have created
A new existence, than our own more firm ;
Our life and hopes, into your life translated,
Enjoy a being that shall know no term.
The ploughman's frolic song still kindles gladness
Within the heart, though care has known its core,
And bright eyes weep at his recorded sadness
Who sleeps where pride and envy sting no more.

Even as the marble block contains all beauty,
Enshrined in darkness and the outward husk,

Which the warm sculptor, with love-prompted duty,
Shall make to shine, through darkness and through
dusk,
Into the day of loveliness, ye treasure
All forms of thought and song in your mute sphere;
Our pen the chisel, and our rhyme the measure,
By which we make the inborn god appear.

Would that my heart were wider-tongued and deeper,
Nor moved involved in cares of meaner place,
Then would I mow down, like a sturdy reaper,
The crop of thought that rises from the "case."
Flowers of bright songs, and fruit of mellow reason,
And many a peeping bud of infant Truth,
My soul should garner in its summer season,
And steep in dews of a perpetual youth.

But, ah! mute types, are ye not all too often
Constrained to serve at some unsolaced toil,—
To harden hearts that ye would love to soften,
And help to swell where ye would still the broil?
Even so with me! My dreams of song are hurried
Like moon-ray flashes through the drifting storm,
And all that God made noble in me buried
In wants I share in common with the worm.

POLITICAL PARTIES.

DE WITT CLINTON.

[De Witt Clinton, an eminent American statesman, and for many years in the early part of the century identified with the political conditions of New York City and State, was born at Little Britain, New York, in 1769. He was United States Senator in 1802, was Mayor of New York City for many years, and was elected Governor of New York in 1824 by a very large majority. To his earnest and persistent endeavors that State owed the Erie Canal. In 1812 he ran for President, and received eighty-nine electoral votes. He was an orator of unusual ability, and was intellectually of broad views and liberal learning. He displayed great interest in scientific studies, and wrote several natural history and historical treatises. He died in 1828. His amusing letter on political parties is one that stands good for all time.]

MY DEAR SIR,—

In every country or village inn, the bar-room is the coffee-room, exchange, or place of intelligence, where all the quidnuncs, and newsmongers, and politicians of the district resort, and where strangers and travellers make their first entry. Neither my taste, my habits, nor my convenience will admit of gorgeous or showy equipments, and when I therefore take my seat in the caravanseras there is nothing in my appearance to attract particular attention. Many a person with whom I have held conversation has undoubtedly forgotten the subject, as well as the company. In the desultory and rapid manner in which such conferences are generally managed, a stranger is liable to mistake names and titles of office. I have no doubt but this had been my case frequently: I may have styled a major a colonel, and a sheriff a judge,—and, if so, I assure you without the most distant idea of giving offence.

“Cursed be the verse, however sweet they flow,
Which tend to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the meek-eyed virgin draw a tear.”

Volney told me in Paris that he travelled all over the West on foot. My countrymen Dr. M'Nevin and Dr. Goldsmith perambulated a great portion of Europe; and Wilson, the father of American Ornithology, was almost always a pedestrian traveller. How cautious ought people to be when in company with strangers! I have heard folly from the mouths of lawgivers, and ribaldry in the conversations of the notables of the land. Unnoticed, unobserved, reclining on my chair in the bar-room, I have seen human nature without disguise,—the artificial great man exhibiting his importance, the humble understrapper listening like a blacksmith to a tailor's news, the oracle of the place mounted on his tripod and pronouncing his opinions with solemn gravity. Oh, if I had been recognized as a traveller from the eastern world, a keen observer of human nature, and a recorder of what I saw, I humbly hope that much nonsense would have been spared, and many improper exhibitions prevented; but then I would have seen man at a masquerade. I now derive light from my obscurity, and observe this world as it is. My plain dress, my moderate expenditures, my unobtrusive behavior, avert particular remark. It is only in the society of such men as I meet with in this place that I am considered as of the least importance. The prevalent conversations all over this federal republic are on the subjects of political excitement. After some sage remarks on the weather, which compose the exordium of all conversations, the man of America, like the man of Athens, asks, “What news?” It is needless to say that I have steered entirely clear of political and theological strife. I hardly under-

stand the nomenclature of parties. They are all republicans, and yet a portion of the people assume the title of republican, as an exclusive right, or patent monopoly. They are all federalists,—that is, in favor of a general government,—and yet a party arrogate to themselves this appellation to the disparagement of the others. It is easy to see that the difference is nominal,—that the whole controversy is about office, and that the country is constantly assailed by ambitious demagogues for the purpose of gratifying their cupidity. It is a melancholy but true reflection on human nature, that the smaller the difference the greater the animosity. Mole-hills and rivulets become mountains and rivers. The Greek empire was ruined by two most inveterate factions, the Prasini and Vineti, which originated in the color of livery in equestrian races. The parties of Guelphs and Ghibelines, of Roundheads and Cavaliers, of Whigs and Tories, continued after all causes of difference were merged. I have often asked some of the leading politicians of this country what constituted the real points of discrimination between the Republicans and Federalists, and I never could get a satisfactory answer.

An artful man will lay hold of *words*, if he cannot of *things*, in order to promote his views. The Jansenists and the Jesuits, the Nominalists and the Realists, the Sublapsarians and the Supralapsarians, were in polemics what the party controversies of this people are in politics. If you place an ass at an equal distance between two bundles of hay, will he not remain there to all eternity? was a question solemnly propounded and gravely debated by the Schoolmen. The motive to eat both, some contended, being equal, it was impossible for the animal to come to a conclusion. He would therefore remain in a state of inaction forever and forever. This problem, so puzzling

to scholastic philosophers, would at once be decided by the ass, and the *experimentum crucis* would effectually silence every doubt. It is impossible for a man quietly disposed, to act the supposititious part of the scholastic ass, and remain neutral between the parties, or bundles of hay. He must, in truth, participate in one or in both, and, as it respects any radical difference of principle, it is very immaterial which he selects. There are some pendulum politicians who are continually oscillating between parties, and these men, in endeavoring to expiate their former oppugnation by fiery zeal, are mere firebrands in society. In order to cover their turpitude, they assume high-sounding names, and are in verity political partisans, laying claim to be high-minded, and, like Jupiter on Olympus, elevated above the atmosphere of common beings. And what adds infinitely to the force of these pretensions, is to find most of these gentry to be heroes of petty strife, and the leaders of village vexation, the fag-ends of the learned professions, and the outcasts of reputable associations. I often think of the observations of the honest old traveller Tournefort, when I see the inordinate violence of these high-minded gentlemen. "The Turks" (says he), "take 'em one with another, are much honester men than renegadoes; and perhaps it is out of contempt that they do not circumcise renegadoes; for they have a common saying that a bad Christian will never make a good Turk."

OBLITERATED CONTINENTS.

ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

[Of our recent geologists Winchell is one of the most active, and probably the best known of all to the reading public, from his several widely-read volumes of popular science. Of these we may name "Sketches of Creation," "Preadamites," "World Life," and "Sparks from a Geologist's Hammer," from which last our selection is made. He is somewhat radical in theory, and advocates many views which do not seem likely to be sustained, but as an intermediary between science and common thought he performs a very useful and agreeable service. Mr. Winchell was born in New York State in 1824. He has occupied professorial positions in several universities, and since 1879 has filled the chair of geology and palæontology in the University of Michigan.]

THE mute and inanimate rocks, to one who questions them, are rich in teaching and suggestions. They speak not; they bear no record in any human language; yet in reason's ear they are vocal with instruction; to reason's eye they are all luminous with the thought which beams from the hieroglyphics inscribed upon their pages.

It is a further lesson of wastage which we propose now to study. The rocks are *not* imperishable; and their very disappearance is a text for reflection. I stand beneath a beetling cliff,—perchance the beetling sandstone cliffs of Chautauqua County, in New York, or of the "Pictured Rocks" at Lake Superior, or, perchance, those banded and variegated courses of crumbling masonry which wall in the valley of the Upper Mississippi,—and there I perceive not only that a portion of the rocky mass has been removed, but also that which remains is merely the *débris*, the ruins, of some former rock or rocks which were ground to fragments to build up the foundation which constitutes

these massive walls and these overstretching shelters. If I scrutinize any of these cliffs, I find them composed of grains of sand. It is a quartz sand. In those words I imply that a quartz rock has at some time been broken into fine fragments. Some agency has assorted the fragments and brought the finer ones together here, in these magnificent ranges of sandstone precipices,—in these extensive sandstone formations, which underlie whole countries,—which underlie, or have underlaid, States broad enough for an empire.

How few of us have reflected in this direction! The very rocks which underlie Chicago or New York are a pile of ruins. Everywhere, the rocks are almost universally *old material made over*,—who can say how many times made over? The geologist formerly discoursed of fire-formed rocks, and regarded granite and its associates as rocks that had assumed their present condition from a state of fusion. Now, we are persuaded that granite, like sandstones, has had a sedimentary origin. It was once a mass of sand and mud upon a sea-bottom. Heat has subsequently baked the materials, and almost obliterated the ancient lines of stratification. The rocks now admitted to be of igneous origin are few. Only ancient and modern lavas are fire-formed rocks.

How vast, then, has been the destruction of the land in ancient times! The entire mass of the solid crust of the earth—save only the lavas—must be taken as the measure of the wastage or denudation of the older lands. Reflect upon the thickness of these strata,—reaching, perhaps, a hundred thousand feet, and enwrapping the entire globe. Only the oldest layers or formations are absolutely continuous; and the very newest occur in patches of limited extent; but the newer as well as the older underlie all the seas, and the mean thickness is so vast as to convey a

vivid idea of the amount of work which has been done by geological agencies in diminishing, or even obliterating, continental masses whose sites are now lost, or known only from surviving vestiges.

It is an interesting thought,—an impressive thought,—that mountains which once reared their heads above the clouds have been gnawed down by the tooth of time, and that whole continents built on foundations of granite, once clothed with sombre forests and swarming with the humble populations of a primeval time, have been literally eaten up by the sea. Lift up your eyes and behold the proofs. Look around you and contemplate the fragments of a meal which consisted of mountains and cubic miles of solid land.

We turn again to a survey of some of the facts. There is a region on the American continent which we style the Archæan. It lies north of the St. Lawrence and the great lakes. It is composed of the oldest rocks known to geology. There they come to the surface; but we know that they continue underneath formations of more recent date both on the north and the south. They spread under us everywhere. These rocks are hard and crystalline. They embrace granites and syenites and diorites; but *they are all sedimentary*. They are not a part of the primitive, fire-formed crust of the earth; they are fragmental. Some older formation—some older land—has been worn down to supply the material for these vast beds of detritus. But I said these are the oldest rocks known. The oldest known rocks are composed of worked-over material. The oldest known rocks are built of the ruins of some wasted land, on which human eyes have never rested. Where lay the lands whose slowly-crumbling shores yielded the quartz and the granite to build up the Laurentide hills? When these hills first rose, slime-covered, from the uni-

versal sea, only a waste of waters surrounded them. We are certain, at least, that for many geologic periods the oceanic expanse, on all sides, was unbroken. Land there certainly had been,—dry land, arid land, formed of the first cooled crust of the globe. This has disappeared by the encroachment of heat from beneath. It is possible there was a time when some portion of this primitive lava-crust stood forth above the level of the ancient ocean. It is possible that the old Archæan land is built of the ruins of a fire-formed continent. But I deem it more probable that the Archæan materials have been more than once worked over. But, wherever the truth may lie in this respect, the very constitution of the oldest rocks which we know proclaims the existence of an obliterated continent.

Turn next to this Archæan continent itself. On its own part it reveals a wastage of enormous magnitude. The great sheets of rocky material rest like lumber piled on edge. On opposite slopes of the Laurentide region the strata point up to a meeting-place some thousands of feet above the highest levels as they now exist. Clearly, the Laurentide range was at one time a mountain-chain which has been planed down to moderate levels by the action of erosive agencies. Turn toward the eastward prolongation of this low range of Canadian hills north of the St. Lawrence. This ancient land abuts against the coast of Labrador. But now the navigator brings us new suggestions. The sounding-plummet has felt of the ocean's bottom all the way from Newfoundland to Ireland. There is the "telegraphic plateau." On this rests the great Atlantic cable. Here, in this shallow water,—along this submerged ridge,—do we not discover the stump of the ancient prolongation of the Archæan land? Are not Newfoundland, Cape Breton, New Brunswick, and the smaller islands of that vicinity, remaining patches of a

continental prolongation which has been worn down by the waves? And are not Ireland and the smaller contiguous islands on the European side the vestiges of the remote extremity of the Archæan land of America? And were not Great Britain and America once united in bonds of granite? And is not the telegraphic cable which reunites them an instrument for the fulfilment of a destiny?

Who can declare whither the substance of the Archæan continent has gone? Where are the cubic miles of stuff which have been taken from the higher altitudes of the Laurentide range, and from that Atlantic prolongation which is now reduced to a submerged stump? I think we may safely say the sandstones of Potsdam, in New York, are formed from Archæan material. The cliffs at Little Falls and Albany are formed of materials contributed by the older land. I think we may say that the vast beds of Silurian, Devonian, and Carboniferous strata account for some of the material missing from the Archæan continent. There are the Alleghany Mountains,—or, better, the entire Appalachian chain,—built out of coarse materials brought from the northeast. We know they came from the northeast because the materials grow coarser in that direction. The lighter fragments—the sands and clays—are transported farthest from the shore. It was the sea which performed this work of transportation. It was the sea which conspired with the storms of heaven in tearing down the old land to convey it into the territory of the United States. There, in a long stream, stretching from New England to Alabama, the “dust of a continent to be” was laid down in the bottom of the ocean.

Now, in this search for continental relics, turn southward. There are the West India Islands, composed also of ancient rocks, perhaps mostly, certainly not altogether, of rocks of the same age as those forming the Laurentide

hills. I think it probable another continent spread over the Caribbean Sea at the time of the continental connection of America and Europe. There, where that primitive continent lay, are Cuba, now, and Jamaica, and the Lesser Antilles,—hundreds in number,—the rags and tatters of a land once continuous,—perhaps beautiful,—perhaps enduring until the middle ages of geological history, and then populated by the grotesque forms of reptiles which were, in that time, the highest and the dominant type of beings upon the earth. That West Indian continent overlapped a small portion of South America. Guiana was annexed to that which has become the West Indies. All other parts of South America were beneath the sea. The Andes—ah! the Andes were building,—receiving, probably, the self-same material which was disappearing from the West Indian continent. Stretching from Cuba northward was the ocean, whose northern shore was in Canada,—in later time in Central New York. Here, where rise the cliffs which we ignorantly style “everlasting,” was then the empire of the ocean. There, where Neptune now holds almost undisputed sway, rose ranges of granitic mountains, which have melted into sediment. Tennyson has happily rendered the thought:

“There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

“The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.”

In Memoriam, cxxi.

Turn next to the opposite side of the globe. Southeast

of Africa is a group of islands which Milne-Edwards first designated as the remnant of a wasted continent. Madagascar, the Isle of France, the Isle of Bourbon, and their associates, seem to be the vestiges of an obliterated land, which the French zoologist proposed to call the Mascarene continent. Lemuria is a name now generally employed to designate an obliterated land which embraced the Mascarene continent and stretched eastward over a portion of the site of the Indian Ocean,—perhaps far enough eastward to embrace the East India Islands. There, at least, seem to be the remnants of an ancient land which fulfilled its destiny before the broad plains and stupendous mountain-chains of Asia had first received the sunlight. This lost continent is named Lemuria because there is evidence that it was the original, the central home of the Lemurs, the lowest of the monkeys, from which all higher types of four-handed animals are descended. Lemuria was a central land for animal and vegetable life. Here, it is fancied, the human species began its existence, its diverging streams extending themselves to all other lands, and developing upon them the various races of men as we know them. In Africa, human beings became Negroes and Hottentots; in Australia, Australians and Papuans; in Hindustan, Dravidians; in Eastern Asia, Mongoloids; in Central and Western Asia, the Mediterranean race. The theory implies that the progenitor of the Mediterranean race made his appearance long, very long, after the first human being appeared in Lemuria. In consequence of these speculations, the lost continent of Lemuria possesses a high degree of interest. There organization first reached its culmination. Thence, as a centre, the modern tribes of plants and highest animals have diverged into other parts of the world.

But let us return now to America. On our northwest coast we reach a point within thirty-nine miles of Asia. Behring's Strait, which separates the two continents, is a channel geologically modern. There was a time when an isthmus connected the lands now dissevered by a strait. America was then, like Africa, the prolongation of Asia. Over this isthmus travelled the Hairy Mammoth from Siberia, and left his teeth and bones all the way from Asia to the Gulf of Mexico. Over this isthmus came the Mongoloid man who settled America and developed the Mexican and Yucatese and Peruvian civilizations, and in other regions became the red Indian, the Eskimo, and the Aleut. Yet we have evidences of a wider communication between Asia and America. The whole of Behring's Sea is formed of shallow water. On its southern boundary we find a precipitous descent into the bed of the great Pacific. Here is another continental stump. Here is another telegraphic plateau. May the time soon arrive when human enterprise will take nature's hint and reunite the mother land with our own! But there are the Aleutian Islands: what means that wonderful chain arching from the Alaskan point across the North Pacific to Japan? Are not these the vestiges of the mountain-barrier which bounded the ancient continent of the north? What are these volcanic islands but the smoking chimney-tops of another Andes, sunken in the watery depths?

These are the relics of continents which have disappeared. Their substance has entered into the upbuilding of other lands, as the pyramids have yielded material for the construction of modern cities. There rise the Himalayas, whose very bricks bear the records of the Lemurian age. There rise the Rocky Mountains, enriched by the pillage of a land whose misfortune it was to perish before human pens existed to celebrate its beauty. There

tower the Alleghanies, only as a majestic dirt-heap resulting from the destruction of the North Atlantic continent. There rises the Andean rampart of South America, reared for the benefit of the human age, but at the cost of a pre-human land of verdure and beauty whose very rags we style "the beautiful Antilles." . . .

We have no need to plunge beneath the sea and explore for fossil continents to be convinced that continents have their old age. The records of wasted areas are illuminated by the daily sun. The Alleghanies have been lowered nine thousand feet. When, at the close of the Coal Period, the crust of the earth yielded to the long-increasing strain, huge folds were uplifted from Vermont to Alabama; and some of them attained an altitude of fifteen thousand feet. Since that fearful throe of nature, the elements have been busy taking down what the forces of upheaval had reared. Cubic miles of the Alleghanies have been reduced to sand. The proud summits of the mountains lie strewn along the humble shores of the Atlantic States.

There stand the Catskills,—a pile of horizontal leaves of red sandstone. Abruptly, on either slope, the rocky strata terminate. There was a time when they continued eastward across the valley of the Hudson. The wear of chiliads of years has carted the formation away. There was a time when they continued westward across the entire southern border of the State. Those cliffs at Panama, in Chautauqua County, are a remnant left as a specimen of the formation, for the edification of the student of nature. The huge blocks of the "Rock Cities" of Alleghany and Cattaraugus counties in the same State are samples left for the encouragement of geologists in those regions. Other specimen rocks of the Catskills may be seen in places from Delaware County westward. It is fearful to contemplate the immensity of the mechanical

power which could carry away the surface of half a State to the depth of a thousand feet. Here, at fifty cents a cubic yard, would be a perennial job for the contractor of the "New York ring."

Without leaving the same State, let me take the reader to the ridge road which runs along the south shore of Lake Ontario. Here the broad sheets of sandstone, limestone, and shale which underlie the State come to the surface and terminate in an abrupt cliff. Beyond is Lake Ontario. What has become of the missing continuation of these formations?

Go to the Niagara gorge; see how the faithful industry of an agent "as weak as water" can accomplish results which defy the capacity of human engineering. Here was the Niagara, as busy in Mesozoic time as to-day,—as busy in Cenozoic time as if its work were just begun. There is the living gorge, and there is the old gorge, buried in its grave. Buried with materials obtained by tearing to pieces some other land,—buried by that agency which piled up these hills of gravel and sand which everywhere diversify the surface of our Northern States; which brought these acres of loose deposits from the worn and wasted sides of Northern hills; which dipped its flinty ploughshare in the back of the surface-rocks of every Northern State, and ripped up the rubbish which has filled many an old river-channel and plastered over many an unsightly scar which the wear of time had cut in the face of the land; the same agency which scooped out many of the lake-basins, and scalped the hills for a booty to bestow on a desolated and sorrow-stricken country. It was the continental glacier which did this work; and the desolated country was a land that had been weathered and worn by the erosions of unknown cycles of time,—a land gashed with the deep-cut gorges of long-wearing streams; gullied

by the summer torrents of many geologic periods; robbed of its slender soil by the prolonged denudations of the surface; a worn-out continental expanse,—a land exhausted in the service of the beasts which had held dominion here through Cenozoic time,—but a land destined to receive a higher being, and now renovated by such thorough-working agencies for his reception.

He who has visited the flourishing city of Nashville finds it situated in the bottom of a basin,—a great natural basin, scooped in the rocks of Central Tennessee, whose sides are layers of Lower Silurian, Upper Silurian, Devonian, and Carboniferous rocks. It is a basin a hundred miles in diameter and a thousand feet in depth. On the east and the west, on the north and the south, the same succession of rocks rises in the bounding wall. There can be no error in my conclusion that these formations were once continuous from side to side. Here, then, is another example of the wastage of the land. The central mass of Tennessee was needed to build up the Cretaceous and Tertiary formations as a foundation for Alabama and Mississippi.

Still, the most gigantic examples of denudation occur in the far West. The cañons of the Colorado, made famous by the explorations of Newberry and Powell, are river-gorges cut six thousand feet deep through the rocky formations of the country. All the lateral affluents of the Colorado have dug similar trenches. They intersect the surface in every direction, and render it almost impassable. Of these gorges Joaquin Miller writes,—

“Down in a cañon so cleft asunder
By sabre-stroke in the young world's prime,
It looks as if broken by bolts of thunder,
Riven and driven by turbulent time.”

Songs of the Sierras

The soils are washed away ; the naked rock bakes in the summer sun, and no cooling shower mitigates the fervor of the climate. This desert of the continent was once its garden. The ruin has been wrought by the same agencies which have desolated Palestine till the white bones of the hills protrude where vineyards once blushed and olive-trees cast their delicious shade. It was the same agency which is preying to-day upon the farms of New York and New England and is planning to skin the soils again from the sterile rocks and leave the continent as lean as before the "reign of ice."

In that western country, but farther north, in Wyoming, Major Powell has discovered an enormous fault or break through the rocks. On one side the ponderous crust of the earth was uplifted twenty-five thousand feet,—more than four miles. The reader may picture a vertical wall four miles in height. He may imagine himself standing at its base and looking upward. Its summit is dimmed by the smoke of distance. Its summit is half the time immersed in the clouds. He need not imagine such a cliff ; it is not there ; it has been planed down ; the levelling tendency of nature would not tolerate such inequalities. Twenty-five thousand feet of solid rocks have been moved away.

These are examples of erosion on the existing continents. I could point to many others,—to the dissolution of the hills of Texas and their distribution over the plains nearer the Gulf border ; to the wearing away of the eastern coast of the United States ; to the isolated hills rising eight hundred feet along the valley of the Amazons, standing as vestiges of an extensive formation which, in times geologically recent, has covered the valley ; to the enormous erosion of the continental mass in the neighborhood of the mouths of the Amazons and Para ; to the evidence that the North Sea has been dry land since Tertiary time,

and that the Thames was then a tributary of the Rhine; to the proof that the English Channel has been excavated since the advent of man in Europe; to the Chinese record of hydrographic changes in China which have shifted the positions of great cities hundreds of miles in relation to the sea.

But I must close the citation of these evidences of the invasion of old age upon the beauty, the symmetry, and the habitability of continents, by raising the question of the rate of erosion of their surfaces. If we look about us, we discover the evidences of great change in the configuration of the hill-sides within a few years. One summer's rains plough unsightly gullies in our cultivated fields and across our streets. These changes, resulting from local transfers of earthy material, are filling lakes, and draining marshes, and transforming the hills; but it is only the transfer of the continental substance to the ocean's bed which threatens the total obliteration of continents. The sediment carried down by *rivers* is an exponent of the efficient wastage and the rate of disappearance of the land. The sediments of the Mississippi have been carefully measured by Humphreys and Abbott, government engineers. The river discharges annually sufficient earthy material to form a mass one mile square and two hundred and sixty-eight feet deep. In other words, it is sufficient to extend the bar at the mouth of the river three hundred and thirty-eight feet annually. They also estimate that the material of the entire delta of the Mississippi may have been deposited within five thousand years. These quantities of sediment are vast, and impress us with a conviction that the solid land is disappearing at a rate which is almost alarming. But these volumes of sediment are gathered up from so vast an area that the lowering of any particular square mile is insignificant in

any limited time. New York contributes something to this deposit through the Alleghany and Ohio Rivers. The Rocky Mountains send their quota to mingle with the mud floated from New York and Pennsylvania; and all the great tributaries of this great artery of the continent reach out their myriad fingers over the farms and plantations, the hill-sides and the mountain-gulches, to flch, as fast as they can, the fleeing soil from the possession of the cultivator and owner.

"The Father of Waters

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the océan,
Deep in the sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth."

Evangeline.

Professor Croll estimates the lowering of the lands through denudation to amount to one foot in six thousand years. The basin of the Ganges, however, has lowered one foot in two thousand three hundred years. On the contrary, Mr. Reade, a civil engineer, estimates that England is lowered by denudation only one foot in thirteen thousand years. He calculates that five hundred millions of years must have elapsed since the first sedimentary rocks were laid down in Europe,—an estimate evidently absurd, and throwing suspicion over his other estimates since Sir William Thompson has shown from physical principles that one hundred millions of years are all the time allowable since the beginning of incrustation on the earth. Similarly, Colonel Forshey calculates that the Mississippi River would fill the Gulf of Mexico in one million of years.

All calculations are merely approximate. I am persuaded, however, that the conclusions of Croll and Reade respecting the rate of denudation are quite below the truth; while, on the other hand, I suspect that the esti-

mated age of the Mississippi delta by Humphreys and Abbott is quite too small, as I would hold that the opinion of De Lanoye, who assigns six thousand three hundred and fifty years as the age of the Nile delta, is also too moderate in its allowance of time.

From this outline of the facts we perceive that continents are wearing out. Each continental area abides its time, and gradually yields to the destructive agencies which are always at work. Each period of the world's history has had its continental surfaces for the accommodation of its appropriate populations. When the period has reached its close, the continents have been exhausted, and renovating agencies have been summoned to restore their pristine condition. When impaired beyond recuperation, the powers of nature have been invoked for the uplift and utilization of new continental masses, which through ages had been building under water, out of the stolen materials of older lands. So our own farms and mountains will ultimately disappear, and the footing of the human race will vanish beneath their feet. A wasted continent and a wasted world must cease to retain its organic populations. Thus we see a promise of release of our race from the planet to which it is now confined.

PEDESTRIANISM IN EUROPE.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

To see Europe as a pedestrian requires little preparation, if the traveller is willing to forego some of the refinements of living to which he may have been accustomed, for the sake of the new and interesting fields of observation

which will be opened to him. He must be content to sleep on hard beds and partake of coarse fare; to undergo rudeness at times from the officers of the police and the porters of palaces and galleries; or to travel for hours in rain and storm without finding a shelter. The knapsack will at first be heavy upon the shoulders, the feet will be sore and the limbs weary with the day's walk, and sometimes the spirit will begin to flag under the general fatigue of body. This, however, soon passes over. In a week's time, if the pedestrian does not attempt too much on setting out, his limbs are stronger, and his gait more firm and vigorous; he lies down at night with a feeling of refreshing rest, sleeps with a soundness undisturbed by a single dream, that seems almost like death, if he has been accustomed to restless nights, and rises invigorated in heart and frame for the next day's journey. The coarse black bread of the peasant inns, with cheese no less coarse, and a huge mug of milk or the nourishing beer of Germany, have a relish to his keen appetite which excites his own astonishment. And if he is willing to regard all incivility and attempts at imposition as valuable lessons in the study of human nature, and to keep his temper and cheerfulness in any situation which may try them, he is prepared to walk through the whole of Europe, with more real pleasure to himself, and far more profit, than if he journeyed in style and enjoyed (?) the constant services of *couriers* and *valets de place*.

Should his means become unusually scant, he will find it possible to travel on an amazingly small pittance, and with more actual bodily comfort than would seem possible to one who has not tried it. I was more than once obliged to walk a number of days in succession on less than a franc a day, and found that the only drawback to my enjoyment was the fear that I might be without relief

when this allowance should be exhausted. One observes, admires, wonders, and learns quite as extensively, under such circumstances, as if he had unlimited means.

The only expense that cannot be reduced at will, in Europe, is that for sleeping. You may live on a crust of bread a day, but lower than four cents for a bed you cannot go. In Germany this is the regular price paid by travelling journeymen, and no one need wish for a more comfortable resting-place than those massive boxes (when you have become accustomed to their shortness), with their coarse but clean linen sheets and healthy mattresses of straw. In Italy the price varies from half a paul to a paul (ten cents); but a person somewhat familiar with the language would not often be asked more than the former price, for which he has a bed stuffed with corn-husks, large enough for at least three men. I was asked in France five sous in all the village inns from Marseilles to Dieppe. The pedestrian cares far more for a good rest than for the quality of his fare, and a walk of thirty miles prepares him to find it, on the hardest couch. I usually rose before sunrise, and immediately began the day's journey, the cost of lodging having been paid the night before,—a universal custom among the common inns, which are frequented by the peasantry. At the next village I would buy a loaf of the hard brown bread, with some cheese, or butter, or whatever substantial addition could be made at trifling cost, and breakfast on a bank by the road-side, lying at full length on the dewy grass and using my knapsack as a table. I might also mention that a leathern pouch, fastened on one side of this table, contained a knife and fork, and one or two solid tin boxes, for articles which could not be carried in the pocket. A similar pouch at the other side held pen and ink, and a small bottle which was filled sometimes with the fresh water of the streams

and sometimes with the common country wine, which cost from three to six sous the quart.

After walking more than half the distance to be accomplished, with half an hour's rest, dinner would be made in the same manner, and, while we rested the full hour allotted to the mid-day halt, guide-books would be examined, journals written, or a sketch made of the landscape. If it was during the cold, wet days of winter, we sought a rock, or sometimes the broad abutment of a chance bridge, upon which to lie; in summer it mattered little whether we rested in sun or shade, under a bright or rainy sky. The vital energy which this life in the open air gives to the constitution is remarkable. The very sensation of health and strength becomes a positive luxury, and the heart overflows with its buoyant exuberance of cheerfulness. Every breath of the fresh morning air was like a draught of some sparkling elixir, gifted with all the potency of the undiscovered Fountain of Youth. We felt pent and oppressed within the walls of a dwelling; it was far more agreeable to march in the face of a driving shower, under the beating of which the blood grew fresh and warm, than to sit by a dull fireplace waiting for it to cease. Although I had lived mainly upon a farm until the age of seventeen, and was accustomed to out-door exercise, I never before felt how much life one may draw from air and sunshine alone.

Thus, what at first was borne as a hardship became at last an enjoyment, and there seemed to me no situation so extreme that it did not possess some charm to my mind, which made me unwilling to shrink from the experience. Still, as one depth of endurance after another was reached, the words of Cicero would recur to me as encouragement: "Perhaps even *this* may hereafter be remembered with pleasure." Once only, while waiting six

days at Lyons in gloomy weather and among harsh people, without a sous and with a strong doubt of receiving any relief, I became indifferent to what might happen, and would have passively met any change for the worse,—as men who have been exposed to shipwreck for days scarce make an effort to save themselves when the vessel strikes at last.

A few words in relation to a pedestrian's equipment may be of some practical value. It is best to take no more clothing than is absolutely required, as the traveller will not desire to carry more than fifteen pounds on his back, knapsack included. A single suit of good dark cloth, with a supply of linen, will be amply sufficient. The strong linen blouse, confined by a leather belt, will protect it from the dust, and when this is thrown aside on entering a city the traveller makes a very respectable appearance. The slouched hat of finely-woven felt is a delightful covering to the head, serving at the same time as umbrella or night-cap, travelling-dress or visiting-costume. No one should neglect a good cane, which, besides its feeling of companionship, is equal to from three to five miles a day, and may serve as a defence against banditti or savage Bohemian dogs. In the Alps, the tall staves, pointed with iron, and topped with a curved chamois-horn, can be bought for a franc apiece, and are of great assistance in crossing ice-fields, or sustaining the weight of the body in descending steep and difficult passes.

An umbrella is inconvenient, unless it is short and may be strapped on the knapsack; but even then an ample cape of oiled silk or india-rubber cloth is far preferable. The pedestrian need not be particular in this respect; he will soon grow accustomed to an occasional drenching, and I am not sure that men, like plants, do not thrive under it, when they have outgrown the hothouse nature

of civilization, in a life under the open heaven. A portfolio capable of hard service, with a guide-book or two, pocket-compass, and spy-glass, completes the contents of the knapsack; though if there is still a small corner to spare I would recommend that it be filled with pocket editions of one or two of the good old English classics. It is a rare delight to sit down in the gloomy fastnesses of the Hartz, or in the breezy valleys of Styria, and read the majestic measures of our glorious Saxon bards. Milton is first fully appreciated when you look up from his page to the snowy ramparts of the Alps, which shut out all but the heaven of whose beauty he sang; and all times and places are fitting for the universal Shakespeare. Childe Harold bears such a glowing impress of the scenery on which Byron's eye has dwelt that it spoke to me like the answering voice of a friend from the crag of Drachenfels, in the rushing of the arrowy Rhone, and beside the breathing marbles of the Vatican and the Capitol.

A little facility in sketching from nature is a most useful and delightful accomplishment for the pedestrian. He may bring away the features of wild and unvisited landscapes, the picturesque fronts of peasant cottages and wayside shrines, or the simple beauty of some mountain-child watching his herd of goats. Though having little knowledge and no practice in the art, I persevered in my awkward attempts, and was soon able to take a rough and rapid but tolerably correct outline of almost any scene. These memorials of two years of travel have now a value to me which I would not exchange for the finest engravings, however they might excel in faithful representation. Another article of equipment, which I had almost forgotten to mention, is a small bottle of the best Cognac, with which to bathe the feet, morning and evening, for the first week or two, or as long as they continue

tender with the exercise. It was also very strengthening and refreshing, when the body was unusually weary with a long day's walking or climbing, to use as an external stimulant; for I never had occasion to apply it internally. Many of the German students wear a wicker flask, slung over their shoulder, containing kirschwasser, which they mix with the water of the mountain-streams; but this is not at all necessary to the traveller's health and comfort.

These students, with all their irregularities, are a noble, warm-hearted class, and make the best companions in the world. During the months of August and September, hundreds of them ramble through Switzerland and the Tyrol, extending their route sometimes to Venice and Rome. With their ardent love for everything republican, they will always receive an American heartily, consecrate him as a *bursch*, and admit him to their fellowship. With the most of them, an economy of expense is part of the habit of their student-life, and they are only spendthrifts on the articles of beer and tobacco. A month's residence in Heidelberg, the most beautiful place in Germany, will serve to make the young American acquainted with their habits, and able to join them for an adventurous foot-journey, with the greatest advantage to himself.

We always accepted a companion, of whatever kind, while walking,—from chimney-sweeps to barons. In a strange country one can learn something from every peasant, and we neglected no opportunity, not only to obtain information, but to impart it. We found everywhere great curiosity respecting America, and we were always glad to tell them all they wished to know. In Germany we were generally taken for Germans from some part of the country where the dialect was a little different, or, if they remarked our foreign peculiarities, they supposed we were either Poles, Russians, or Swiss.

The greatest ignorance in relation to America prevails among the common people. They imagine we are a savage race, without intelligence and almost without law. Persons of education, who had some slight knowledge of our history, showed a curiosity to know something of our political condition. They are taught by the German newspapers (which are under a strict censorship in this respect) to look only at the evil in our country, and they almost invariably began by adverting to Slavery and Repudiation. While we admitted, often with shame and mortification, the existence of things so inconsistent with true republicanism, we endeavored to make them comprehend the advantages enjoyed by the free citizen,—the complete equality of birth, which places America, despite her faults, far above any other nation on earth.

In large cities we always preferred to take the second- or third-rate hotels, which are generally visited by merchants and persons who travel on business; for, with the same comforts as those of the first rank, they are nearly twice as cheap. A traveller, with a guide-book and a good pair of eyes, can also dispense with the services of a *courier*, whose duty it is to conduct strangers about the city, from one lion to another. We chose rather to find out and view the sights at our leisure. In small villages, where we were often obliged to stop, we chose the best hotels, which, particularly in Northern Germany and in Italy, are none too good. But if it was a *post*—that is, a town where the post-chaise stops to change horses—we usually avoided the post hotel, where one must pay high for having curtains before his windows and a more elegant cover on his bed. In the country taverns we always found neat, comfortable lodgings, and a pleasant, friendly reception from the people. They saluted us, on entering, with “Be you welcome,” and, on leaving, wished us a

pleasant journey and good fortune. The host, when he brought us supper or breakfast, lifted his cap and wished us a good appetite, and when he lighted us to our chambers left us with "May you sleep well!" We generally found honest, friendly people; they delighted in telling us about the country around,—what ruins there were in the neighborhood, and what strange legends were connected with them. The only part of Europe where it is unpleasant to travel in this manner is Bohemia. We could scarcely find a comfortable inn; the people all spoke an unknown language, and were not particularly celebrated for their honesty. Besides this, travellers rarely go on foot in those regions; we were frequently taken for travelling *handwerker*, and subjected to imposition.

With regard to passports, although they were vexatious and often expensive, we found little difficulty when we had acquainted ourselves with the regulations concerning them. In France and Germany they are comparatively little trouble; in Italy they are the traveller's greatest annoyance. Americans are treated with less strictness, in this respect, than citizens of other nations, and, owing to the absence of rank among us, they also enjoy greater advantages of acquaintance and intercourse.

The expenses of travelling in England, although much greater than in our own country, may, as we learned by experience, be brought, through economy, within the same compass. Indeed, it is my belief, from observation, that with few exceptions, throughout Europe, where a traveller enjoys the same comfort and abundance as in America, he must pay the same prices. The principal difference is that he only pays for what he gets, so that, if he be content with the necessities of life, without its luxuries, the expense is in proportion.

The best coin for the traveller's purpose is English gold,

which passes at a considerable premium on the Continent and is readily accepted at all the principal hotels. Having to earn my means as I went along, I was obliged to have money forwarded in small remittances, generally in drafts on the house of Hottingeur & Co., in Paris, which could be cashed in any large city of Europe. If only a short tour is intended, and the pedestrian's means are limited, he may easily carry the necessary amount with him. There is little danger of robbery for those who journey in such an humble style. I never lost a single article in this manner, and rarely had any feeling but that of perfect security. No part of our own country is safer in this respect than Germany, Switzerland, or France. Italy still bears an unfortunate reputation for honesty; the defiles of the Apennines and the hollows of the Roman Campagna are haunted by banditti, and persons who travel in their own carriages are often plundered. I saw the caves and hiding-places of these outlaws among the ever-green shrubbery, in the pass of Monte Somma, near Spoleto. A Swedish gentleman in Rome told me that he had walked from Ancona, through the mountains, to the Eternal City, partly by night, but that, although he met with many suspicious faces, he was not disturbed in any way. An English artist of my acquaintance walked from Leghorn along the Tuscan and Tyrrhene coast to Civita Vecchia, through a barren and savage district, overgrown with aloes and cork-trees, without experiencing any trouble, except from the extreme curiosity of the ignorant inhabitants. The fastnesses of the Abruzzi have been explored with like facility by daring pedestrians; indeed, the sight of a knapsack seems to serve as a free passport with all highwaymen.

I have given, at times, through the foregoing chapters, the cost of portions of my journey and residence in various

cities of Europe. The cheapest country for travelling, as far as my experience extended, is Southern Germany, where one *can* travel comfortably on twenty-five cents a day. Italy and the south of France come next in order, and are but little more expensive; then follow Switzerland and Northern Germany, and, lastly, Great Britain. The cheapest city, and one of the pleasantest in the world, is Florence, where we breakfasted on five cents, dined sumptuously on twelve, and went to a good opera for ten. A man would find no difficulty in spending a year there for about two hundred and fifty dollars. This fact may be of some importance to those whose health requires such a stay, yet are kept back from attempting the voyage through fear of the expense. Counting the passage to Leghorn at fifty or sixty dollars, it will be seen how little is necessary for a year's enjoyment of the sweet atmosphere of Italy. In addition to these particulars, the following connected statement of my expenses will better show the *minimum* cost of a two years' pilgrimage:

Voyage to Liverpool, in the second cabin	\$24.00
Three weeks' travel in Ireland and Scotland	25.00
A week in London, at three shillings a day	4.50
From London to Heidelberg	15.00
A month at Heidelberg, and trip to Frankfort	20.00
Seven months in Frankfort, at ten dollars per month	70.00
Fuel, passports, excursions, and other expenses	30.00
Tour through Cassel, the Hartz, Saxony, Austria, Bavaria, etc.	40.00
A month in Frankfort	10.00
From Frankfort through Switzerland and over the Alps to Milan	15.00
From Milan to Genoa60
Expenses from Genoa to Florence	14.00
Four months in Florence	50.00
Eight days' journey from Florence to Rome, two weeks in Rome, voyage to Marseilles, and journey to Paris . . .	40.00

Five weeks in Paris.	\$15.00
From Paris to London	8.00
Six weeks in London, at three shillings a day	31.00
Passage home	60.00
	<hr/>
	\$472.10

The cost for places of amusement, guides' fees, and other small expenses, not included in this list, increase the sum total to five hundred dollars, for which I made the tour, and for which others may make it. May the young reader, whom this book has encouraged to attempt the same pilgrimage, meet with equal kindness on his way, and come home as well repaid for his labors!

A WESTERN RECEPTION.

FRANCES C. BAYLOR.

["On Both Sides" is certainly a highly-amusing picture of American and English eccentricities, and very neatly, though with some exaggeration, compares English conventionalism with American social freedom. Miss Baylor claims that her pictures are from the life, and this may well be, for the characters are not uncommon types, and if taken simply as possible individuals, no claim of exaggeration can be made. In our selection the party of English travellers, after some amusing scenes at Washington and on the cars, have reached the home and are enjoying the hospitality of a wealthy Westerner and his English wife. Furthermore we shall let them speak for themselves.]

THE dinner was a well-ordered one, as was everything about the establishment; for to American abundance and variety, as shown in the ample provision for his household made by Job, Mabel added English management and thrift, and the result was a ménage which even their guests,

accustomed to the almost military punctuality and mellow, stable comfort of the most perfect domestic system in the world, found delightful. It may be a pardonable digression to say here that Mabel had suffered almost as much from overplentifulness in America as she had ever done from undue scarcity in England. She had a conscientious horror of waste that made it a great moral question what she should do with the enormous quantities of food alone provided by her liberal-minded spouse, who had no practical experience of catering and a horror of being or seeing others stinted. It drove her quite wild at first to see the boxes, barrels, crates, coops, that he was always sending out from Kalsing, and her distress vented itself in an occasional mild exclamation, "What a dreadful country for waste, mamma dear!" To consume in any one house all that her husband provided was impossible. She could not have done it with a double staff of London servants, with their five meals a day and unlimited perquisites. To throw anything away, according to her creed, was wicked, and, according to Mrs. Vane, would certainly bring its retribution in personal want. At last, happily for all parties, a solution was found of the problem. A poor man, with a numerous progeny, moved into a particularly hopeless-looking cottage about a mile away on the Kalsing road, and that happy conjunction between food and mouths was effected which cynics declare does not often occur, and which lightened more hearts than Mabel's.

Gastronomically considered, the dinner, to which we must get back, presented no very striking features from first to last, unless it be accounted one that Sir Robert pronounced "the ices" quite the most delicious stuff he had ever tasted, and made acquaintance with pecans, which he thought so well of that he may be said to have become intimate with them on the spot and never to have

separated from them afterward, as the pockets of all his coats testify to this day. Mrs. Sykes, whose appetite was immense, not only ate with great relish of such things as she was accustomed to, but absolutely made the daring experiment of trying one American dish, and reported on it promptly. "It is not as nasty and messy as it looks," she said to Miss Noel. "You might try it, if you like, but I should say it was perfectly indigestible. Still, one always likes to be able to say that one has tasted the native dishes, and after taking birds'-nest soup, as I did in Hong-Kong, I can stand a little of anything."

"A little of some—things goes a very long way," said Mr. Ketchum; and there was something in the way he said it that made Miss Noel rush into an account of her journey, which, containing as it did the episode of the conductor, completely restored his good humor. He laughed over it in a way that quite surprised his wife, and called out to her, "Only hear, Mabel, what dreadful liberties the great American citizen has been taking with the British aristocracy!"

At which Miss Noel said, "Oh, pray don't fancy that I was really annoyed! Do you know, I think it must have been a little way of his to give nicknames? Parsons tells me that he called two children that sat behind her 'Bub' and 'Sis.' I am quite sure that he meant nothing, and it didn't signify: it was only a little odd just at first."

This sent Mr. Ketchum off into a fresh explosion of merriment, but he caught Mrs. Sykes's next speech. "The impertinent man actually laid his hand on my arm, once, to attract my attention, and was most unpleasantly obtrusive," she was observing to Mabel.

"Good heavens! You don't mean it! I wonder that it was not paralyzed up to the shoulder! Such audacity——" he began, but, catching Mabel's eye and seeing

that she was shaking her pretty head, he stopped abruptly and offered Miss Noel a dish she had already declined. He and Mr. Ramsay then got into a conversation about hunting and shooting, in which they talked very much at cross-purposes until they found out where the trouble was and defined their terms, Mr. Ramsay's red deer turning out to be Mr. Ketchum's elk; the European elk, the American moose; English thrushes, American robins; English grouse, American partridges, and so on. The other gentlemen were naturally attracted by topics so congenial, and a brisk discussion of guns, powder, shot, camp-life, Comanche-stalking, and the like, ensued that made Mr. Ramsay's eyes sparkle with interest. "How I should like a shy at one of those red devils!" he exclaimed. "I am going out to the far West, you know. I have come over to settle here, for a while at least."

"I am glad to hear that," said Job, who thought Mr. Ramsay looked the sort of man that ought always to be coming down the steps of the Guards' Club, and not a subduer of nature, a miner, herdsman, ranchero, pioneer, but did not feel called upon to express uncalled-for opinions.

"Yes, Ramsay is tired of the dry-rot of an idle life in London, and is going to sit down out in the bush and wait for civilization where there is only a fortnightly post and he will be quite out of the reach of telegrams, six men sleeping in the same tent, and that kind of thing. Just so. It is a fascinating sort of life for a young man. I have tried it myself, but I like my comfortable arm-chair and my newspaper now. '*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*' I envy the fellow tremendously, except when I am pitying him with all my heart," said Sir Robert, running one hand through his side-whiskers and gazing benevolently, with his head a little on one side, at Mr. Ramsay.

"I don't mind roughin' it. I like it," said Mr. Ramsay. "And I think I have brought everything that I shall need. I was afraid you'd think I was goin' to give you the pleasure of my company for the rest of my life when you saw what an awful lot of luggage I had brought; but it is only that I am goin' out into the backwoods, where I've heard fellows say there wasn't so much as a corkscrew to be had for love or money. I hoped you'd excuse me bringin' it."

"Certainly, certainly: the more you bring, and the longer you stay, the better I shall be pleased. But, if you will let me, I'd like to see your outfit. I have lived out there, and may be able to give you a hint or two," said Mr. Ketchum.

"*Have* you, now? I shall be delighted! I'll get into my Colorado rig after dinner and show you what I'm like. Splendid get-up! Not very nobby, you know, for the Park, but quite the thing," replied Mr. Ramsay, beamingly. . . .

Mr. Ketchum was prowling up and down the drawing-room, stopping occasionally to glance out at what remained of a beautiful sunset, when a ring came at the bell, and Sanford admitted a gentleman, who could be plainly seen through the open door divesting himself of his overcoat and hat. Mr. Ketchum recognized him and smiled. He had expected him to call, but not quite so promptly. Elsewhere he would probably have greeted him with a careless "How're you, Bates? How was the queen when you left Windsor Castle?" Or, "What did 'Wales' say in his last letter?" But, punctilious in his ideas of hospitality, he now advanced, shook hands heartily, and presented him to the others. Mr. Bates was a tall man, whose figure was constructed on a few bold lines, as though he had been a towel-horse. Mr. Ketchum once said of him that when the workmen had finished building

him they forgot to take down the scaffolding.. He was dressed in the exaggeratedly British style, had an air of feeble gentlemanliness, and for the rest was rather a pronounced specimen of a not uncommon sort of snob. Heaven had denied him the boon he most coveted,—the happiness of being an Englishman; but an Englishman he had determined to be, in spite of the accident of birth. He lacked a great many gifts that a lesser soul would have thought indispensable to the *rôle* he proposed to play. His physique was not up to the mark, his tastes and habits and speech were formed, his voice was nasal, he had really nothing except his money and himself to depend upon,—yet mark the result. In a few short years he was more English than any Englishman in England,—such is the power of a resolute will. He was taken for one over and over again by Americans, who keep a portrait of John Bull hung up in their mental picture-galleries, just as John Bull does of his neighbor Johnny Crapaud, and Monsieur Crapaud in his turn of Hans Schneider,—remarkably good likenesses all of them, of course, perfectly faithful, if not entirely flattering. Count D'Orsay once painted the picture of a friend and submitted it when finished to that friend's wife for criticism. "It is a good picture," was her verdict, "but not a good likeness." "Ah, madame," said the artist, "you see *de* beast" (meaning the best). We all see the beast in these national portraits, and do not greatly care about the likeness being preserved.

The English craze was only the last expression of a constitutional thirst for distinction that had long tormented Mr. Bates and had led him in the earlier stages of his career to talk only of the most fashionable people, and of these as his most intimate friends,—of their yachts, carriages, jewels, opera-boxes, and enormous fortunes, of the best

hotels,—where he invariably stayed,—of the best clubs, at which every one hastened to put him up,—of his tailor, Poole, and his boot-maker, Biffins, the best in Europe, though (with an uneasy laugh) “frightfully expensive,”—of his cigars, which Cubans thought superior to any they had ever smoked,—and his wines, which a well-known *bon vivant* of New York had pronounced the best he had ever found on this continent. There was so much sweetness and light in Mr. Bates’s account of himself at this period that it was doubtless only from the most charitable motives that society supplied the shadows in the brilliant picture and mitigated his else intolerable radiance by whispering that he was a simpleton and a bore and the son of a successful grocer in Tecumseh, Michigan.

The sight of so many English people was naturally refreshing to an exile like Mr. Bates, and he bestowed upon them the seven bendings, if not the nine knockings, with which Chinese dignitaries are saluted. Mrs. Sykes made him a present of a stare and took no further notice of him. Sir Robert divined the ass in the lion’s skin, but made himself agreeable as usual. Mr. Ketchum played with a paper-knife and contributed intermittently to the conversation, as did Ethel and Mr. Ramsay. As for Mabel, she had gone up to the nursery, and so missed hearing Mr. Bates tell the company that he had been “yahs and yahs abroad, and was perfectly devoted to England,” compare the climate, customs, and what not of the two countries, always to the disadvantage of his own, and round off every other sentence with a “Don’t you find it so?” to Sir Robert.

“I think this a most delightful, exhilarating climate. I wonder at your liking ours better: it is so notoriously bad that we spend half our time abusing it,” Sir Robert said, in reply to one appeal.

But the visitor continued to set forth only the more plainly the impossibility of America's ever proving a congenial home to a Bates. Everything about it offended his exquisite sensibilities. It was "raw," it was "cold," it was "bare," it was "frightfully new." The grass, the skies, the architecture, all distilled torture upon this delicately-organized poet-soul. But the people,—last, worst, most unendurable and unescapable pang of all,—the people!

Mr. Ketchum broke his paper-knife as he listened, and as he threw the pieces aside he heard Mr. Bates saying, "Give me solid old England, I say," and looked up, to see "*Que diable fait-il dans cette galère?*" written so legibly in Sir Robert's honest English face that his vexation was replaced by amusement.

"Ah!" said Sir Robert, and the exclamation expressed something of the contempt he felt; "I should have thought, now, that you would have preferred your own country to any other: most people do." Sir Robert would very probably have been bored by the American who is always insisting blatantly upon the absolute superiority of everything American; he would have understood the American who in speaking of his country shows the loving pride and enthusiasm that a son feels for his mother; but he utterly despised the creature who held in such light esteem that for which most men are ready to lay down their lives.

The conversation languished rather, except so far as Mr. Bates was concerned. Bent upon posing as a personage and a social authority, he rambled on inconsequently, chiefly about himself and his affairs, opinions, experiences, what he considered "good form" and knew to be "bad form," of something that was "not the correct thing" and something else that was "no longer fashionable," and, finally, of some people who had bought a house near his whom he characterized as "low people,"—"tradespeople,"

he believed, whom he should have nothing to do with, of course.

"Quite right, Bates," said Mr. Ketchum. "You can't afford to know everybody: it would be a 'boah,' as you say. But don't be too hard on them. We can't *all* be upper crust, you know: somebody has got to be bed-rock. We aristocrats should remember that." And, having dived after Miss Noel's ball of wool, which had rolled toward him, he added, "Pretty sunset that for a new country, isn't it? I like that view that we get of the valley through the trees, there, better than any other in America. I say America because it sounds as though I had been all over the world and prevents my being identified with my own country, which is my great object in life."

At this Sir Robert and Mr. Ramsay laughed and exchanged glances, and Mrs. Ketchum, coming in, called for an *aide-de-camp*, as she meant to "turn out the tea that instant, but was not going to trot about with it,"—a summons which both Mr. Bates and Mr. Ramsay obeyed with alacrity.

"You go in tremendously for china, don't you?" Mr. Ramsay said, looking admiringly at the exquisite service before him and removing the crimson cosey that smothered the teapot. "Prettiest I ever saw, I think. Nice tone, and all-overish design."

"It *is* rather nice, isn't it?" said Mabel. "I often wish that I could go to China and prowl about the shops a bit, picking up things. You will take me some day, won't you?" (to her husband). "It would be quite delightful."

"It would be; but the question that presents itself to the intelligent and reflective mind is, 'Where the mischief is the money to come from?' The inclemency of the times makes no impression on you, Mrs. Ketchum, whatever. China, indeed! haven't you enough of that sort of

thing yet? I assure you, Mr. Ramsay, that my wife's extravagance in this matter is only equalled by her parsimony. She is always buying china; but when we have no company I am made to eat my dinner off a tin plate on the back steps, to save wear and accidents. Ah, there is Brown; come just in time to save me from joining the noble company of cashiers in the woods.—Glad to see you, Brown."

"Husband does jest so! The idea of his saying——" Mabel began, but had to go forward to receive Mr. Brown, his brother, Mr. Albert Brown, and their maiden sister, Miss Susan Brown. The last was a great friend of Fräulein Schmidt's, and joined her very soon; the brothers proceeded to make their compliments to the English ladies; Mr. Bates attached himself to Ethel; and Job and the baronet were left to their own devices for the moment.

"Is that the brother you dislike?" asked Sir Robert, nodding toward Mr. Albert Brown. "Not a pleasant face, certainly: receding forehead, protruding eyes, thin lips."

"Oh, it is not his personal pulchritude that I look at: it is his pellet of a soul. A dozen such would rattle in a mustard-seed," replied Mr. Ketchum, giving his chair an energetic hitch. "He is so mean that if you were to bait a trap with a postage-stamp you would catch Albert six nights out of seven every week in the year. He was very ill last winter,—said to be dying,—but the doctor held a nickel under his nose, I suppose, at the last moment, and brought him back again. Strange to say, Brown is no more like him than if he had never heard of him. His heart is as big as all out-doors. Streaky family,—like breakfast bacon. I have known them all my life, but I never could stand Albert; and I have never asked him to my house. He's no friend of mine, and I feel at liberty

to express myself pretty freely about him. I wonder what brought him here to-night. Bug under that chip."

* * * * *

Just then the door opened, and Mr. Ramsay came in, accoutred in the "rig" he had spoken of, and blushing furiously at the sight of the additions made to the party in his absence.

"The haughty Briton, as he appears in the famous rôle of 'The Border Ruffian,'" called out Mr. Ketchum, laughingly. "Come here, Ramsay, and let us have a look."

Redder still, but radiating satisfaction through the veil of modesty, Mr. Ramsay joined his host on the hearth-rug and bore with entire good humor the general inspection that followed. He was dressed in a flannel shirt, a pair of corduroy trousers, enormous jack-boots, and a cork helmet, was belted and spurred, carried a haversack, wore gauntlets that came nearly up to his elbow, had a kind of wire coop with a gauze net stretched over it attached to his helmet, and as to arms was a peripatetic arsenal. "Green of the Fusiliers got me up this,—he's been out in Mexico a lot,—all but this," touching the coop. "I got that up to get ahead of those brutes of mosquitoes," he said, and glanced at himself in fond approval.

The sight was too much for Mr. Ketchum. He looked from the bristling, buccaneering Mr. Ramsay to the side-whiskered and generally Britished Mr. Bates standing a few paces off, and incontinently fled. Mabel followed him into the dining-room, and found him convulsed with laughter and fairly doubled up on the sofa. "What is the matter, husband? what is it?" she asked, seeing nothing to put anybody into such a state.

"Oh! It's th-o—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!—those two—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!—those two *imitations!*" Mr. Ketchum got out, with great difficulty, and convulsed

afresh, laughing until the tears rolled down his cheeks, to the no small amazement of his wife, who looked on quite anxiously at the demonstration. It was some moments before he could compose himself sufficiently to go back; and even then his features worked ominously, and he had the greatest difficulty in controlling his risibles.

Mr. Ramsay was still contemplating himself delightedly and talking of what he meant to do "out in Colorado and those parts."

Gradually sobering down, Mr. Ketchum joined in the conversation, telling him that they would have a serious talk about the Colorado plan next day, and saying what he could for the "rig." "You have been handed around on a rose-leaf all your life, my dear fellow. You'll find it exchanged for a cactus out there,—the roughest sort of life, and human nature in its shirt-sleeves. If you were not an Englishman, I should advise you either to go home again or invest in a quarter's worth of arsenic. You can't mine in hard-bake with a pewter spoon, you know. But I reckon you are made of the right metal and will come out ahead on that fight."

"I can't go home, you know. It is no good talking of that. I haven't got the money to live there, unless I turned mudlark," said Mr. Ramsay. "The governor won't do anything for me, and I can't get tick, and I am obliged to try the colonies or America."

"Well, anything is better than being an English gentleman who can't keep up with the procession," said Mr. Ketchum; "and perhaps you may be the pigeon that is to pick up a pea."

After this there was some music, and then Sanford brought in the tray, with the materials on it for brewing what Mr. Ketchum called "the muriate of susquate of iodized potassium."

Miss Brown refused to stay long enough to either see the deed done or partake of the contents of the flowing bowl, and the party broke up, Mr. Bates kindly assuring Sir Robert that he meant to see a great deal of him.

Good-nights were exchanged, and the front door closed.

DRIFTING.

T. B. READ.

[Thomas Buchanan Read, an American poet and artist, was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1822. His paintings, of which the best known are "Longfellow's Children" and "Sheridan's Ride," are frequently devoted to highly-imaginative subjects, and manifest great delicacy of conception. His poems show the same delicate fancy, and several of them are masterpieces of their kind. Those best known are "Sheridan's Ride" and "Drifting," the musical flow and the dream-like fancy of the latter of which has taken captive the public taste. "The Closing Scene," though less popular, is a poem of high merit. In addition to his volumes of poetry, he published a prose romance, "The Pilgrims of the Great Saint Bernard." He died in 1872.]

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingéd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim ;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles ;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff :
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals
At peace I lie.
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled ;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies;
O'er veiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid,
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like water-falls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar:
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

THE INFLUENCE OF EDUCATED WOMEN.

BENJAMIN RUSH.

[Of distinguished Americans of the last century none occupied a more prominent and useful position than Dr. Rush. He was a member of the Continental Congress, and signed the Declaration of Independence. He was one of the most learned members of the medical profession, and was a prominent professor in the Medical College of Philadelphia, and in the University, from 1769 till his death. He was president of the society for the abolition of slavery, and was distinguished for industry, piety, and benevolence. He was a popular lecturer and a cultured writer. The extract from his writings which we give shows a pure and exalted mind, though it cannot be said that its prevision of the results of female education has proved correct. The declension which he foresees in the character of American women has, happily, not yet begun. Dr. Rush was born near Philadelphia in 1745, and died in 1813.]

. It is agreeable to observe how differently modern writers and the inspired author of the Proverbs describe

a fine woman. The former confine their praises chiefly to personal charms and ornamental accomplishments, while the latter celebrates only the virtues of a valuable mistress of a family and a useful member of society. The one is perfectly acquainted with all the fashionable languages of Europe; the other "opens her mouth with wisdom," and is perfectly acquainted with all the uses of the needle, the distaff, and the loom. The business of the one is pleasure; the pleasure of the other is business. The one is admired abroad; the other is honored and beloved at home. "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." There is no fame in the world equal to this; nor is there a note in music half so delightful as the respectful language with which a grateful son or daughter perpetuates the memory of a sensible and affectionate mother.

A philosopher once said, "Let me make all the ballads of a country, and I care not who makes its laws." He might with more propriety have said, Let the ladies of a country be educated properly, and they will not only make and administer its laws, but form its manners and character. It would require a lively imagination to describe, or even to comprehend, the happiness of a country where knowledge and virtue were generally diffused among the female sex. Our young men would then be restrained from vice by the terror of being banished from their company. The loud laugh and the malignant smile at the expense of innocence or of personal infirmities, the feats of successful mimicry, and the low-priced wit which is borrowed from a misapplication of Scripture phrases, would no more be considered as recommendations to the society of the ladies. A double-entendre in their presence would then exclude a gentleman forever from the company of both sexes, and probably oblige him to seek an asylum from

contempt in a foreign country. The influence of female education would be still more extensive and useful in domestic life. The obligations of gentlemen to qualify themselves by knowledge and industry to discharge the duties of benevolence would be increased by marriage; and the patriot, the hero, and the legislator would find the sweetest reward of their toils in the approbation and applause of their wives. Children would discover the marks of maternal prudence and wisdom in every station of life; for it has been remarked that there have been few great or good men who have not been blessed with wise and prudent mothers. Cyrus was taught to revere the gods by his mother, Mandané; Samuel was devoted to his prophetic office, before he was born, by his mother, Hannah; Constantine was rescued from paganism by his mother, Constantia; and Edward the Sixth inherited those great and excellent qualities which made him the delight of the age in which he lived from his mother, Lady Jane Seymour. Many other instances might be mentioned, if necessary, from ancient and modern history, to establish the truth of this proposition.

I am not enthusiastical upon the subject of education. In the ordinary course of human affairs, we shall probably too soon follow the footsteps of the nations of Europe, in manners and vices. The first marks we shall perceive of our declension will appear among our women. Their idleness, ignorance, and profligacy will be the harbingers of our ruin. Then will the character and performance of a buffoon in the theatre be the subject of more conversation and praise than the patriot or the minister of the gospel; then will our language and pronunciation be enfeebled and corrupted by a flood of French and Italian words; then will the history of romantic amours be preferred to the immortal writings of Addison, Hawkesworth,

and Johnson; then will our churches be neglected, and the name of the Supreme Being never be called upon but in profane exclamations; then will our Sundays be appropriated only to feasts and concerts; and then will begin all that train of domestic and political calamities. But I forbear. The prospect is so painful that I cannot help silently imploring the great Arbiter of human affairs to interpose his almighty goodness, and to deliver us from these evils, that at least one spot of the earth may be reserved as a monument of the effects of good education, in order to show in some degree what our species was before the fall, and what it shall be after its restoration.

[Dr. Rush was an ardent advocate of the temperance reform, and also published an essay against tobacco, from which we give a short extract.]

Were it possible for a being who had resided upon our globe to visit the inhabitants of a planet where reason governed, and to tell them that a vile weed was in general use among the inhabitants of the globe it had left, which afforded no nourishment, that this weed was cultivated with immense care, that it was an important article of commerce, that the want of it produced real misery, that its taste was extremely nauseous, that it was unfriendly to health and morals, and that its use was attended with a considerable loss of time and property, the account would be thought incredible, and the author of it would probably be excluded from society for relating a story of so improbable a nature. In no one view is it possible to contemplate the creature man in a more absurd and ridiculous light than in his attachment to TOBACCO.

The progress of habit in the use of Tobacco is exactly the same as in the use of spirituous liquors. The slaves

of it begin by using it only after dinner ; then during the whole afternoon and evening ; afterwards before dinner, then before breakfast, and finally during the whole night. I knew a lady who had passed through all these stages, who used to wake regularly two or three times every night to compose her system with fresh doses of snuff.

The appetite for Tobacco is wholly artificial. No person was ever born with a relish for it ; even in those persons who are much attached to it, nature frequently recovers her disrelish to it. It ceases to be agreeable in every febrile indisposition. This is so invariably true, that a disrelish to it is often a sign of an approaching, and a return of the appetite for it a sign of a departing, fever. I proceed now to mention some of the influences of the habitual use of Tobacco upon morals.

1. One of the usual effects of smoking and chewing is thirst. This thirst cannot be allayed by water ; for no sedative or even insipid liquor will be relished after the mouth and throat have been exposed to the stimulus of the smoke or juice of Tobacco. A desire, of course, is excited for strong drinks, and these, when taken between meals, soon lead to intemperance and drunkenness.

2. The use of Tobacco, more especially in smoking, disposes to idleness, and idleness has been considered as the root of all evil. "An idle man's brain," says the celebrated and original Mr. Bunyan, "is the devil's workshop."

3. The use of Tobacco is necessarily connected with the neglect of cleanliness.

4. Tobacco, more especially when used in smoking, is generally *offensive* to those people who do not use it. To smoke in company, under such circumstances, is a breach of good manners ; now, manners have an influence upon morals. They may be considered as the outposts of virtue.

A habit of offending the senses of friends or strangers by the use of Tobacco cannot, therefore, be indulged with innocence. It produces a want of respect for our fellow-creatures, and this always disposes to unkind and unjust behavior towards them. Who ever knew a rude man completely or uniformly moral?

A TERRIBLE RIDE.

A. W. TOURGÉE.

[The "Fool's Errand" of Judge Tourgée attracted almost as much attention, as a vivid narrative of conditions in the South after the war, as did "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as a picture of conditions before the war. He has written other novels, in several of which he deals with Southern incidents and characters, but none of them has attained the popularity of the one above named. Albion W. Tourgée was born in Ohio in 1838. He served in the Union army during the war, and afterwards settled as lawyer, editor, and farmer at Greensborough, North Carolina, where he had personal experience of the condition of things in the "reconstructed South." The scene which we give from "A Fool's Errand" follows a political meeting at which the hero had spoken his views with incautious freedom.]

He had not proceeded far, when, in descending a hill towards a little branch, he overtook two men, who were evidently sauntering along the road and waiting for some one to come up with them. He recognized them as men whom he had seen at the meeting. When he came up with them, they greeted him pleasantly, but with something like constraint in their manner. It was nearly sundown; and one of them, glancing at the west, remarked,—

"Goin' back to Warrin'ton to-night, Colonel?"

"Yes," was the reply. "It's just a pleasant hour's ride."

"It'll be right dark afore ye git there," said his interrogator, cautiously.

"A little moonlight will make it all the pleasanter," he laughed.

"Ef ye'll take pore folks' fare," said the other man, somewhat anxiously, "you're welcome to supper and a bed at my house. It's right near by," he continued,— "not more'n a mile off your road at the farthest. You might ride by and stay tu supper anyhow. 'Twouldn't hinder long, an' we'd be right glad tu chat with ye a bit."

"No, thank you," he replied: "my wife will be looking for me, and would be alarmed if I did not get home by dark, or a little after. Good-evening."

He was about to spur on, when one of the men cried after him, in their peculiar way,—

"O stranger! wait a minit. Don't stop, but jest walk along as if we was only passin' the time o' day. I don't want tu 'larm ye, but it's my notion it would be jest as well fer ye not to go home by the direct road, arter makin' that speech ye did to-day."

"Why not?"

"Wal, ye see, there was a crowd of rough fellers thar that was powerful mad at what ye said about the nigger, though I be cussed ef I don't believe it's gospel truth, every word on't, myself. However, they're mad about it; an' thar's a parcel of towns-folks hez been eggin' 'em on tu stop ye somewhar on the road home, an' they may make ye trouble. I don't think they mean tu hurt ye; but then ther's no tellin' what such a crowd'll do."

"You say they intend to waylay me?" asked Servosse.

"Wal, no! we didn't say that: did we, Bill?" appealing

to his comrade. "But we thought they mout stop ye, and treat ye rough, ye know."

"So you think they'll stop me. *Where* do you think they'll do it?" he asked.

"Oh, we don't *know* it! Mind ye, we don't say so; but they *mout*, an', *ef* they did, 'twould ez likely ez not be somewhar about the ford."

"All right, my friends. When I'm stopped, it will be a queer thing if some one's not hurt."

"Better stop with us now," said his new friends, anxiously, "an' not git into trouble when ye can jest ez well go round it."

"No, thank you," he answered: "I'm going home; and no one will stop me, either."

He spurred on, but had gone only a short distance, when a pebble fell in the road in front of him, and then another, evidently thrown from the bushes on his right. He drew rein, and was about to take a pistol from his belt, when he heard some one, evidently a colored man, say,—

"Oh, Mars' Kunnel! don't shoot!" And at the same time he saw a black face, surrounded by gray hair and whiskers, peering out from behind a bush. "Jes' you git down off'n yer hoss, an' stan' h'yer one minit while I tells ye sumfin'."

"What do you want?" he asked, impatiently. "It's getting towards sundown, and I don't want to be late home."

"Dar! jes' h'yer him, now!" said the colored man, reproachfully. "Ez ef ole Jerry ebber wanted tu keep him 'way from home!"

"Well, what is it, Jerry? Be in a hurry!" said Servosse, as he dismounted, and led his horse into the dense undergrowth where the man was. It was without mis-

giving that he did so. He did not know the man, and had never seen him before, except, as he thought, at the meeting that day. He had been warned of danger; but such was his confidence in the good will of every colored man that he left the highway, and came into the thicket to meet him, without fear. The confidence which his service as a Federal soldier had inspired in the good faith, trustworthiness, and caution of the colored man had not yet departed.

"Dey's waitin' fer ye, Mars' Kunnel," said the man, almost in a whisper, as soon as he came near. "I'd sot down to rest my lame leg in de bushes jes' a little while ago, an' dey come 'long, an' stopped nigh 'bout where I was; an' I heard 'em lay de whole plan,—tu stop ye down by de fo'd, an' tie ye out into de woods, an' give ye a whippin' fur de speech ye made to-day."

The man came from behind his bush, and Servosse saw that he was strangely deformed, or rather crippled from disease. He walked almost bent double, supported by two staves, but had yet a very bright, intelligent countenance. He remembered then having seen him before. His name was Jerry Hunt, and he lived on a plantation adjoining Warrington.

"How did you come to be so far from home, Jerry?" he asked, in surprise.

"Went to h'yer de speakin', sah. Can't tell what fer. Tought de Lor' hed sumfin' fer old Jerry tu du out h'yer; so started 'arly, an' come. I knowed de Lor' sent me, but didn't know what fer till I heerd 'em a-fixin' it up tu git ye, Mars' Kunnel. Den I knowed, 'cause yu'se our fren'; I knows dat."

Then he told how, as he was lying in the bushes to rest, six men came along, and he heard them arrange to waylay Colonel Servosse, "an' war' him out wid hick'ries. Dey

said dey wa'n't gwine to hurt him, but jes' tu let him know dat he couldn't make sech infamous speeches as dat in dis region widout gettin' his back striped,—dat's all."

"And where are they to be, Uncle Jerry?"

"Jes' on dis side de fo'd, sah,—jes' as ye goes down de lill in de deep cut."

"But how are they to know which road I take? The road forks three miles before I come to the creek, and I can as well take one as the other."

"Yes, sah!" said Uncle Jerry. "Dey tought o' dat; so dey's gwine to leabe one man at de fawks wid a good hoss to come down whichever road you don't take, an' gib 'em warnin', leastwise ef you takes de upper road, which dey don't 'spect, cos you come de lower one. Dey's gwine to put a grape-vine 'cross de cut to catch yer hoss."

"And who stops at the forks?"

"Mars' Savage, sah."

"What horse is he riding?"

"He'll not hev any at de cawner, but will claim to be waitin' fer Mars' Vaughn's carryall to come; but de gray filly's hid in de bushes."

"All right, Jerry. I'm much obliged. If I don't take care of myself now, it's my own fault. Good-night."

"God bless you, sah!"

Servosse rode on, revolving in his mind a plan by which he should discomfit his enemies. To evade them after such warning was a matter of no difficulty whatever; but he was too angry to wish to do this. The idea that he should be waylaid upon the public highway, and maltreated, because, after their own urgency, he had spoken his opinion frankly and plainly about a public matter, was more than he could endure. He determined to do something more than escape the threatened attack, and give the parties to understand that he was not to be trifled with.

On arriving at the forks of the road, he found Savage in waiting, as he had been told, and, after some little chat with him, started on the upper road. Savage called to him, and assured him that the lower road was much better, and a nearer way to Warrington.

"Well," was the reply, "my horse has chosen this, and I always let him have his own way when we are going toward home."

The horse of which he spoke was a bay Messenger, which he had captured in battle, and afterwards ridden for nearly two years in the service. In speed, endurance, and sagacity the horse had few equals even among that famous stock. Hoof, limb, and wind were sound; and his spirit did honor to his illustrious parentage. Upon his steadiness and capacity his rider could count with the utmost certainty. Horse and man were well mated, each understanding with exactness the temper and habits of the other.

"Now, Lollard," he said, as soon as he was well hidden from the place where Savage was posted, "make the old 'Tabernacle Church' in the best time you can, and see if we do not make these gentlemen repent the attempt to circumvent us."

"The Tabernacle" was the name of a church which stood on the upper road, about two miles from the lower ford, from which there was a bridle-path through the woods, coming out on the lower road about half a mile above the ford. To reach the latter road by this path before Savage should have time to pass the point of intersection was now the immediate object.

Lollard covered the ground with mighty stretches, but evenly and steadily, in a way that showed his staying qualities. When they reached the church, his rider threw the reins on his neck, and leaped to the ground. He was

well acquainted with every bush around the church, having frequently attended meeting there. After groping around for a few seconds, he bent over a small hickory, and cut it off with his knife. It made a goad about six feet long, and perhaps an inch and a half in diameter in the heaviest part. He trimmed off a few shoots, and then laid the top on the ground and held it with his foot while he gave the butt a few turns, deftly twisting the fibre so that it would not snap from any sudden blow. This done, he had a weapon which in the hands of an expert might well be deemed formidable. He had a revolver in his belt; but this he determined not to use.

Mounting again, he dashed down the bridle-path until he came to the lower road. A little clump of pines stood in the angle made by this path and the road; and on the soft sward behind this he stopped, and, leaning forward, stroked his horse's face to prevent him from neighing upon the approach of the expected horseman. He had waited but a few moments when he heard Savage coming at a brisk gallop on his gray filly. The moon had now risen; and between the straggling pine-tops he caught occasional glimpses of the rider as he came along the stretch of white road, now distinctly seen in the moonlight, and now half hidden by the shadow. Holding his horse hard until the other had passed the opening of the path, he gave the gallant bay the spur, and in half a dozen bounds was on the filly's quarter. The long, lithe hickory hissed through the air, and again and again lashed across the mare's haunches. Stung with pain, and mad with fright, she bounded forward, and for a moment was beyond reach; while her rider, scarce less amazed than his horse at the unexpected onset, lost his self-control, and added unintentionally the prick of the spur to her incentives for flight. It was but a moment's respite, however; for the

powerful horse was in an instant again at her side, and again and again the strong arm of his rider sent the tough hickory cutting through her hide or over the shoulders of her rider. Half-way to the cut in the road this race of pursuer and pursued kept up. Then Servosse with sudden effort drew in the bay, and subdued his excitement; and, taking the shady side of the road, he advanced at an easy gait to observe the result of his artifice.

Meantime, the party at the cut, hearing the swift clatter of horses' feet, concluded that the man for whom they were waiting had been warned of the ambush, and was pushing forward to avoid being stopped by them in the woods.

"By heavens," said one, "it will kill him. Let's undo the grape-vine." And he sprang forward, knife in hand, to cut it loose.

"No," said another: "if he chooses to break his neck, it's none of our business."

"Yes," said a third: "let it alone, Sam. It's the easiest way to get rid of him."

An opening in the wood allowed the rising full moon to shine clear upon the upper part of the cut. Faster and faster came the footstrokes of the maddened filly,—nearer and nearer to the ambuscade which the rider's friends had laid for another. Her terrified rider, knowing the fate that was before him, had tried in vain to stop her, had broken his rein in so doing, and now clung in abject terror to the saddle.

"Good God! how he rides!" said one.

"Heavens! men, it will be murder!" cried another; and as by common impulse they sprang forward to cut the rope. It was too late. Just as the hand of the foremost touched the tough vine-rope, the gray filly bounded into the spot of clear moonlight at the head of the cut; and

the pale face of their comrade, distorted with terror, flashed upon their sight.

"My God!" they all cried out together, "it's Tom Savage!"

The mare's knees struck the taut vine. There was a crash, a groan; and Tom Savage and his beautiful young mare were lying at the bottom of the rocky cut, crushed and broken, while on the bank stood his comrades, pallid and trembling with horror.

It needed not a moment's reflection to show even to their half-drunken minds what had been the result of their cowardly plan; and, smitten with the sudden consciousness of blood-guiltiness, they turned and fled without waiting to verify their apprehension by an investigation of the quivering wreck of mangled flesh upon the rocks below. Hastily mounting their horses, which were picketed near, they dashed through the ford; and he against whom this evil had been devised heard the sharp clatter of their horses' hoofs as they galloped up the rocky hill beyond. Then he dismounted, and went cautiously forward to the edge of the cut. A moment of listening told him there was none there except the man whom he had lashed on to his fate. His heart beat fast with sickening fear as he glanced at the mangled form below. A low groan fell upon his ear. He clambered down the steep side of the cut, and groped about in the shadow until he found the body of the man. He struck a match, and found that he was still living, though insensible.

At this moment he heard the sound of a rumbling vehicle on the road above.

"Dis way, boys! dis way!" cried the voice of old Jerry. "'Twas right here dey was gwine to stop de Kunnel."

There were hasty footsteps, and a rattling one-horse

cart drove into the moonlight with the white-framed face of old Jerry peering over the dash-board; while a half-dozen more colored men, each armed with a stout club, rode with him, or ran beside it.

"Stop!" cried a voice from below.

"Bress de Lor'!" shouted Jerry. "Dat's de Kunnel's voice. Dey hain't killed him yit. Hurry on, boys! hurry on!"

He scrambled from the cart, unmindful of his decrepitude, and in an instant willing hands were helping the "Kunnel" bear something limp and bleeding towards the light. Then one brought water in his hat, and another gathered something to make a blaze for closer examination of the body of Savage. Fortunately, he had slipped from the saddle when his mare struck the rope, and before she took her final plunge upon the rocks where she now lay crushed and dying. He had been dashed against the clayey bank, and was battered and bleeding, but still alive. He was put carefully in the cart, and carried on to Warrington.

"Jes' arter ye passed me, Kunnel, the cart comed on, an' I tole 'em what was up, an' got 'em to drive on peart-like, so that we might help ye ef ther was any need on't, which, bress de Lor'! dey wa'n't," was Uncle Jerry's explanation of their unexpected appearance.

NEWSPAPER CHARACTERISTICS.

FISHER AMES.

[It is somewhat interesting to find a writer of the last century, when the Press was yet in its infancy, writing of it in words that are equally applicable to-day, when the newspaper has swollen to such huge proportions and has become such a power in the land. It may be said, however, that the evil which he so eloquently deplores arises more from the demands of readers than from the desires of editors. While an active market is open for such wares as he describes, they will be produced. And until the public is prepared to support newspaper literature of a higher moral tone, such literature will not be produced in any abundance. Fisher Ames, the writer of the following selections, was born in Massachusetts in 1758, and was one of the most prominent of American orators and statesmen in the period succeeding the Revolution. He served for many years in Congress, where he was the leader of the Federal party during Washington's administration. Some of his speeches which have been preserved are of unusual eloquence and power, while he was noted for soundness of judgment, depth of learning, and purity of character. He died in 1808.]

It seems as if newspaper wares were made to suit a market, as much as any other. The starers, and wonderers, and gapers engross a very large share of the attention of all the sons of the type. Extraordinary events multiply upon us surprisingly. Gazettes, it is seriously to be feared, will not long allow room to anything that is not loathsome or shocking. A newspaper is pronounced to be very lean and destitute of matter if it contains no account of murders, suicides, prodigies, or monstrous births.

Some of these tales excite horror, and others disgust; yet the fashion reigns, like a tyrant, to relish wonders, and almost to relish nothing else. Is this a reasonable taste? or is it monstrous and worthy of ridicule? Is the history of Newgate the only one worth reading? Are oddities only to be hunted? . . .

Surely extraordinary events have not the best title to our studious attention. To study nature or man, we ought to know things that are in the ordinary course, not the unaccountable things that happen out of it.

This country is said to measure seven hundred millions of acres, and is inhabited by almost six millions of people. Who can doubt, then, that a great many crimes will be committed, and a great many strange things will happen, every seven years? There will be thunder-showers that will split tough white-oak trees; and hail-storms that will cost some farmers the full amount of *twenty shillings* to mend their glass windows; there will be taverns, and boxing matches, and elections, and gouging, and drinking, and love, and murder, and running in debt, and running away, and suicide. Now, if a man *supposes* eight, or ten, or twenty dozen of these amusing events will happen in a single year, is he not just as wise as another man, who reads fifty columns of amazing particulars, and, of course, *knows* that they have happened?

This State has almost one hundred thousand dwelling-houses; it would be strange if all of them should escape fire for twelve months. Yet is it very profitable for a man to become a deep student of all the accidents by which they are consumed? He should take good care of his chimney-corner, and put a fender before the back-log, before he goes to bed. Having done this, he may let his aunt or grandmother read by day or meditate by night the terrible newspaper articles of fires; how a maid dropped asleep reading a romance, and the bedclothes took fire; how a boy, searching in a garret for a hoard of nuts, kindled some flax; and how a mouse, warming his tail, caught it on fire, and carried it into his hole in the floor.

Some of the shocking articles in the papers raise simple, and very simple, wonder; some, terror; and some, horror

and disgust. Now, what instruction is there in these endless wonders? Who is the wiser or happier for reading the accounts of them? On the contrary, do they not shock tender minds, and addle shallow brains? They make a thousand old maids, and eight or ten thousand booby boys, afraid to go to bed alone. Worse than this happens; for some eccentric minds are turned to mischief by such accounts as they receive of troops of incendiaries burning our cities: the spirit of imitation is contagious, and boys are found unaccountably bent to do as men do. When the man flew from the steeple of the North Church, fifty years ago, every unlucky boy thought of nothing but flying from a sign-post. . . .

Every horrid story in a newspaper produces a shock; but, after some time, this shock lessens. At length, such stories are so far from giving pain that they rather raise curiosity, and we desire nothing so much as the particulars of terrible tragedies. To wonder is as easy as to stare, and the most vacant mind is the most in need of such resources as cost no trouble of scrutiny or reflection; it is a sort of food for idle curiosity, that is ready chewed and digested. . . .

Now, Messrs. Printers, I pray the whole honorable craft to banish as many murders, and horrid accidents, and monstrous births, and prodigies, from their gazettes, as their readers will permit them; and, by degrees, to coax them back to contemplate life and manners, to consider common events with some common sense, and to study nature where she can be known, rather than in those of her ways where she really is, or is represented to be, inexplicable.

[From his eloquently-written eulogy of Alexander Hamilton we select the following passage, as a biographical sketch of interest and value.]

In all the different stations in which a life of active usefulness has placed him, we find him not more remarkably distinguished by the extent than by the variety and versatility of his talents. In every place he made it apparent that no other man could have filled it so well; and in times of critical importance, in which alone he desired employment, his services were justly deemed absolutely indispensable. As Secretary of the Treasury, his was the powerful spirit that presided over the chaos.

“ Confusion heard his voice, and wild Uproar
Stood ruled.”

Indeed, in organizing the Federal Government in 1789, every man of either sense or candor will allow, the difficulties seemed greater than the first-rate abilities could surmount. The event has shown that his abilities were greater than those difficulties. He surmounted them; and Washington's administration was the most wise and beneficent, the most prosperous, and ought to be the most popular, that ever was intrusted with the affairs of a nation. Great as was Washington's merit, much of it in plan, much in execution, will of course devolve upon his minister.

As a lawyer, his comprehensive genius reached the principles of his profession; he compassed its extent, he fathomed its profound, perhaps, even more familiarly and easily than the ordinary rules of its practice. With most men law is a trade; with him it was a science.

As a statesman, he was not more distinguished by the great extent of his views than by the caution with which he provided against impediments, and the watchfulness of his care over the right and liberty of the subject. In none of the many revenue bills which he framed, though

committees reported them, is there to be found a single clause that savors of despotic power; not one that the sagest champions of law and liberty would, on that ground, hesitate to approve and adopt.

It is rare that a man who owes so much to nature descends to seek more from industry; but he seemed to depend on industry as if nature had done nothing for him. His habits of investigation were very remarkable; his mind seemed to cling to his subject till he had exhausted it. Hence the uncommon superiority of his reasoning powers,—a superiority that seemed to be augmented from every source and to be fortified by every auxiliary,—learning, taste, wit, imagination, and eloquence. These were embellished and enforced by his temper and manners, by his fame and his virtues. It is difficult, in the midst of such various excellence, to say in what particular the effect of his greatness was most manifest. No man more promptly discerned truth; no man more clearly displayed it: it was not merely made visible,—it seemed to come bright with illumination from his lips. But, prompt and clear as he was, fervid as Demosthenes, like Cicero full of resource, he was not less remarkable for the copiousness and completeness of his argument, that left little for cavil, and nothing for doubt. Some men take their strongest argument as a weapon, and use no other; but he left nothing to be inquired for more, nothing to be answered. He not only disarmed his adversaries of their pretexts and objections, but he stripped them of all excuse for having urged them; he confounded and subdued as well as convinced. He indemnified them, however, by making his discussion a complete map of his subject; so that his opponents might, indeed, feel ashamed of their mistakes, but they could not repeat them. In fact, it was no common effort that could preserve a really able antagonist

from becoming his convert; for the truth which his researches so distinctly presented to the understanding of others was rendered almost irresistibly commanding and impressive by the love and reverence which, it was ever apparent, he profoundly cherished for it in his own. While patriotism glowed in his heart, wisdom blended in his speech her authority with her charms.

Such, also, is the character of his writings. Judiciously collected, they will be a public treasure. . . .

The most substantial glory of a country is in its virtuous great men; its prosperity will depend on its docility to learn from their example. That nation is fated to ignominy and servitude for which such men have lived in vain. Power may be seized by a nation that is yet barbarous; and wealth may be enjoyed by one that it finds or renders sordid: the one is the gift and the sport of accident, and the other is the sport of power. Both are mutable, and have passed away without leaving behind them any other memorial than ruins that offend taste, and traditions that baffle conjecture. But the glory of Greece is imperishable, or will last as long as learning itself, which is its monument; it strikes an everlasting root, and bears perennial blossoms on its grave. The name of Hamilton would have honored Greece in the age of Aristides. May Heaven, the guardian of our liberty, grant that our country may be fruitful of Hamiltons, and faithful to their glory!

ADVICE TO FARMERS.

HORACE GREELEY.

["What I Know about Farming," by Horace Greeley, was the subject of many satirical comments when published, probably mostly by persons who did not take the trouble to read the work, which certainly abounds with sensible advice to farmers, and seems to embody the result of years of practical experience. We give the general summing up of the work. Horace Greeley's public life is too well known to need comment. Born in New Hampshire in 1811, as a poor farmer's son, he pushed himself by perseverance and intellect to the summit of the journalistic profession, and was for many years one of the ruling powers in the United States. He died in 1872.]

IN the foregoing essays I have sought to establish the following propositions:

1. That *good* farming is and must ever be a paying business, subject, like all others, to mischances and pull-backs, and to the general law that the struggle up from nothing to something is ever an arduous and almost always a slow process. In the few instances where wealth and distinction have been swiftly won, they have rarely proved abiding. There are pursuits wherein success is more envied and dazzling than in Agriculture; but there is none wherein efficiency and frugality are more certain to secure comfort and competence.

2. Though the poor man must often go slowly, where wealth may attain perfection at a bound, and though he may sometimes seem compelled to till fields not half so amply fertilized as they should be, it is nevertheless inflexibly true that bounteous crops are grown at a profit, while half and quarter crops are produced at a loss. A rich man may afford to grow poor crops, because he can afford to lose by his year's farming, while the poor man

cannot. He ought, therefore, to till no more acres than he can bring into good condition,—to sow no seed, plough no field, where he is not justified in expecting a good crop. Better five acres amply fertilized and thoroughly tilled than twenty acres which can at best make but a meagre return, and which a dry or a wet season must doom to partial if not absolute failure.

3. In choosing a location, the farmer should resolve to choose once for all. Roaming from State to State, from section to section, is a sad and far too common mistake. Not merely is it true that “the rolling stone gathers no moss,” but the farmer who wanders from place to place never acquires that intimate knowledge of the soil and climate which is essential to excellence in his vocation. He cannot read the clouds and learn when to expect rain, when he may look for days of sunshine, as he could if he had lived twenty years on the same place. Choose your home in the East, the South, the Centre, the West, if you will (and each section has its peculiar advantages); but choose once for all, and, having chosen, regard that choice as final.

4. Our young men are apt to plunge into responsibilities too hastily. They buy farms while they lack at once experience and means, incur losses and debts by consequent miscalculations, and drag through life a weary load, which sours them against their pursuit, when the fault is entirely their own. No youth should undertake to manage a farm until after several years of training for that task under the eye of a capable master of the art of tilling the soil. If he has enjoyed the requisite advantages on his father's homestead, he may possibly be qualified to manage a farm at twenty-one; but there are few who might not profitably wait and learn, in the pay of some successful cultivator, for several years longer; while I cannot recall an instance

of a youth rushing out of school or a city counting-house to show old farmers how their work ought to be done, that did not result in disaster. It is very well to know what science teaches with regard to farming; but no man was ever a thoroughly good farmer who had not spent some years in actual contact with the soil.

5. While every one says of his neighbor, "He farms too much land," the greed of acquisition does not seem at all chastened. Men stagger under loads of debt to-day, who might relieve themselves by selling off so much of their land as they cannot profitably use; but every one seems intent on holding all he can, as if in expectation of a great advance in its market value. And yet you can buy farms in every old State in the Union as cheaply per acre as they could have been bought in like condition sixty years ago; and I doubt their selling higher sixty years hence than they do now. No doubt there *are* lands, in the vicinage of growing cities or villages, that have greatly advanced in value; but these are exceptions: and I counsel every young farmer, every poor farmer, to buy no more land than he can cultivate thoroughly, save such as he needs for timber. Never fear that there will not be more land for sale when you shall have the money wherewith to buy it; but shun debt as you would the plague, and prefer forty acres all your own to a square mile heavily mortgaged. I never lifted a millstone, but I have undertaken to carry debts, and they are fearfully heavy.

6. I know that most American farms east of the Roanoke and the Wabash have too many fields and fences, and that the too prevalent custom of allowing cattle to prowl over meadow, tillage, and forest from September to May, picking up a precarious and inadequate subsistence by browsing and foraging at large, is slovenly, unthrifty, and hardly consistent with the requirements of good neigh-

borhood. It is at best a miseducation of your cattle into lawless habits. I do not know just where and when *all* pasturing becomes wasteful and improvident; but I do know that pasturing fosters thistles, briars, and every noxious weed, and so is inconsistent with cleanly and thorough tillage. I know that the same acres will feed far more stock, and keep them in better condition, if their food be cut and fed to them, than if they are sent out to gather it for themselves. I know that the cost of cutting their grass and other fodder with modern machinery need not greatly exceed that of driving them to remote pastures in the morning and hunting them up at nightfall. I know that penning them ten hours of each twenty-four in a filthy yard, where they have neither food nor drink, is unwise; and I feel confident that it is already high time, wherever good grass-land is worth one hundred dollars per acre, to limit pasturage to one small field, as near the centre of the farm as may be, wherein shade and good water abound, into which green rye, clover, timothy, oats, sowed corn, stalks, etc., etc., may successively be thrown from every side, and where shelter from a cold, driving storm is provided; and that, if cows could be milked here and left through night as well as day, it would be found good economy.

7. I know that most of us are slashing down our trees most improvidently, and thus compelling our children to buy timber at thrice the cost at which we might and should have grown it. I know that it is wasteful to let white birch, hemlock, scrub oak, pitch pine, dog-wood, etc., start up and grow on lands which might be cheaply sown with the seeds of locust, white oak, hickory, sugar-maple, chestnut, black walnut, and white pine. I know that no farm in a settled region is so large that its owner can really afford to surrender a considerable portion of it

to growing indifferent cord-wood when it would as freely grow choice timber if seeded therefor; and I feel sure that there are few farms so small that a portion of each might not be profitably devoted to the growing of valuable trees. I know that the common presumption that land so devoted will yield no return for a lifetime is wrong,—know that, if thickly and properly seeded, it will begin to yield bean-poles, hoop-poles, etc., the fifth or sixth year from planting, and thenceforth will yield more and more abundantly forever. I know that *good* timber, in any well-peopled region, should not be *cut off*, but *cut out*,—thinned judiciously but moderately, and trimmed up, so that it shall grow tall and run to trunk instead of branches; and I know that there are all about us millions of acres of rocky crests and acclivities, steep ravines and sterile sands, that ought to be seeded to timber forthwith, kept clear of cattle, and devoted to tree-growing evermore.

8. I do not know that all lands may be profitably underdrained. Wooded uplands, I know, could not be. Fields which slope considerably, and so regularly that water never stagnates upon or near their surface, do very well without. Light, leachy sands, like those of Long Island, Southern Jersey, Eastern Maryland, and the Carolinas, seem to do fairly without. Yet my conviction is strong that *nearly all land which is to be persistently cultivated will in time be underdrained*. I would urge no farmer to plunge up to his neck into debt in order to underdrain his farm. But I *would* press every one who has no experience on this head to select his wettest field, or the wettest part of such field, and, having carefully read and digested Waring's, French's, or some other approved work on the subject, procure tile and proceed next fall to drain that field or part of a field thoroughly, taking especial precautions against back-water, and watch the effect until satisfied

that it will or will not pay to drain further. I think few have drained one acre thoroughly, and at no unnecessary cost, without being impelled by the result to drain more and faster until they had tiled at least half their respective farms.

9. As to irrigation, I doubt that there is a farm in the United States where *something* might not be profitably done forthwith to secure advantage from the artificial retention and application of water. Wherever a brook or runnel crosses or skirts a farm, the question, "Can the water here running uselessly by be retained, and in due season equably diffused over some portion of this land?" at once presents itself. One who has never looked with this view will be astonished at the facility with which some acres of nearly every farm may be irrigated. Often, a dam that need not cost twenty dollars will suffice to hold back ten thousand barrels of water, so that it may be led off along the upper edge of a slope or glade, falling off just enough to maintain a gentle, steady current, and so providing for the application of two or three inches of water to several acres of tillage or grass just when the exigencies of crop and season most urgently require such irrigation. Any farmer east of the Hudson can tell where such an application would have doubled the crop of 1870 and precluded the hard necessity of selling or killing cattle not easily replaced.

Of course, this is but a rude beginning. In time, we shall dam very considerable streams mainly to this end, and irrigate hundreds and thousands of acres from a single pond or reservoir. Wells will be sunk on plains and gentle swells now comparatively arid and sterile, and wind or steam employed to raise water into reservoirs whence wide areas of surrounding or subjacent land will be refreshed at the critical moment and thus rendered boun-

teously productive. On the vast, bleak, treeless plains of the wild West even artesian wells will be sunk for this purpose; and the water thus obtained will prove a source of fertility as well as refreshment, enriching the soil by the minerals which it holds in solution, and insuring bounteous crops from wide stretches of now barren and worthless desert. Immigration will yet thickly dot the great Sahara with oases of verdure and plenty; but it will, long ere that, have covered the valleys of our Great Basin and those which skirt the affluents of the savage and desolate Colorado with a beauty and thrift surpassing the dreams of poets. And yet its easiest and readiest triumphs are to be won right here,—in the valleys of the Connecticut, the Hudson, the Susquehanna, and the Potomac. . . .

11. Shallow culture is the most crying defect of our average farming. Poverty may sometimes excuse it; but the excuse is stretched quite too far. If a farmer has but a poor span of horses, or a light yoke of thin steers, he cannot plough land as it should be ploughed; but let him double teams with his neighbor, and plough alternate days on either farm; or, if this may not be, let him buy or borrow a sub-soil plough, and go once around with his surface plough, then hitch on to the sub-soil, and run another furrow in the bottom of the former. There are a few intervalles of rich, mellow soil, deposited by the inundations of countless ages, where shallow culture will answer, because the roots of the plants run freely through fertile earth never yet disturbed by the plough; but these marked and meagre exceptions do not invalidate the truth that nine-tenths of our tillage is neither so deep nor so thorough as it should be. As a rule, the feeding roots of plants do not run below the bottom of the furrows, though in some instances they do; and he who fancies that five or six inches of soil will, under our fervid suns, with our

summers often rainless for weeks, produce as bounteous and as sure a crop as twelve to eighteen inches, is impervious to fact or reason. He might as sensibly maintain that you could draw as long and as heavily against a deposit in bank of five hundred dollars as against one of fifteen hundred dollars.

12. Finally, and as the sum of my convictions, we need more thought, more study, more intellect infused into our agriculture, with less blind devotion to a routine which, if ever judicious, has long since ceased to be so. The tillage which a pioneer, fighting single-handed and all but empty-handed with a dense forest of giant trees, which he can do no better than to cut down and burn, found indispensable among their stumps and roots, is not adapted to the altered circumstances of his grandchildren. If our most energetic farmers would abstract ten hours each per week from their incessant drudgery, and devote them to reading and reflection with regard to their noble calling, they would live longer, live to better purpose, and bequeath a better example, with more property, to their children.

LIFE IN NATURE.

The denizens of field and forest, of air and water, of all the varied domains of nature, have formed the theme of many poems, often of great beauty and merit. Some of the more attractive efforts of American poets in this direction will form the subject of our present poetic group. Bryant's rollicking poem to the Bobolink comes first in order.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame.

Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat ;
White are his shoulders and white his crest ;
Hear him call, in his merry note,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Look what a nice new coat is mine !
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Brood, kind creature : you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;

Never was I afraid of man ;
 Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can !
 Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
 Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !
 There as the mother sits all day,
 Robert is singing with all his might,
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 Nice good wife, that never goes out,
 Keeping house while I frolic about ;
 Chee, chee, chee.

* * * * * *
 Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;
 Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
 Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone :
 Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 When you can pipe that merry old strain,
 Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
 Chee, chee, chee.

To the earliest and one of the best of our Western poets, Albert Pike, we owe a spirited and beautiful address

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Thou glorious mocker of the world ! I hear
 Thy many voices ringing through the glooms
 Of these green solitudes ; and all the clear,
 Bright joyance of their song enthralls the ear,
 And floods the heart. Over the spheréd tombs
 Of vanished nations rolls thy music-tide :
 No light from History's starlit page illumines

The memory of these nations: they have died:
None care for them but thou; and thou mayst sing
O'er me, perhaps, as now thy clear notes ring
Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

Glad scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave
The world's mad turmoil and incessant din,
Where none in others' honesty believe,
Where the old sigh, the young turn gray and grieve,
Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within:
Thou fleest far into the dark green woods,
Where, with thy flood of music, thou canst win
Their heart to harmony, and where intrudes
No discord on thy melodies. Oh, where,
Among the sweet musicians of the air,
Is one so dear as thou to these old solitudes?

Ha! what a burst was that! The Æolian strain
Goes floating through the tangled passages
Of the still woods, and now it comes again,
A multitudinous melody,—like a rain
Of glassy music under echoing trees,
Close by a ringing lake. It wraps the soul
With a bright harmony of happiness,
Even as a gem is wrapped when round it roll
Thin waves of crimson flame: till we become,
With the excess of perfect pleasure, dumb,
And pant like a swift runner clinging to the goal.

I cannot love the man who doth not love,
As men love light, the song of happy birds;
For the first visions that my boy-heart wove
To fill its sleep with, were that I did rove
Through the fresh woods, what time the snowy herds

Of morning clouds shrunk from the advancing sun,
Into the depths of Heaven's blue heart, as words
From the Poet's lips float gently, one by one,
And vanish in the human heart; and then
I revelled in such songs, and sorrowed when,
With noon-heat overwrought, the music-gush was done.

I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee,
Amid the eloquent grandeur of these shades,
Alone with Nature,—but it may not be;
I have to struggle with the stormy sea
Of human life until existence fades
Into death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and soar
Through the thick woods and shadow-checkered glades.
While pain and sorrow cast no dimness o'er
The brilliance of thy heart; but I must wear,
As now, my garments of regret and care,—
As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore.

Yet why complain? What though fond hopes deferred
Have overshadowed Life's green paths with gloom?
Content's soft music is not all unheard:
There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird,
To welcome me within my humble home;
There is an eye, with love's devotion bright,
The darkness of existence to illumine.
Then why complain? When Death shall cast his blight
Over the spirit, my cold bones shall rest
Beneath these trees; and, from thy swelling breast,
Over them pour thy song, like a rich flood of light.

Still more beautiful is Richard Henry Stoddard's simile of birds to thoughts:

Birds are singing, round my window,
Tunes the sweetest ever heard,

And I hang my cage there daily,
But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long;
But they will not fold their pinions
In the little cage of Song!

From the life of the birds we may descend to the humbler life of the green leaves and herbage within which they make their covert. Even the humble grass speaks to us, though its voice is audible to our understanding only,—not to our ears. What it says we are told in the following poem:

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere:
By the dusty road-side,
On the sunny hill-side,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere:
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere:
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low, sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours :
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere :
When you're numbered with the dead
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come
And deck your silent home,—
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere :
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

SARAH ROBERTS.

One of our older poets presents us with a poem which has always remained a favorite with the reading public of America :

THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove ;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow ;

From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow ;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter.
There with a light and easy motion
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea,
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea ;
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own.
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore,
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

The life of the ocean depths speaks to us in a yet nobler strain in one of the most beautiful of Oliver Wendell Holmes's many beautiful poems :

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings

On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings,
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no
 more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn!
 While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
 sings.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

Of the many poets who have sung the humbler life of nature, none has entered more fully into its spirit, or gained fuller inspiration from his subject, than Emerson in his charming address to

THE HUMBLE-BEE.

Burly, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek :
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone !
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines :
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion !
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June,
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,

Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier roses, dwelt among:
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!

Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep ;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep ;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

IN a similar vein, and quite as charming in manner and handling, is Helen Hunt's "Strawberry Festival."

MY STRAWBERRY.

O marvel, fruit of fruits, I pause
To reckon thee. I ask what cause
Set free so much of red from heats
At core of earth, and mixed such sweets
With sour and spice ; what was that strength
Which out of darkness, length by length,
Spun all thy shining thread of vine,
Netting the fields in bond as thine.
I see thy tendrils drink by sips
From grass and clover's smiling lips ;
I hear thy roots dig down for wells,
Tapping the meadow's hidden cells ;
Whole generations of green things,
Descended from long lines of springs,
I see make room for thee to bide
A quiet comrade by their side :
I see the creeping peoples go
Mysterious journeys to and fro,
Treading to right and left of thee,
Doing thee homage wonderingly.

I see the wild bees, as they fare,
Thy cups of honey drink, but spare.
I mark thee bathe and bathe again
In sweet uncalendared spring rain.
I watch how all May has of sun
Makes haste to have thy ripeness done,
While all her nights let dews escape
To set and cool thy perfect shape.
Ah, fruit of fruits, no more I pause
To dream and seek thy hidden laws !
I stretch my hand and dare to taste,
In instant of delicious waste
On single feast, all things that went
To make the empire thou hast spent.

In conclusion we give a very pretty poetical address to the life of long ago, that geological life of which all that remains to us is its undying record upon the rocks.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,—
Veining delicate and fibres tender,—
Waving, when the wind crept down so low ;
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in, by night, and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way :
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain ;

Nature revelled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees,
Only grew and waved its sweet, wild way :
No one came to note it, day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks, and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean,
Moved the plain, and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern, in soft, moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away :
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day !
Oh, the agony ! Oh, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost !

Useless ? Lost ? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep :
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line !
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

MARY L. BOLLES.

WASHINGTON RESIGNS HIS COMMISSION.

DAVID RAMSAY.

[David Ramsay was born in Pennsylvania in 1749. He studied medicine under Dr. Rush, and practised for many years in Charleston, South Carolina. He served in the Continental Congress in 1782 and 1785. He wrote several historical works, the chief of which was his "History of the American Revolution," which became at once highly popular. His "Life of Washington," published in 1801, still maintains a high reputation. He died in Charleston in 1815, being shot by a lunatic. At that period he was making preparations for publishing a more general work on American history. From his "Life of Washington" we make a short but interesting extract.]

THE hour now approached in which it became necessary for the American chief to take leave of his officers, who had been endeared to him by a long series of common sufferings and dangers. This was done in a solemn manner. The officers having previously assembled for the purpose, General Washington joined them, and, calling for a glass of wine, thus addressed them: "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." Having drank, he added, "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each of you will come and take me by the hand." General Knox, being next, turned to him. Incapable of utterance, Washington grasped his hand and embraced him. The officers came up successively, and he took an affectionate leave of each of them. Not a word was articulated on either side. A majestic silence prevailed. The tear of sensibility glistened in every eye. The tenderness of the scene exceeded all description. When the last of the

officers had taken his leave, Washington left the room, and passed through the corps of light infantry to the place of embarkation. The officers followed in a solemn, mute procession, with dejected countenances. On his entering the barge to cross the North River, he turned towards the companions of his glory, and, by waving his hat, bid them a silent adieu. Some of them answered this last signal of respect and affection with tears; and all of them hung upon the barge which conveyed him from their sight till they could no longer distinguish in it the person of their beloved commander-in-chief.

The army being disbanded, Washington proceeded to Annapolis, then the seat of Congress, to resign his commission. On his way thither, he, of his own accord, delivered to the comptroller of accounts in Philadelphia an account of the expenditure of all the public money he had ever received. This was in his own handwriting, and every entry was made in a very particular manner. Vouchers were produced for every item, except for secret intelligence and service, which amounted to no more than 1982*l.* 10*s.* sterling. The whole which, in the course of eight years of war, had passed through his hands, amounted only to 14,479*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.* sterling. Nothing was charged or retained for personal services; and actual disbursements had been managed with such economy and fidelity that they were all covered by the above moderate sum.

After accounting for all his expenditures of public money (secret-service money, for obvious reasons, excepted) with all the exactness which established forms required from the inferior officers of his army, he hastened to resign into the hands of the fathers of his country the powers with which they had invested him. This was done in a public audience. Congress received him as the

founder and guardian of the republic. While he appeared before them, they silently retraced the scenes of danger and distress through which they had passed together. They recalled to mind the blessings of freedom and peace purchased by his arm. They gazed with wonder on their fellow-citizen, who appeared more great and worthy of esteem in resigning his power than he had done in gloriously using it. Every heart was big with emotion. Tears of admiration and gratitude burst from every eye. The general sympathy was felt by the resigning hero, and wet his cheek with a manly tear. . . .

The sensations of Washington on retiring from public business are thus expressed: "I am just beginning to experience the ease and freedom from public cares, which, however desirable, it takes some time to realize; for, strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that it was not until lately I could get the better of my usual custom of ruminating, as soon as I awoke in the morning, on the business of the ensuing day; and of my surprise on finding, after revolving many things in my mind, that I was no longer a public man, or had anything to do with public transactions. I feel as I conceive a wearied traveller must do, who, after treading many a painful step with a heavy burden on his shoulders, is eased of the latter, having reached the haven to which all the former were directed, and, from his house-top, is looking back, and tracing with an eager eye the meanders by which he escaped the quicksands and mires which lay in his way, and into which none but the all-powerful Guide and Dispenser of human events could have prevented his falling."

SPECIMEN OF A COLLEGIATE EXAMINATION.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

[Of the members of the Continental Congress, and signers of the Declaration, Judge Hopkinson alone gained a high position in general literature, and shares with Franklin the honor of being a prominent American humorist of the last century. In humor and satire, indeed, he has been ranked with Swift, Lucian, and Rabelais. This is somewhat undue praise. Yet if his wit does not fully reach the level of those masters of the art, it escapes their coarseness and vulgarity, and displays a very fine sense of humor. The "Collegiate Examination" paper has lost somewhat of its point, since the absurdities which it satirizes have been largely reformed. It is also too long drawn out for the taste of modern readers, the examination being conducted not only through the Metaphysics and Logic of a salt-box, but also through its Natural Philosophy, Mathematics, Anatomy, Chemistry, and Surgery and Practice of Physic. We give it under only the first two of these headings. More applicable to existing conditions is his essay on "Whitewashing," which we also give. The title should properly be changed to "House-Cleaning," but the custom continues in vogue, and the husband of the present century is as much a victim to the semi-annual invasion of bucket and broom as was his eighteenth-century counterpart to the terrors of the whitewash-brush. Judge Hopkinson was born in Philadelphia in 1737, and died in 1791. He wrote, in addition to those named, many humorous essays, but is best known in literature by his satirical ballad, "The Battle of the Kegs."]

METAPHYSICS.

PROFESSOR. What is a SALT-BOX ?

STUDENT. It is a box made to contain salt.

PROF. How is it divided ?

STU. Into a salt-box and a box of salt.

PROF. Very well ! show the distinction.

STU. A salt-box may be where there is no salt ; but salt is absolutely necessary to the existence of a box of salt.

PROF. Are not salt-boxes otherwise divided?

STU. Yes; by a partition.

PROF. What is the use of this partition?

STU. To separate the coarse salt from the fine.

PROF. How? think a little.

STU. To separate the fine salt from the coarse.

PROF. To be sure; it is to separate the fine from the coarse; but are not salt-boxes yet otherwise distinguished?

STU. Yes; into *possible*, *probable*, and *positive*.

PROF. Define these several kinds of salt-boxes.

STU. A *possible* salt-box is a salt-box yet unsold in the hands of the joiner.

PROF. Why so?

STU. Because it hath never yet become a salt-box *in fact*, having never had any salt in it; and it may possibly be applied to some other use.

PROF. Very true; for a salt-box which never had, hath not now, and perhaps never may have, any salt in it, can only be termed a *possible* salt-box. What is a *probable* salt-box?

STU. It is a salt-box in the hand of one going to a shop to buy salt, and who hath sixpence in his pocket to pay the grocer; and a *positive* salt-box is one which hath actually and *bona fide* got salt in it.

PROF. Very good:—but is there no instance of a *positive* salt-box which hath no salt in it?

STU. I know of none.

PROF. Yes: there is one mentioned by some authors: it is where a box hath by long use been so impregnated with salt, that, although all the salt hath been long since emptied out, it may yet be called a salt-box, with the same propriety that we say a salt herring, salt beef, etc. And, in this sense, any box that may have accidentally, or otherwise, been long steeped in brine, may be termed

positively a salt-box, although never designed for the purpose of keeping salt. But tell me, what other division of salt-boxes do you recollect?

STU. They are further divided into *substantive* and *pendent*: a *substantive* salt-box is that which stands by itself on the table or dresser; and a *pendent* is that which hangs upon a nail against the wall.

PROF. What is the idea of a salt-box?

STU. It is that image which the mind conceives of a salt-box when no salt-box is present.

PROF. What is the abstract idea of a salt box?

STU. It is the idea of a salt-box abstracted from the idea of a box, or of salt, or of a salt-box, or of a box of salt.

PROF. Very right; and by these means you acquire a most perfect knowledge of a salt-box. But tell me, is the idea of a salt-box a salt idea?

STU. Not unless the ideal box hath ideal salt in it.

PROF. True; and therefore an abstract idea cannot be either salt or fresh, round or square, long or short; for a true abstract idea must be entirely free of all adjuncts. And this shows the difference between a salt idea and an idea of salt. Is an aptitude to hold salt an *essential* or an *accidental* property of a salt-box?

STU. It is *essential*; but if there should be a crack in the bottom of the box the aptitude to spill salt would be termed an *accidental* property of that salt-box.

PROF. Very well! very well indeed!—What is the salt called with respect to the box?

STU. It is called its contents.

PROF. And why so?

STU. Because the cook is content *quoad hoc* to find plenty of salt in the box.

PROF. You are very right,—I see you have not misspent your time: but let us now proceed to

LOGIC.

PROF. How many parts are there in a salt-box?

STU. Three. *Bottom, top, and sides.*

PROF. How many modes are there in salt-boxes?

STU. Four. The *formal*, the *substantial*, the *accidental*, and the *topsy-turvy*.

PROF. Define these several modes.

STU. The *formal* respects the figure or shape of the box, such as round, square, oblong, and so forth; the *substantial* respects the work of the joiner; and the *accidental* depends upon the string by which the box is hung against the wall.

PROF. Very well; and what are the consequences of the *accidental* mode?

STU. If the string should break the box would fall, the salt be spilt, the salt-box broken, and the cook in a bitter passion; and this is the *accidental* mode with its consequences.

PROF. How do you distinguish between the top and bottom of a salt-box?

STU. The top of a box is that part which is uppermost, and the bottom that part which is lowest in all positions.

PROF. You should rather say the lowest part is the bottom and the uppermost part is the top. How is it, then, if the bottom should be the uppermost?

STU. The top would then be the lowermost; and so the bottom would become the top, and the top would become the bottom; and this is called the *topsy-turvy* mode, which is nearly allied to the *accidental*, and frequently arises from it.

PROF. Very good; but are not salt-boxes sometimes single, and sometimes double?

STU. Yes.

PROF. Well, then, mention the several combinations of salt-boxes with respect to their having salt or not.

STU. They are divided into single salt-boxes having salt; single salt-boxes having no salt; double salt-boxes having salt; double salt-boxes having no salt; and single double salt-boxes having salt and no salt.

PROF. Hold! hold! you are going too far.

ON WHITEWASHING.*

DEAR SIR,—The peculiar customs of every country appear to strangers awkward and absurd; but the inhabitants consider them as very proper and even necessary. Long habit imposes on the understanding, and reconciles it to anything that is not manifestly pernicious or immediately destructive.

I have read somewhere of a nation (in Africa, I think) which is governed by twelve counsellors. When these counsellors are to meet on public business, twelve large earthen jars are set in two rows, and filled with water. The counsellors enter the apartment one after another, stark naked, and each leaps into a jar, where he sits up to the chin in water. When the jars are all filled with counsellors, they proceed to deliberate on the great concerns of the nation. This, to be sure, forms a very grotesque scene; but the object is to transact the public business: they have been accustomed to do it in this way, and therefore it appears to them the most rational and convenient way. Indeed, if we consider it impartially, there seems to be no reason why a counsellor may not be as wise in an earthen jar as in an elbow-chair; or why the good of the people may not be as maturely considered in the one as in the other.

* A letter from a gentleman in America to his friend in Europe.

The established manners of every country are the standards of propriety with the people who have adopted them; and every nation assumes the right of considering all deviations therefrom as barbarisms and absurdities.

I have discovered but few national singularities amongst the people of these new States. Their customs and manners are nearly the same with those of England, which they have long been used to copy. I have, however, observed one custom which, for aught I know, is peculiar to this country. An account of it will serve to fill up the remainder of this sheet, and may afford you some amusement.

When a young couple are about to enter on the matrimonial state, a never-failing article in the marriage treaty is, that the lady shall have and enjoy the free and unmolested exercise of the rights of WHITEWASHING, with all its ceremonials, privileges, and appurtenances. You will wonder what this privilege of *whitewashing* is. I will endeavor to give you an idea of the ceremony as I have seen it performed.

There is no season of the year in which the lady may not, if she pleases, claim her privilege; but the latter end of May is generally fixed upon for the purpose. The attentive husband may judge, by certain prognostics, when the storm is nigh at hand. If the lady grows uncommonly fretful, finds fault with the servants, is discontented with the children, and complains much of the nastiness of everything about her, these are symptoms which ought not to be neglected; yet they sometimes go off without any further effect. But if, when the husband rises in the morning, he should observe in the yard a wheelbarrow with a quantity of lime in it, or should see certain buckets filled with a solution of lime in water, there is no time for hesitation. He immediately locks up the apartment or

closet where his papers and private property are kept, and, putting the key in his pocket, betakes himself to flight. A husband, however beloved, becomes a perfect nuisance during this season of female rage. His authority is superseded, his commission suspended, and the very scullion who cleans the brasses in the kitchen becomes of more importance than he. He has nothing for it but to abdicate for a time, and run from an evil which he can neither prevent nor mollify.

The husband gone, the ceremony begins. The walls are stripped of their furniture ; paintings, prints, and looking-glasses lie in huddled heaps about the floors ; the curtains are torn from their testers, the beds crammed into windows ; chairs and tables, bedsteads and cradles, crowd the yard ; and the garden fence bends beneath the weight of carpets, blankets, cloth cloaks, old coats, under-petticoats, and ragged breeches. *Here* may be seen the lumber of the kitchen, forming a dark and confused mass for the foreground of the picture ; gridirons and frying-pans, rusty shovels and broken tongs, joint-stools, and the fractured remains of rush-bottomed chairs. *There*, a closet has disgorged its bowels,—riveted plates and dishes, halves of china bowls, cracked tumblers, broken wineglasses, phials of forgotten physic, papers of unknown powders, seeds and dried herbs, tops of teapots, and stoppers of departed decanters ; from the rag-hole in the garret to the rat-hole in the cellar, no place escapes unrummaged. It would seem as if the day of general doom was come, and the utensils of the house were dragged forth to judgment.

This ceremony completed, and the house thoroughly evacuated, the next operation is to smear the walls and ceilings with brushes, dipped in a solution of lime, called **WHITEWASH**: to pour buckets of water over every floor,

and scratch all the partitions and wainscots with hard brushes, charged with soft soap and stone-cutter's sand.

The windows by no means escape the general deluge. A servant scrambles out upon the pent-house, at the risk of her neck, and, with a mug in her hand and a bucket within reach, dashes innumerable gallons of water against the glass panes, to the great annoyance of passengers in the street.

I have been told that an action at law was once brought against one of these water-nymphs by a person who had a new suit of clothes spoiled by this operation; but, after long argument, it was determined that no damages could be awarded, inasmuch as the defendant was in the exercise of a legal right, and not answerable for the consequences. And so the poor gentleman was doubly nonsuited; for he lost both his suit of clothes and his suit at law.

I know a gentleman here who is fond of accounting for everything in a philosophical way. He considers this, which I call *a custom*, as a real, periodical disease, peculiar to the climate. His train of reasoning is whimsical and ingenious; but I am not at leisure to give you the detail. The result was, that he found the distemper to be incurable; but, after much study, he thought he had discovered a method to divert the evil he could not subdue. For this purpose, he caused a small building, about twelve feet square, to be erected in his garden, and furnished with some ordinary chairs and tables and a few prints of the cheapest sort. His hope was that, when the whitewashing frenzy seized the females of his family, they might repair to this apartment, and scrub, and scour, and smear to their hearts' content, and so spend the violence of the disease in this outpost, whilst he enjoyed himself in quiet at head-quarters. But the experiment did not answer his expectation. It was impossible it should,

since a principal part of the gratification consists in the lady's having an uncontrolled right to torment her husband, at least once in every year,—to turn him out of doors, and take the reins of government into her own hands.

CHARACTERISTICS OF ARABIAN POETRY.

HENRY COPPÉE.

[Henry Coppée was born at Savannah, Georgia, in 1821, and graduated at West Point in 1845. He served in the army during the Mexican war, resigned in 1855, was professor of English literature in the University of Pennsylvania from 1855 to 1866, president of Lehigh University from 1866 to 1875, and since then has been professor of history in that institution. His works include "Elements of Logic," "Elements of Rhetoric," "The Conquest of Spain by the Arab-Moors," etc. The latter work is a valuable contribution to historical literature, and fills a gap which had previously been but imperfectly occupied. Professor Coppée is a careful and judicious writer, and his work adds another to the list of important histories by American authors.]

As the Arabian nature was of quick perception, fertile fancy, and remarkable command of language, there were many more poets than among the colder and more prosaic nations of the North; and those who were not ready writers were ardent and appreciative hearers. The poet became thus the universal teacher,—from the singer on the highway to the bard who chanted before kings. An honored guest among the great, his versatile art at the same time touched the sensibilities and conveyed instruction to the mind. By it he taught grammar, rhetoric, biography, history, theology, medicine, chemistry,—all the training of the schools.

This was in part due, as I have said, to the peculiar

conditions of the language,—it is eminently poetic,—and, although every scholar knows in a general way the great inadequacy of translations, I am inclined to think that no poetry suffers more in the transcription than the Arabic.

The following will serve as an illustration of the impossibility of judging of their rhythmic effects. Ibnu-l-monkhol and his little son in an afternoon walk came up to a pool in their road, and began to cap verses thus: "Go on," said the father:

"The frogs are croaking in that pool,"

"Yes, and with no sweet melody, troth."

"Their language was boisterous—

When they called the Beni Al-Mallah."

As they approached, the frogs became silent, and the father said,—

"Thou hast become mute like these frogs,"

"When they collected for scandal."

"There is no help for the oppressed,"

"And no rain for those who want it."

Of this singular verse-making, doubtless not without rhetorical harmony in the original, the historian says, "Certainly no one can doubt that this finishing of hemistichs is highly deserving of praise: had it been executed by a learned man advanced in life, it would have commanded the greatest attention; but being, as it was, the work of a mere boy, it was a wonderful performance and well worthy of remark."

Thoroughly satisfied as I am of the superior general culture of the Arabians, I am inclined to think that the excellence of their poetry, as tried either by classical canons or modern taste, has been greatly overrated. It is sweet, but turgid: from its almost universal application

its afflatus is lost; it gilds commonplaces. It reacts upon and injures prose, and is itself injured in the contact. It labors to find conceits, and thus is forced in sentiment and superlative in expression. And yet doubtless there is a great charm in the variety of its cadenced sounds, a rhetorical harmony which is totally lost in translation; a *mélange* of the hum of bees, the twitter of swallows, and the note of the whippoorwill; a charm of nature's chorus in changing melodies, constantly returning to the key-note, for the Arabian poetry was always in *recitative*—they chanted their verses in rhythmic divisions.

The most favorite forms of poetry were—the Ghazele, the Kassidah, and the Divan.

The Ghazele was a love-song or short ode, something like what we call a canzonet or sonnet, containing from fourteen to twenty-six lines, alternately rhyming. The Kassidah is a longer and more pretentious piece, at once descriptive and epic; sometimes a scrap of history poetically treated, sometimes a tale in verse. It generally contains from forty to two hundred lines. The Divan is a collection of the smaller poems, generally Ghazeles, compiled and connected according to arbitrary rules. Among these rules, or rather poetical customs, was the use of assonances or imperfect rhymes, a feature adopted and permanently embodied in Spanish poetry. In much of the Arabian verse the second line of each couplet ends with the same word. It was considered a great feat to have all the letters of the alphabet systematically recognized in a poem, somewhat like our writing of acrostics.

But the poetic tendencies of the Arabians are not best displayed in these more important forms: some of the sweetest and most effective lines are found in impromptu verses,—a couplet or two,—and in happy repartees, often,

we may suppose, carefully prepared, but having an extemporaneous appearance, which won from the rich and great large rewards to the happy poet. The Arabian Nights are full of such detached jewels of poetry, which add greatly to their charms. Sultan and slave, priest and merchant, traveller and soldier, vie with each other in poetic conceits which bear largely upon the fortunes of all.

Extended specimens of Arabian poetry in English translation would be out of place in such a digest as this. A few examples from the works of the Spanish Arabians will illustrate the *genre*.

Thus, in praise of friendship, Ibn Zeydun, in the eleventh century, sings, "We passed the night alone with no other companion but friendship and union; and, while happiness and slumber fled from the eyelids of our detractors, the shadows of night retained us in the secret bonds of pleasure, until the tongue of morning began to herald our names."

"Name to me," says an Andalusian, speaking of the Sherif At-talik, "one of your poets who has described the color which a draught of pure wine imparts to the cheek of the drinker in verses equal to these:

"The wine has colored his cheeks like a rising sun shining upon his face: the west is his mouth, and the east is the lively cup-bearer's hand.

When the sun has set behind his mouth, it leaves upon his cheeks a rosy twilight."

In praise of love, the flowers are pressed into the service:

"The gardens shine with anemones, and the light fresh gales are perfumed with their scent.

When I visited them, the clouds had just been beating the flowers, and making them as deeply tinged as the best wine.

What is their crime? said I; and I was told, in answer, they stole from the cheeks of the fair their beauty."

Ibnu-l-Faraj writes to a friend for a gift of some old wine, and his letter is in verse:

"Send me some of that wine, sweet as thy love and more transparent than the tears which fall down thy cheeks. Send me, O my son! some of that liquor, the soul's own sister, that I may comfort my debilitated stomach."

An amusing anti-climax.

The love of local homes is constantly set forth in poetic hyperbole. Cordova, Seville, Granada, Toledo, Cadiz, is each in turn the fairest and dearest spot on earth; each a miracle of nature and art. I select in illustration a few lines of Abú-l-hasán Ibn Nasr, a poet of Granada in the twelfth century, in praise of Guadix and its river:

"O Wádin-l-eshit! my soul falls into ecstasies whenever I think of the favors the Almighty has lavished upon thee.

"By Allah, thy shade at noon, when the rays of the sun are the hottest, is so fresh that those who walk on thy banks cannot stop to converse together.

"The sun itself, seeking a remedy for its own ardor, directs its course through thy shadowy bed.

"Thy current smiles through the prismatic bubbles of the waters like the skin of a variegated snake. The trees that hang over thy soft inclined banks are so many steps to descend to thy bed, while their boughs covered with blossoms, and devoured by burning thirst, are perpetually drinking of thy waters."

The story is told of an African poet, Bekr Ibn Hamad El Taharti, that when the Sultan Ibrahim had shut himself up in his seraglio, in luxurious ease, with his female slaves, and forbidden any one to approach him, the poet,

having a petition to present, wrote, on the flowers which were to be taken in, the following verses:

“The fair, the enchanting fair!
 Who, even though slaves,
 Do rule their Lord, and render him their slave;
 They work the bane of man; seek we for roses
 When neither fields nor gardens furnish them?
 The lovely flower! on their bright cheeks we find them,
 Sweeter and thornless too. This, then, my plaint,
 Being on roses written, I do look
 To have received with favor, since 'tis formed
 Of that which is the image of their cheeks,—
 The fair, the enchanting fair!”

The poet's supplication was granted, and he received an additional bounty of one hundred dinars.

It would exhaust the reader's patience, without, as these specimens will suffice to show, affording a compensating instruction, were I to offer numerous extracts, which, after all, can give no fair notion of Arabian poetry. Whatever estimate we may now form of its taste and power, its influence upon the people who heard the verses chanted can hardly be exaggerated. When a popular poet appeared, and intoned his love-songs to the multitude, it was a common saying that “all men's ears grew to his tunes, as if they had eaten ballads.”

As might be expected, in the long period of the Arabian dominion in Spain there were great changes in the spirit and language of their poetry, which in a more extended inquiry would claim some detail of illustration; but what they called poetic progress was not improvement. At first their utterances were simple and natural: they attempted in their new and beautiful seats to photograph what they saw, and just as they saw it; afterwards their descriptions became turgid and cloying, and created a

false taste among the hearers ; they resorted to stratagems to excite a satiated fancy ; and the attempts of women in verse still further lowered the poetic standard. Many of these women became famous : they were representatives of all social classes,—nobles, freed slaves, wives and concubines, Christians and Jewesses.

I must not leave this subject without calling attention to the singular and potent influence which Arabian poetry exercised over the literature of Southern and Western Europe. It can be traced in the reproduction of many of the stories as well as in the structure of the French *fabliaux* and *chansons de geste* of the *jongleurs* and *trouvères* of the North, and is more particularly to be observed in *le gai saber* of the Provençal *troubadours*. It extended into Italy, and is found in the charming stanzas of Ariosto, both as to matter and manner, and in the “twice-told tales” of Boccaccio’s Decameron. In a word, the entire southern literature of Europe, up to the Renaissance, owes as much to the Spanish Arabians for matter and form as it does to the Latin for language. And, more than this, when we remember that our English Chaucer borrowed the scheme of his Canterbury Tales, and several of the stories, from Boccaccio, we may well claim that the Arabian idea has penetrated into the North, and left its profound impression in the plastic English literature of the fourteenth century.

Closely connected with their taste in poetry and their use of it was their fondness for story-telling, which marks the social life of the Oriental people. With them it took the place of theatrical representations,—from the *munshid*, or poet who recited his compositions at the courts of princes, to the humble *improvisatore*, who gathered his little crowd around him and satisfied their wonder with his grotesque legends of genii and the supernatural.

The men frequented the bazaars to hear such tales; the women gathered at the baths to exchange or repeat them, and there were improvisatrices of the seraglio. "Physicians often ordered story-telling as a prescription for their patients, to mitigate their sufferings, to calm their agitation, to give sleep after protracted *insomnia*, and these *raconteurs*, accustomed to deal with sickness, knew how to modulate their voices, to soften the tone, and to give way by still gentler utterances to the approach of sleep." This kind of eloquence with them was classed as "lawful magic," and was not considered beneath the cultivation of men who prided themselves upon their literary eminence. They boasted of the number of entertaining tales they had learned or invented, and the ready language and dramatic skill they displayed in telling them. Such men were eagerly sought out by the Khalifs and the grandees to beguile their *ennui*, or to recreate them after their fatigues. Such is the simple philosophy of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," stories about stories, told by all sorts of people to Haroun Al Raschid and his vizier, who wandered in disguise to find them. The traveller in the East to-day may find the original type little changed, except in the necessary accompaniments of coffee and tobacco, which seem so very Oriental that we can scarcely believe that the former was not used till the sixteenth, nor the latter till the seventeenth century.

Naturally gifted with memory, of which Al Makkari says, "Memory is among the gifts which the Almighty poured most profusely upon the Andalusians," these story-tellers did not rely implicitly upon it; they not only heightened the interest of their stories by mimetic and histrionic effects, but they often improvised, while in the very fervor of narration, charming plots of episodical

adventure, like those in the "Thousand and One Nights." Once improvised, they became part of the chanter's future stores, a broader foundation for new successes. These were sometimes collected into volumes; and one of these Andalusian collections would, if we may accept the eulogium of bibliographers, were it translated, divide our interest with the "Arabian Nights." Its author was a very facetious man, who knew by heart a prodigious number of stories, and gave them to the Spanish Arabs as "The Book of Routes and Stations in the Adventures of Abu-l-halyi." They had one great advantage, to which I have already referred; they were not limited to the truth, but would have been tame had they not been full of hyperbole in their descriptions.

Their musical powers are vaunted by the historian, but little is known of their attainments in this art. They sang to the lute (*el'ood*), as the modern Spaniards do to the guitar, with the same gesticulation, using the instrument as a fan, and as if it were alive, and joining the ballad with personal movements,—*se cantan bailando*; sometimes executing a *pas seul* to the rhythm they were producing, and subsiding again into a state of quiescence.

THE SECRET CHAMBER.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

[The extract we give below is the concluding chapter in the last published work of the most original of American novelists,—presumably the last chapter written by Hawthorne's wonder-working hand. 'The Scarlet Letter,' "The Marble Faun," and the other beautifully-told stories of Hawthorne, exhibit a grace of manner and purity of diction not surpassed by any other American writer. Yet these are

the least of their merits. They are instinct with a marked originality of thought and a subtle mysticism which stamp them as perhaps the most remarkable and valuable of existing novels. Hawthorne seemed to have no vision for the commonplace, but to revel in abstruse conceptions and dreams of strange conditions of destiny, which only one with his minute power of analysis and broad grasp of exceptional situations could have safely handled. It is not surprising that his works very slowly gained an audience. A new generation had to be born, and to grow up to his manner of thought, before the high merit of his deeply-imaginative pictures could be recognized.

"Dr. Grimshawe's Secret" is one of several unfinished works left at his death. It has been recently published, and is practically complete, so far as the plot is concerned, though the suggestive notes of the author show that the work was yet "in the rough," and was far from having attained its final finished and polished form. We are first introduced to grim old Dr. Grimshawe, dwelling as a recluse in a spider-haunted den, yet associated with two attractive children, whose origin is shrouded in mystery. It gradually appears that the boy is in some way related to an ancient English family a member of whom, according to legend, had been the executioner of Charles I. He had stepped in the blood of the slaughtered king, and wherever he trod thereafter a bloody imprint appeared. After long imprisonment in a secret chamber in his ancestral mansion, he escaped, leaving on the doorstep the ineffaceable mark of a blood-stained foot. In the grave of this fugitive, who fled to America, the boy finds a silver key,—which plays its final part in our chapter. At a later date Dr. Grimshawe dies, the boy, Redclyffe, and the girl, Elsie, make their way to England, and the mystery of the secret chamber, which is felt throughout the work, begins to loom up in prominent proportions. A series of events draw Redclyffe, as by the hand of destiny, to the old mansion. Here he incautiously reveals his belief in his paternity, and his intention to claim his birthright, to Lord Braithwaite, its present possessor. As a result of his imprudence, he is induced to drink of a drugged wine by his villanous host, and mysteriously vanishes. At this point in the story the chapter which we give opens. In it the plot is sufficiently unfolded to give some idea of the author's general conception, though several mysteries are left unexplained, and an artistic finish is yet lacking. The golden hair which rises in overflowing folds from the casket is a conception of striking beauty and originality, and one can-

not but regret the absence of the author's explanation of the startling mystery revealed by the silver key.]

REDCLYFFE, apparently, had not communicated to his agent in London his change of address, when he left the Warden's residence to avail himself of the hospitality of Braithwaite Hall; for letters arrived for him, from his own country, both private and with the seal of state upon them,—one among the rest that bore on the envelope the name of the President of the United States. The good Warden was impressed with great respect for so distinguished a signature, and, not knowing but that the welfare of the Republic (for which he had an Englishman's contemptuous interest) might be involved in its early delivery at its destination, he determined to ride over to Braithwaite Hall, call on his friend, and deliver it with his own hand. With this purpose, he mounted his horse, at the hour of his usual morning ride, and set forth, and, before reaching the village, saw a figure before him which he recognized as that of the pensioner.

"Soho! whither go you, old friend?" said the Warden, drawing his bridle as he came up with the old man.

"To Braithwaite Hall, sir," said the pensioner, who continued to walk diligently on; "and I am glad to see your honor (if it be so) on the same errand."

"Why so?" asked the Warden. "You seem much in earnest. Why should my visit to Braithwaite Hall be a special cause of rejoicing?"

"Nay," said the pensioner, "your honor is specially interested in this young American, who has gone thither to abide; and when one is in a strange country he needs some guidance. My mind is not easy about the young man."

"Well," said the Warden, smiling to himself at the old gentleman's idle and senile fears, "I commend your diligence on behalf of your friend."

He rode on as he spoke, and deep in one of the woodland paths he saw the flutter of a woman's garment, and, greatly to his surprise, overtook Elsie, who seemed to be walking along with great rapidity, and, startled by the approach of hoofs behind her, looked up at him, with a pale cheek.

"Good-morning, Miss Elsie," said the Warden. "You are taking a long walk this morning. I regret to see that I have frightened you."

"Pray, whither are you going?" said she.

"To the Hall," said the Warden, wondering at the abrupt question.

"Ah, sir," exclaimed Elsie, "for heaven's sake, pray insist on seeing Mr. Redclyffe; take no excuse. There are reasons for it."

"Certainly, fair lady," responded the Warden, wondering more and more at this injunction from such a source. "And when I see this fascinating gentleman, pray what message am I to give him from Miss Elsie,—who, moreover, seems to be on the eve of visiting him in person?"

"See him! see him! Only see him!" said Elsie, with passionate earnestness,—“and in haste! See him now!”

She waved him onward as she spoke; and the Warden, greatly commoted for the nonce, complied with the maiden's fantasy so far as to ride on at a quicker pace, uneasily marvelling at what could have aroused this usually shy and reserved girl's nervousness to such a pitch. The incident served at all events to titillate his English sluggishness; so that he approached the avenue of the old Hall with a vague expectation of something that had happened there, though he knew not of what nature it could possibly be. However, he rode round to the side entrance, by which horsemen generally entered the house, and, a groom approaching to take his bridle, he

alighted and approached the door. I know not whether it were anything more than the glistening moisture common in an English autumnal morning, but so it was, that the trace of the Bloody Footstep seemed fresh, as if it had been that very night imprinted anew, and the crime made all over again, with fresh guilt upon somebody's soul.

When the footman came to the door, responsive to his ring, the Warden inquired for Mr. Redclyffe, the American gentleman.

"The American gentleman left for London early this morning," replied the footman, in a matter-of-fact way.

"Gone!" exclaimed the Warden. "This is sudden, and strange that he should go without saying good-by. Gone!" And then he remembered the old pensioner's eagerness that the Warden should come here, and Elsie's strange injunction that he should insist on seeing Redclyffe. "Pray, is Lord Braithwaite at home?"

"I think, sir, he is in the library," said the servant, "but will see. Pray, sir, walk in."

He returned in a moment, and ushered the Warden, through passages with which he was familiar of old, to the library, where he found Lord Braithwaite sitting with the London newspaper in his hand. He rose and welcomed his guest with great equanimity.

To the Warden's inquiries after Redclyffe, Lord Braithwaite replied that his guest had that morning left the house, being called to London by letters from America, but of what nature Lord Braithwaite was unable to say, except that they seemed to be of urgency and importance. The Warden's further inquiries, which he pushed as far as was decorous, elicited nothing more than this; and he was preparing to take his leave, not seeing any reason for insisting (according to Elsie's desire) on the impossibility of seeing a man who was not there,—nor, indeed, any reason

for so doing. And yet it seemed very strange that Redclyffe should have gone so unceremoniously ; nor was he half satisfied, though he knew not why he should be otherwise.

"Do you happen to know Mr. Redclyffe's address in London?" asked the Warden.

"Not at all," said Braithwaite. "But I presume there is courtesy enough in the American character to impel him to write to me, or both of us, within a day or two, telling us of his whereabouts and whatabouts. Should you know, I beg you will let me know ; for I have really been pleased with this gentleman, and should have been glad could he have favored me with a somewhat longer visit."

There was nothing more to be said ; and the Warden took his leave, and was about mounting his horse, when he beheld the pensioner approaching the house, and he remained standing until he should come up.

"You are too late," said he, as the old man drew near. "Our friend has taken French leave."

"Mr. Warden," said the old man, solemnly, "let me pray you not to give him up so easily. Come with me into the presence of Lord Braithwaite."

The Warden made some objections ; but the pensioner's manner was so earnest that he soon consented, knowing that the strangeness of his sudden return might well enough be put upon the eccentricities of the pensioner, especially as he was so well known to Lord Braithwaite. He accordingly again rang at the door, which being opened by the same stolid footman, the Warden desired him to announce to Lord Braithwaite that the Warden and a pensioner desired to see him. He soon returned, with a request that they would walk in, and ushered them again to the library, where they found the master of the house in conversation with Omskirk at one end of the

apartment,—a whispered conversation, which detained him a moment after their arrival. The Warden fancied that he saw in old Omskirk's countenance a shade more of that mysterious horror which made him such a bugbear to children; but when Braithwaite turned from him and approached his visitor there was no trace of any disturbance, beyond a natural surprise to see his good friend the Warden so soon after his taking leave.

"I see you are surprised," said the latter. "But you must lay the blame, if any, on our good old friend here, who, for some reason, best known to himself, insisted on having my company here."

Braithwaite looked to the old pensioneer with a questioning look, as if good-humoredly (yet not as if he cared much about it) asking for an explanation. As Omskirk was about leaving the room, having remained till this time, with that nervous look which distinguished him, gazing towards the party, the pensioner made him a sign, which he obeyed as if compelled to do so.

"Well, my friend," said the Warden, somewhat impatient of the aspect in which he himself appeared, "I beg of you, explain at once to Lord Braithwaite why you have brought me back in this strange way."

"It is," said the pensioner, quietly, "that in your presence I request him to allow me to see Mr. Redclyffe."

"Why, my friend," said Braithwaite, "how can I show you a man who has left my house, and whom, in the chances of this life, I am not very likely to see again, though hospitably desirous of so doing?"

Here ensued a laughing sort of colloquy between the Warden and Braithwaite, in which the former jocosely excused himself for having yielded to the whim of the pensioner and returned with him on an errand which he well knew to be futile.

"I have long been aware," he said, apart, in a confidential way, "of something a little awry in our old friend's mental system. You will excuse him, and me for humoring him."

"Of course, of course," said Braithwaite, in the same tone. "I shall not be moved by anything the old fellow can say."

The old pensioner, meanwhile, had been as it were heating up, and gathering himself into a mood of energy which those who saw him had never before witnessed in his usually quiet person. He seemed somehow to grow taller and larger, more impressive. At length, fixing his eyes on Lord Braithwaite, he spoke again.

"Dark, murderous man," exclaimed he. "Your course has not been unwatched; the secrets of this mansion are not unknown. For two centuries back, they have been better known to them who dwell afar off than to those resident within the mansion. The foot that made the Bloody Footstep has returned from its long wanderings, and it passes on, straight as destiny, sure as an avenging Providence, to the punishment and destruction of those who incur retribution."

"Here is an odd kind of tragedy," said Lord Braithwaite, with a scornful smile. "Come, my old friend, lay aside this vein and talk sense."

"Not thus do you escape your penalty, hardened and crafty one!" exclaimed the pensioner. "I demand of you, before this worthy Warden, access to the secret ways of this mansion, of which thou dost unjustly retain possession. I shall disclose what for centuries has remained hidden,—the ghastly secrets that this house hides."

"Humor him," whispered the Warden, "and hereafter I will take care that the exuberance of our old friend shall be duly restrained. He shall not trouble you again."

Lord Braithwaite, to say the truth, appeared a little flabbergasted and disturbed by these latter expressions of the old gentleman. He hesitated, turned pale; but at last, recovering his momentary confusion and irresolution, he replied, with apparent carelessness,—

“Go wherever you will, old gentleman. The house is open to you for this time. If ever you have another opportunity to disturb it, the fault will be mine.”

“Follow, sir,” said the pensioner, turning to the Warden; “follow, maiden. Now shall a great mystery begin to be revealed.”

So saying, he led the way before them, passing out of the hall, not by the door-way, but through one of the oaken panels of the wall, which admitted the party into a passage which seemed to pass through the thickness of the wall, and was lighted by interstices through which shone gleams of light. This led them into what looked like a little vestibule, or circular room, which the Warden, though deeming himself many years familiar with the old house, had never seen before, any more than the passage which led to it. To his surprise, this room was not vacant, for in it sat, in a large old chair, Omskirk, like a toad in its hole, like some wild, fearful creature in its den, and it was now partly understood how this man had the possibility of suddenly disappearing, so inscrutably, and so in a moment, and, when all quest for him was given up, of as suddenly appearing again.

“Ha!” said old Omskirk, slowly rising, as at the approach of some event that he had long expected. “Is he coming at last?”

“Poor victim of another’s iniquity,” said the pensioner, “thy release approaches. Rejoice!”

The old man arose with a sort of trepidation and solemn joy intermixed in his manner, and bowed reverently, as if

there were in what he heard more than other ears could understand in it.

"Yes; I have waited long," replied he. "Welcome, if my release is come."

"Well," said Lord Braithwaite, scornfully, "this secret retreat of my house is known to many. It was the priest's secret chamber when it was dangerous to be of the old and true religion, here in England. There is no longer any use in concealing this place; and the Warden, or any man, might have seen it, or any of the curiosities of the old hereditary house, if desirous so to do."

"Aha! son of Belial!" quoth the pensioner. "And this, too!"

He took three pieces from a certain point of the wall, which he seemed to know, and stooped to press upon the floor. The Warden looked at Lord Braithwaite, and saw that he had grown deadly pale. What his change of cheer might bode, he could not guess; but, at the pressure of the old pensioner's finger, the floor, or a segment of it, rose like the lid of a box, and discovered a small dark-some pair of stairs; within which burned a lamp, lighting it downward, like the steps that descend into a sepulchre.

"Follow," said he to those who looked on wondering.

And he began to descend. Lord Braithwaite saw him disappear, then frantically followed, the Warden next, and old Omskirk took his place in the rear, like a man following his inevitable destiny. At the bottom of a winding descent, that seemed deep and remote, and far within, they came to a door, which the pensioner pressed with a spring; and, passing through the space that disclosed itself, the whole party followed, and found themselves in a small, gloomy room. On one side of it was a couch, on which sat Redclyffe; face to face with him was a white-haired figure in a chair.

"You are come!" said Redclyffe, solemnly. "But too late."

"And yonder is the coffer," said the pensioner. "Open but that, and our quest is ended!"

"That, if I mistake not, I can do," said Redclyffe.

He drew forth—what he had kept all this time, as something that might yet reveal to him the mystery of his birth—the silver key that had been found by the grave in far New England; and, applying it to the lock, he slowly turned it on the hinges, that had not been turned for two hundred years. All—even Lord Braithwaite, guilty and shame-stricken as he felt—pressed forward to look upon what was about to be disclosed. What were the wondrous contents? The entire, mysterious coffer was full of golden ringlets, abundant, clustering through the whole coffer, and living with elasticity, so as immediately, as it were, to flow over the sides of the coffer, and rise in large abundance from the long compression. Into this—by a miracle of natural production which was known likewise in other cases—into this had been resolved the whole bodily substance of that fair and unfortunate being, known so long in the legends of the family as the Beauty of the Golden Locks. As the pensioner looked at this strange sight,—the lustre of the precious and miraculous hair gleaming and glistening, and seeming to add light to the gloomy room,—he took from his breast-pocket another lock of hair, in a locket, and compared it, before their faces, with that which brimmed over from the coffer.

"It is the same!" said he.

"And who are you that know it?" asked Redclyffe, surprised.

"He whose ancestors taught him the secret,—who has had it handed down to him these two centuries, and now only with regret yields to the necessity of making it known

"You are the heir!" said Redclyffe.

In that gloomy room, beside the dead old man, they looked at him, and saw a dignity beaming on him, covering his whole figure, that broke out like a lustre at the close of day.

SHAKESPEARE ODE.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

[Among the several beautiful poems which have made the name of Charles Sprague familiar to American lovers of poetry the Shakespeare Ode stands first, as, in the words of Griswold, "one of the most vigorous and beautiful lyrics in the English language." He is best known, however, by his shorter and simpler efforts, "The Winged Worshippers" and "The Family Meeting," which rank among the favorite specimens of American verse, and display much poetical skill and beauty of thought. He was born in Boston in 1791, and died in the same city in 1875.]

God of the glorious Lyre!
Whose notes of old on lofty Pindus rang,
While Jove's exulting choir
Caught the glad echoes and responsive sang,—
Come! bless the service and the shrine
We consecrate to thee and thine.

Fierce from the frozen north,
When Havoc led his legions forth,
O'er Learning's sunny groves the dark destroyers spread:
In dust the sacred statue slept,
Fair Science round her altars wept,
And Wisdom cowed his head.

At length, Olympian lord of morn,
The raven veil of night was torn,
 When, through golden clouds descending,
Thou didst hold thy radiant flight,
 O'er Nature's lovely pageant bending,
Till Avon rolled, all sparkling, to thy sight!

There, on its bank, beneath the mulberry's shade,
Wrapped in young dreams, a wild-eyed minstrel strayed.
 Lighting there, and lingering long,
Thou didst teach the bard his song;
 Thy fingers strung his sleeping shell,
And round his brows a garland curled;
 On his lips thy spirit fell,
And bade him wake and warm the world.

 Then Shakespeare rose!
 Across the trembling strings
 His daring hand he flings,
And lo! a new creation glows!
There, clustering round, submissive to his will,
Fate's vassal train his high commands fulfil.—

 Madness, with his frightful scream,
 Vengeance, leaning on his lance,
 Avarice, with his blade and beam,
 Hatred, blasting with a glance,
 Remorse that weeps, and Rage that roars,
And Jealousy that dotes, but dooms, and murders, yet
 adores,
 Mirth, his face with sunbeams lit,
 Waking laughter's merry swell,
 Arm in arm with fresh-eyed Wit,
That waves his tingling lash, while Folly shakes his bell.

Despair, that haunts the gurgling stream,
Kissed by the virgin moon's cold beam,
Where some lost maid wild chaplets wreathes,
And, swan-like, there her own dirge breathes,
Then, broken-hearted, sinks to rest,
Beneath the bubbling wave that shrouds her maniac breast.

Young Love, with eye of tender gloom,
Now drooping o'er the hallowed tomb
Where his plighted victims lie,—
Where they met, but met to die;
And now, when crimson buds are sleeping,
Through the dewy arbor peeping,
Where Beauty's child, the frowning world forgot,
To Youth's devoted tale is listening,
Rapture on her dark lash glistening,
While fairies leave their cowslip cells and guard the happy
spot.

Thus rise the phantom throng,
Obedient to their Master's song,
And lead in willing chains the wondering soul along.
For other worlds war's Great One sighed in vain,—
O'er other worlds see Shakespeare rove and reign!
The rapt magician of his own wild lay,
Earth and her tribes his mystic wand obey.
Old Ocean trembles, Thunder cracks the skies,
Air teems with shapes, and tell-tale spectres rise;
Night's paltering hags their fearful orgies keep,
And faithless Guilt unseals the lip of sleep;
Time yields his trophies up, and Death restores
The mouldered victims of his voiceless shores.
The fireside legend and the faded page,
The crime that cursed, the deed that blessed an age,

All, all come forth,—the good to charm and cheer,
To scourge bold Vice, and start the generous tear;
With pictured Folly gazing fools to shame,
And guide young Glory's foot along the path of fame.

Lo! hand in hand,
Hell's juggling sisters stand,
To greet their victim from the fight;
Grouped on the blasted heath,
They tempt him to the work of death,
Then melt in air, and mock his wondering sight.

In midnight's hallowed hour
He seeks the fatal tower,
Where the lone raven, perched on high,
Pours to the sullen gale
Her hoarse, prophetic wail,
And croaks the dreadful moment nigh.
See, by the phantom dagger led,
Pale, guilty thing!
Slowly he steals, with silent tread,
And grasps his coward steel to smite his sleeping king!

Hark! 'tis the signal bell,
Struck by that bold and unsexed one
Whose milk is gall, whose heart is stone;
His ear hath caught the knell,—
'Tis done! 'tis done!
Behold him from the chamber rushing
Where his dead monarch's blood is gushing!
Look where he trembling stands,
Sad gazing there,
Life's smoking crimson on his hands,
And in his felon heart the worm of wild despair!

Mark the sceptred traitor slumbering!
There flit the slaves of conscience round,
With boding tongue foul murders numbering;
Sleep's leaden portals catch the sound.
In his dream of blood for mercy quaking,
At his own dull scream behold him waking!
Soon that dream to fate shall turn:
For him the living furies burn;
For him the vulture sits on yonder misty peak,
And chides the lagging night, and whets her hungry beak.
Hark! the trumpet's warning breath
Echoes round the vale of death.
Unhorsed, unhelmed, disdaining shield,
The panting tyrant scours the field.
Vengeance! he meets thy dooming blade!
The scourge of earth, the scorn of Heaven,
He falls! unwept and unforgiven,
And all his guilty glories fade.
Like a crushed reptile in the dust he lies,
And Hate's last lightning quivers from his eyes!

Behold yon crownless king,—
Yon white-locked, weeping sire,—
Where heaven's unpillared chambers ring,
And burst their streams of flood and fire!
He gave them all,—the daughters of his love;
That recreant pair! they drive him forth to rove
In such a night of woe,
The cubless regent of the wood
Forgets to bathe her fangs in blood,
And caverns with her foe!
Yet one was ever kind;
Why lingers she behind?

O pity!—view him by her dead form kneeling
Even in wild frenzy holy nature feeling.

His aching eyeballs strain

To see those curtained orbs unfold,
That beauteous bosom heave again;
But all is dark and cold.

In agony the father shakes;

Grief's choking note

Swells in his throat,

Each withered heart-string tugs and breaks.
Round her pale neck his dying arms he wreathes,
And on her marble lips his last, his death-kiss breathes.

Down, trembling wing!—shall insect weakness keep

The sun-defying eagle's sweep?

A mortal strike celestial strings,

And feebly echo what a seraph sings?

Who now shall grace the glowing throne

Where, all unrivalled, all alone,

Bold Shakespeare sat, and looked creation through,
The minstrel monarch of the worlds he drew?

That throne is cold—that lyre in death unstrung
On whose proud note delighted Wonder hung.
Yet old Oblivion, as in wrath he sweeps,
One spot shall spare,—the grave where Shakespeare sleeps
Rulers and ruled in common gloom may lie,
But Nature's laureate bards shall never die.
Art's chiselled boast and Glory's trophied shore
Must live in numbers, or can live no more.
While sculptured Jove some nameless waste may claim,
Still rolls the Olympic car in Pindar's fame;
Troy's doubtful walls in ashes passed away,
Yet frown on Greece in Homer's deathless lay;

Rome, slowly sinking in her crumbling fanes,
 Stands all immortal in her Maro's strains ;
 So, too, yon giant empress of the isles,
 On whose broad sway the sun forever smiles,
 To Time's unsparing rage one day must bend,
 And all her triumphs in her Shakespeare end !

O thou ! to whose creative power
 We dedicate the festal hour,
 While Grace and Goodness round the altar stand,
 Learning's anointed train, and Beauty's rose-lipped band—
 Realms yet unborn, in accents now unknown,
 Thy song shall learn, and bless it for their own.
 Deep in the West as Independence roves,
 His banners planting round the land he loves,
 Where Nature sleeps in Eden's infant grace,
 In Time's full hour shall spring a glorious race.
 Thy name, thy verse, thy language, shall they bear,
 And deck for thee the vaulted temple there.
 Our Roman-hearted fathers broke
 Thy parent empire's galling yoke ;
 But thou, harmonious master of the mind,
 Around their sons a gentler chain shalt bind ;
 Once more in thee shall Albion's sceptre wave,
 And what her Monarch lost her Monarch-Bard shall save.

NOVEL-WRITING BEFORE WAVERLEY.

R. S. MACKENZIE.

[Robert Shelton Mackenzie was born in Ireland in 1809. He settled in America in 1852, where he became literary and foreign editor of the *Philadelphia Press*, which post he held till his death in 1881.

He was a lively and entertaining writer, and published many works, of a miscellaneous character, of which we may here mention "Lays of Palestine," "Tressilian; or, the Story-Tellers," lives of Dickens, Scott, Curran, etc., and "Titian, an Art-Novel." The selection we give is from the "Life of Scott." It contains much interesting and not generally known information.]

BEFORE Scott had given over writing long poems, he diverged into another branch of literature, in which he obtained higher and more permanent fame than that which he had won as a minstrel. Many persons have scarcely read his poetical romances; but who is not familiar with the Waverley novels?

As great a novel-reader as Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, and Daniel O'Connell (the last of whom once declared to me that the advantages of steam, as applied to travelling on sea and land, were counterbalanced by the abridgment of the time he used to devote to the perusal of works of fiction), Walter Scott saw, before he began to write, that the novels and romances of the present century, and particularly at its commencement, were unsuited to the changed condition of society in his own time. The dramatists of the Elizabethan age produced stories, historical or comic, which two centuries later would probably have appeared in prose as historical romances, or novels of society. In an age when readers were few, the tales acted on the stage were the principal popular sources of intellectual enjoyment. For a long time after the death of Shakespeare, the drama may be said to have fallen into abeyance. Thirty or forty years of civil strife, during which imaginative literature was at a discount, followed the death of Shakespeare; and, though there was a revival of the drama between the Restoration in 1660 and the Revolution in 1688, little effective in that line was presented until Dryden bade the dry bones live.

Bunyan's immortal "Pilgrim's Progress," in this time, was the favorite reading of the people; and the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, Rabelais' comic and satiric adventures of "Gargantua and Pantagruel," and Cervantes' wonderful "Don Quixote," became well known in England through translations. So, at a later period, were the Abbé Prévost's "Manon l'Escaut" (like the younger Dumas's "La Dame aux Camélias," the apotheosis of a professional impure), Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloïse," Le Sage's "Gil Blas" and "Le Diable Boiteux," Voltaire's "Candide" and "Zadig," St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia," Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther," and a few other foreign works.

When the seventeenth century opened, the gross novels of Mrs. Aphra Behn, which had delighted the gay and careless courtiers of the closing years of the Stuart dynasty, fell into disrepute. The age of Queen Anne, which has been entitled the Augustan, exhibited comparative decency, at least in its prose fiction; and under the new dynasty, though not quite so scrupulous (for the first two Guelphic sovereigns were themselves unmistakably immoral in their domestic and social relations), public taste became improved. De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe," which does not contain a single impure incident or expression, speedily obtained a popularity which it still enjoys. Swift's "Gulliver," a political fiction, which is a satire on human nature also, had (and has) a multitude of readers, who, opening it merely to be entertained by the wonderful adventures it contains, narrated in a most artistic *vraisemblance*, scarcely notice its too prevailing coarseness. Richardson and Fielding, however, may rank as the inventors of the English novel, though not of its higher class,—the historical. There runs an undercurrent of indelicacy, not very decided, but adapted to the sensuous taste of the time, through Richardson's sentimentality; and yet the author

of "Pamela" and "Clarissa Harlowe" affected to be a purist in morals. Next to him is Fielding,—who had begun as a satirical parodist, and ended by establishing a new school of story-tellers,—who rejoiced in what Scott has called "warmth of description." Fielding, with all his faults, possessed genius, and was followed by Smollett, who photographed the manners and exhibited the vices of many grades of society. Sterne, decidedly a man of genius, was not restrained from gross indelicacy by a sense of what was due to his office as a clergyman. Oliver Goldsmith, whose "Vicar of Wakefield," much as all readers admire it, has serious defects in construction and sentiment, might have produced a real novel of English society, but "died too soon," when Scott was only three years old. Horace Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," written in 1763, was its author's solitary work of fiction, and owed as much at least to his rank as to novelty of design or execution. Clara Reeve's Gothic romance, "The Old English Baron," alone remembered out of her many works, was an almost avowed imitation of Walpole's romantic story, and a decided improvement upon it.

When Scott wrote the first chapters of "Waverley," in 1805, the principal living novelist was Mrs. Radcliffe, whose very sensational romances outdid all contemporary productions. With her began high payments for such works. She received five hundred pounds for the "Mysteries of Udolpho," and eight hundred pounds for "The Italians," its successor. To-day, these stories, crowded with crime and with apparently supernatural effects (all of which are elaborately explained away at the close), would scarcely engage the attention of a novel-reader for half an hour. Henry Mackenzie's stories, popular in their day, were didactic and sentimental, and had got out of fashion. Cumberland, the dramatist, preserved in "the

crystal amberization" of Sheridan's "Critic" as Sir Fretful Plagiary, had finally lapsed into writing novels which possessed the coarseness of Fielding, without his wit; yet his play, "The West Indian," which presents the truest character of an Irish gentleman ever put upon the stage, was surpassed in its day only by Sheridan's "School for Scandal," in which even the livery-servants and soubrettes converse in epigram. Madame D'Arblay, whose novel of "Evelina" had created a greater sensation among the literati of her time than probably had ever before been caused by any similar production, was reposing on her laurels, but failed to please a later generation of readers. For the copyright of "Evelina" she received twenty pounds in 1778, while for "Camilla" she was paid three thousand guineas in 1796; making fame by the first, and losing it by the latter work. Mrs. Charlotte Smith succeeded, commencing with a translation of "Manon l'Escaut," the heroine of which is a beautiful wanton, and settling down into prose fictions, occasionally indecorous, and usually dull.

Perhaps, strictly speaking, Miss Sophia Lee should be credited with the authorship of the first English historical novel. In 1783-86 appeared "The Recess," in six volumes. Mary, Queen of Scots, is its heroine; but, unlike Scott, who carefully adhered to facts when he introduced historical characters, Miss Lee boldly married Mary Stuart to the Earl of Leicester, and introduced two daughters as the fruit of this union.

Mrs. Inchbald, whose "Simple Story" won the sympathies of a large circle of readers; Regina Maria Roche, whose "Children of the Abbey" still finds a considerable sale in this country, though it is almost wholly forgotten in England; Mrs. Opie, whose "Father and Daughter" had the tears of the public in their day, and was success-

ful when adopted for the stage; William Godwin, with his realistic "Caleb Williams" and his romantic "St. Leon;" Dr. Moore, whose "Zeluco" suggested to Byron the character of "Childe Harold;" Sidney Owenson (afterwards Lady Morgan), whose "Wild Irish Girl" and "Ida of Athens" scarcely indicated the promise which subsequently was realized in "O'Donnell" and "Florence MacCarthy;" and, above all, rational, truthful, and vigorous Maria Edgeworth,—these belonged to Scott's own time, and their works might be safely read with pleasure and advantage. This is not a long catalogue of novelists; but it will be observed that even then, sixty years ago, most of the story-tellers were of the gentler sex. I have not included Jane Austen, because "Sense and Sensibility," the first of her novels, was not published until 1811, six years after "Waverley" had been planned and partly written; and have not forgotten Anna Maria Porter, who appeared in print before Sir Walter Scott, nor her sister Jane, because neither of them had any influence upon his taste. It is stated by an authority whose general correctness I have pleasure in acknowledging, that Sir Walter Scott admitted (conversation with George IV. in the library of Carlton Palace) that this work—Jane Porter's "Scottish Chiefs"—suggested his Waverley Novels; but, considering that "Waverley" was begun in 1805, and that "The Scottish Chiefs" first appeared in 1810, I am unable to believe that he derived any suggestion from a work *then unwritten*.

Also prior to the commencement of "Waverley" was the *début* of Charles Robert Maturin, an Irish clergyman of striking genius, with a minimum of discretion. His "Fatal Revenge; or, the Family of Montario," which, with its appalling horrors, out-Radcliffed Mrs. Radcliffe, appeared in 1804. In a subsequent romance, entitled "Melmoth the

Wanderer," he abated some of these horrors, seasoning them with the naked indecency of Lewis's "Monk;" and in his tragedy of "Bertram," produced at Drury Lane Theatre through Lord Byron's influence, he had originally introduced the Enemy of Man as one of the *dramatis personæ*!

There is another phalanx of novelists who lived, but can scarcely be said to have flourished, early in the present century. Their works, from the source of their publication in Leadenhall Street, London, were known as "Minerva-press Novels." At the head of these was "Anne of Swansea," Mrs. Hatton, sister of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, who dealt largely in commonplace, was very deficient in constructive skill, usually extended each of her romances to four and even five volumes, and was fond of resonant titles, such as "The Rock of Glotzden; or, the Secret Avenger," Mr. Thomas Surr, whose "Splendid Misery," treating of fashionable life, with which he had not the slightest acquaintance, was in eager request at all the circulating libraries in town and country, and a Captain Thomas Ashe, who carried on for some years the profitable but disreputable trade of writing novels of society upon the current scandals of the day, and never published them if he could induce the persons whom he libelled to buy his manuscript. He lived by literary blackmail. The Minerva-press novels, bad as they were, had immense popularity for some years.

No wonder, then, that Walter Scott, who, having shown the world in "The Minstrelsy" and "The Lay" that he was editor and poet, and being himself a novel-reader, should be utterly dissatisfied with the quality of the existing supply. The French Revolution, distinguished by its levelling principle and action, had ended in substituting a feudal empire for an effete monarchy; and, even when

Napoleon was redividing Europe into kingdoms and principalities for his family and his followers, there had sprung up, or rather revived, a deep devotion to the chivalry which had done so much in the past, and whose traditions had engrafted grace into history and breathed reality into song. To this feeling, this principle, Scott had ministered in his poems; and now, acknowledged head of the romantic school, he resolved to extend its limits beyond the ballad or the narrative poem, and use prose as the more suitable medium. He strove to delineate the past as it seemed in the eyes of men who were dubious of the present and afraid of the future,—noble, stately, glittering, and gay, with the pulse of life ever beating to heroic measures. His view of feudalism in “*The Talisman*,” “*Ivanhoe*,” and “*The Fair Maid of Perth*” was not the caricature a few preceding authors had drawn, but a portrait,—faithful, if idealized.

“*Waverley*,” as we have seen, had been condemned by Erskine, thrown by, mislaid, recovered, and depreciated by Ballantyne. Scott, having nearly completed his “*Life and Works of Jonathan Swift*” (published by Constable, in nineteen octavo volumes, on the 1st of July, 1814),—a work which really was supplementary to his history of a particular period of English literary history,—brought out his “*Waverley*” manuscript for the third time, carefully read it, thought something could be made of it, and permitted the announcement in “*The Scots’ Magazine*” of February, 1814, that “‘*Waverley*; or, ‘Tis Sixty Years Since,’ a novel in three volumes 12mo, would be published in March.” Already he had made some progress in continuing the story; for in January he had shown the greater part of the first volume to Mr. Erskine, who at once predicted that it would prove the most popular of all his friend’s works. It was determined to publish it

anonymously, and unusual pains were taken to prevent the discovery of the author's name. John Ballantyne copied out all the manuscript. Double proof-sheets were regularly printed off. One was forwarded to Scott; and the alterations which it received were, by Ballantyne's own hand, copied upon the other proof-sheet for the use of the printers; so that even the corrected proof-sheets of the author were never seen in the printing-office. While "Waverley" was passing through the press, Mr. Erskine read some of the proof-sheets to a few friends after supper; and from the enthusiastic praise they obtained, as well as from the way in which their host spoke, the party inferred that they were listening to the first effort of some unknown but very able aspirant.

When the first volume was printed, Ballantyne placed it in the hands of Constable, who, not doubting who was the author, considered the matter, and offered seven hundred pounds for the copyright. This price was so high (Miss Edgeworth up to that time not having realized a tenth of that sum by even her most successful work) that a novice would gladly have accepted it. Scott's reply, through Ballantyne, was, that it was too much if the novel should not succeed, too little if it did. He would have taken a thousand pounds; but Constable would not offer so much, and published the work on the terms of equal division of profits between himself and the author.

The first volume was printed before the second was begun. Constable, who had become proprietor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," was bringing out a supplement to that extensive work. At his request Scott agreed to write three essays for it,—on Chivalry, the Drama, and Romance,—and completed two in April and May, writing that on Romance some time later. Constable, a liberal man, paid a hundred pounds for each. This episode ended, Scott set

seriously to work on "Waverley," and informed his friend Morritt that "the last two volumes were written in three weeks." In corroboration of this, Lockhart has related a personal anecdote,—how, happening to pass through Edinburgh in June, 1814, he dined with Mr. William Menzies (afterwards a judge at the Cape of Good Hope), whose residence was then in George Street, situated very near to, and at right angles with, North Castle Street. "There was," he says, "a party of very young persons, most of them, like Menzies and myself, destined for the bar of Scotland, all gay and thoughtless, enjoying the first flush of manhood, with little remembrance of the yesterday or care of the morrow. When my companion's worthy father and uncle, after seeing two or three bottles go round, left the juveniles to themselves, the weather being hot, we adjourned to a library, which had one large window looking northwards. After carousing here for an hour or more, I observed that a shade had come over the aspect of my friend, who happened to be placed immediately opposite myself, and said something that intimated a fear of his being unwell. 'No,' said he, 'I shall be well enough presently, if you will only let me sit where you are, and take my chair; for there is a confounded hand in sight of me here, which has often bothered me before, and now it won't let me fill my glass with a good will.' I arose to change places with him accordingly; and he pointed out to me this hand, which, like the writing on Belshazzar's wall, disturbed his hour of hilarity. 'Since we sat down,' he said, 'I have been watching it: it fascinates my eye; it never stops. Page after page is finished, and thrown on that heap of manuscript: and still it goes on unwearied; and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night. I can't stand the sight of it when I am not at my books.'—Some

stupid, dogged engrossing clerk, probably!' exclaimed myself, or some other giddy youth in our society. 'No, boys,' said our host. 'I well know what hand it is: 'tis Walter Scott's.'" This was the hand that, in the evenings of three summer weeks, wrote the last two volumes of "Waverley."

RESTRICTED DEVELOPMENT OF POETRY IN AMERICA.

E. C. STEDMAN.

[Edmund Clarence Stedman, author of "Victorian Poets," "Poets of America," and several other works, both in prose and in poetry, was born at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1833. He has written many poems of a high order of merit, among which may be specially mentioned "Pan in Wall Street" and "The Lord's Day Gale." His critical works are valuable additions to American literature, and display excellent powers of judgment and a fine literary skill. From his "Poets of America" we select a short passage, illustrative of the difficulties which have tended to check the development of American poetry.

FOR two centuries, in truth, the situation here was so adverse to art, and especially to song, as to nullify even our complement to Taine's theory; to stifle, or to divert to other than ideal uses, any exceptional genius that existed, and that would have made its way against restrictions not of themselves quite as exceptional. The modified results of this situation may still be observed. As a rider to all I have said of the essential superiority of art to its materials, we must not fail, also, to consider the repugnance of the general mind to disassociate things and ideas,—to separate the spirit of a work from what is used for its construction. There is a natural expectation that the art of a country will convey to us something of the

national history, aspect, social law. On the whole, it has been the instinct of masters to avail themselves, so far as might be, in their plots, manners, and scenery, of the region nearest them: a wise instinct, through which they reach closely to nature, and are more sure to make their work of interest elsewhere and afterward. Shakespeare's men are apt to be Englishmen, though they may figure in Illyria or Rome. Nor is it entirely through unfairness and caprice that the free range allowed to English poets has been denied our own. The Old World has drawn its countries together, like elderly people in a tacit alliance against the strength of youth which cannot return to them, the fresh, rude beauty and love which they may not share. There is, also, something worth an estimate in the division of an ocean gulf, that makes us like the people of a new planet; and when those on the other side hear us sounding the changes upon familiar themes, with voices not unlike their own, they well may feel as if the highest qualities of our song were not full compensation for its lack of "something rich and strange." A response may fairly be expected to the search for novelty, to the curious yearning of those who look to us from across the seas.

Here begin the special restrictions of an American poet. He represents, it is true, the music and ardor of a new country, of a land his race has peopled for two hundred and fifty years, a nation that has completed its first century. A new land, a new nation, yet not forced, like those which have progressed from barbarism to a sense of art, to create a language and literature of their own; a new land with an old language, a new nation with all the literature and traditions behind it of the country from whose colonies it has sprung. While the thought and learning of this people began in America just where it

had arrived in the mother-land at the dates of the Jamestown and Plymouth settlements, the physical state and environment of Americans were those of men who find themselves encountering the primitive nature of a savage world; with this difference, that they were equipped for the struggle, not as an aboriginal race, but with the logic, courage, experience, of the civilization behind them. All the drags, the anchorage, the limitations, involved in the word "colonial" retarded a new ideality. The colonial restriction has been well determined. It made the western lyre, until the period covered by this survey, a mechanism to echo, without fresh and true feeling, notes that came from over sea. It so occupied this people with a stern, steadfast, ingenious, finally triumphant contest with Nature that their epic passion was absorbed in the clearing of forests, the bridging of rivers, the conquest of savage and beast, the creation of a free government; and this labor is not yet ended; it goes on with larger cohorts and immensely widening power. But the imagination never dies, and when our first leisure came for its exercise it was awakened by contact with the nature thus tamed,—by communion with the broadest panorama of woods and hills and waters, under the most radiant skies, that civilized man has ever found himself confronting. Pioneers in art and poetry here caught their inspiration, and naturally the field of painting was the first to give token of novel results. The very ease with which books containing the world's best literature were obtainable in the backwoods made our early writers copyists. The painters, meanwhile, had to lament the absence of galleries in this country, and their own inability to go abroad and study. Thrown upon themselves, and deficient in technical knowledge, they sought for models in the nature about them; and thus began our landscape-school of painting, the work

of which, however rude and defective, was more original than the verse wherewith it was contemporary.

A poet of the first rank is not given to every country, nor to every age. But poets of gifts approaching those of our living favorites doubtless have been born in America, according to Nature's average, at different times of our history. Until recently, the stimulants of their genius must have been wanting. It may be that the people had no real need of them, and song and art, like invention, come not without necessity. What poetry was latent here and there does not concern us. The stone on which our colonial life was founded was frigid as an arctic boulder; there was no molecular motion to give out life and heat. Who were the mute, inglorious Miltons? Of what kind is the verse that was produced? Does it move us? Is it poetry? However fine the cast of individuals, the effect of a perpetual contest with the elemental, often sinister, always gigantic forces of a new continent would be so adverse to art, so directly in the line of necessity and temporal gain, as to stifle their poetic fire, to develop a heroism that was stolid and unimaginative, to mark persons and communities with sternness and angularity, leading them to a homely gauge of values, not wont to esteem the ideal at its true worth. The aspiration of a refined nature would seem to the multitude foolishness and a stumbling-block. For a prolonged season the art of writing verse was almost solely a luxury of the professional classes in America, and its relics bear witness to their pedantry and dulness. It is not to the wigged and gowned that we instinctively listen for the music and freedom of creative song. And if poetry even in England, from the middle of the seventeenth century to the close of the eighteenth, stupidly fashioned itself upon the models of worn-out schools, how should it do more in

England's colonies, that brought hither certain shoots of taste and learning from the Old World, and found it hard to protect them at all in the sterile wild-woods of the New?

Such was the nature of the barriers which, in the early and later colonial periods, absolutely defied the over-leaping of a single notable poet. We find little of more significance in the transition-era of the Revolution, although a nation took on life. No poetry was begotten in the rage of that heroic strife; its humor, hatred, hope, suffering, prophecy, were feebly uttered, as far as verse was concerned, in the mode and language inherited years before from the coarsest English satirists. There came at last a time when the nation felt itself in vigorous youth, and began to have a song. Some few original notes were heard among our pipings. The positive barriers were broken, and in their stead came the restrictions that are felt in some degree down to the present time.

* * * * *

Up to a recent date, absence of theme for a national masterpiece, for a work belonging to our own atmosphere and history, has been a result of the condition under which we started. Original art is long deferred among a people cultured at the outset. A writer has well said that "the cause of the absence of the legendary and poetic in our early history may be attributed to the mental development of the colonists, who had already passed through that historic stage." They started at once with both church and school-house. The imagination was controlled by precedent, and "Art was cheated of its birthright." They made little history in a dramatic sense. What there was of the poetic or wondrous in their arduous compelling life had a local range,—such as the trials for witchcraft, finely utilized by New England's great romancer, and too

inadequately, it must be owned, by her most famous poet. In Parkman's elegant survey of certain picturesque epochs in colonial history, the feminine element, essential to complete dramatic quality, is usually wanting; in other annals, like those of Spanish-American adventure, it scarcely appears at all. American antiquity is a rude settler's antiquity; a homely fashion, that palls because not long out of date; a story everywhere the same,—furnishing at times the basis of some exquisite idyl, like “*Evangeline*,” but for none too many of the class. “*Evangeline*” still remains the most notable of the longer American poems; and how much of that is otherwise than scenic and idyllic, and how much of it does not fit the story to the landscape, rather than the landscape to the story? No material, no stirring theme, with all your freedom, your conquest, your noble woods and waters, your westward spread of men! These are motives, accessories, atmosphere, often grander in magnitude than elsewhere to be found, but not perforce more new. The poetic instinct does not always hold the macrocosm superior to the microcosm, the prairie to the plain of Marathon, the Hudson to the Cephissus or the Tweed. As for latter-day history, this is not far enough removed. From the Revolution to the Civil War, the incidents of our life and passion are so recent and so plainly recorded as to gather no luminous halo from the too slight distance at which we observe them. The true poet will profit by them to the uttermost; the limits are to be overcome, but still are limits and in his way. He is thrown upon the necessity of inventing dramatic themes for the broader range of poetic venture. This the great poets always have avoided, for the product of such invention usually has seemed artificial and remote from human concern.

Bear in mind, also, that our wide-awake people are re-

moved, not only from the superstitions that were a religion to our forefathers, but from the wondercraft and simple faith prevailing among the common folk of other lands than our own. The beautifying lens of fancy has dropped from our eyes. Where are our forest and river legends, our Lorelei, our Venusberg, our elves and kobolds? We have old-time customs and traditions, and they are quaint and dear to us, but their atmosphere is not one in which we freely move. Just so with our heroism. No national changes and struggles have been of more worth than our own, but critics are not far wrong who point out that, however lofty the action and spirit of our latest crisis, heroism is not with us so much the chief business that one must be always "enthusiastic and on guard." One of our poets aims to be especially national. He sings, upon theory, as the American bard must sing when the years have died away. The result is a striking assumption of what can only come of itself, and after long time be past; a disjointed series of kaleidoscopic pieces, not constituting a master-work, but, with all their strength and weakness, as unsatisfactory as the ill-assorted elements which he strives to represent. Yet, even in this effort, he is representative and a personage of mark, if not precisely in the direction of his own choice and assurance.

More clearly to understand how far, and in what way, our poets have felt the lack of background, of social contrasts, and of legendary and specific incident, we may observe the literature of some region where different conditions exist. In an isolated country of established growth and quality, a native genius soon discovers his tendency and proper field.

Look at Scotland. Her national melodies were ready and waiting for Burns; her legends, history, traditions, for Walter Scott. The popular tongue, costumes, manners,

all distinctively and picturesquely her own, affect the entire outcome of her song and art. Embraced in English literature, her literature is so un-English that it affords the paradigm we need. Enter the cathedral in Glasgow. Within the last thirty years that edifice has been refitted throughout with stained glass, contributed by the ancient families and clans. What associations are called up by the devices upon the windows in the chancel and nave, and in the impressive crypt below! Among all the shields and names,—those of Sterling, Hay, Douglas, Montrose, Campbell, Montgomerie, Lawrie, Buccleuch, Hamilton,—not one that is not utterly, purely Scottish. Even in our oldest and most characteristic sections in Virginia or New England, influences like these are discovered to no such extent. In a certain sense, they are not only influences, but aids; they move, they stimulate, they belong to the life and memory of the native poet, and he avails himself of them without effort or consciousness. Not that they are the essential, the imperative aids. But to be without them is a restriction, and one which our first genuine school of poets has had more or less to endure.

* * * * *

It is, moreover, in America that the popular instinct, which resists whatever is asserted to be a tax upon knowledge, has worked with peculiar force against the development of a home-school. So long as our purveyors could avail themselves without cost or hindrance of foreign master-works, they scarcely could be expected to risk their means in behalf of native authorship. Pure idealists, men like Poe and Hawthorne, are little able to push their own fortunes. Until a state of law shall exist that will induce American publishers, driven from their distant foraging-grounds, to seek for genius at home and make it available, the support of our authors will not be so assured

as to tend "in the end to the advancement of literature." International copyright at least would have made it feasible for the poet to earn his living by general literary work, and to reserve some heart and thought for his nobler calling. Now, when an organized movement at last seems under way toward copyright reform, it still is so hampered with reservations and class-interests that many ask whether it were not better to have no change at all than to have one that is partial, and that may postpone indefinitely the one thing needful,—to wit, honest recognition of an author's right of property in his own creations, without any more limits of space and time than those appertaining to other kinds of estate.

Literature verily has been almost the sole product of human labor that has not been rated as the lasting property of the producer and his heirs or assigns. This want of permanent copyright has borne severely upon authors in all countries, but most severely upon those of America, who have had to await the formation of public taste, to create their audiences, and who, while willing to suffer in their own persons, are less ready to devote lifetimes to the production of what will be valueless to those whom they hold most dear. The want of international copyright has been a wrong to our brother-writers in Europe. Their complaints are just; their cry has gone up for years. Great as the spoliations have been which they have endured, the effect upon our native literature and authorship has been far more disastrous. Our authors themselves do not comprehend it. A few of the great publishing houses, grown rich upon the system of free reprints, of late have felt this wrong, and the men of heart and culture who control them are generously atoning for it. We see them leaders in artistic and literary movements, the friends of authors and artists, receiving for their pub-

lic and private humanities our warmest tributes of honor and affection. It is said that every wrong in this world is surely, if slowly, righted; and the wrongs of authors doubtless will be set right. But who shall pick up water spilled to the ground? The writers of a new generation will never realize how bitter was the bread eaten by those who went before them and made their paths straight.

THE GULF STREAM.

M. F. MAURY.

[Matthew Fontaine Maury was one of the earliest and best students of hydrography in the United States, and his various works on this and related subjects are of much value. Chief among them is "The Physical Geography of the Sea," a work which is full of interesting and important information, and sufficiently popular in treatment to give it a marked success. We extract from it some of its more striking statements concerning the Gulf Stream, the conditions and characteristics of which are treated exhaustively in the work. Lieutenant Maury was born in Virginia in 1806, and died in 1873.]

THERE is a river in the ocean: in the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows; its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm; the Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that their line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one half of the vessel may be

perceived floating in Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in common water of the sea,—so sharp is the line, and such the want of affinity, between those waters, and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the littoral waters of the sea.

At the salt-works in France, and along the shores of the Adriatic, where the "*salines*" are carried on by the process of solar evaporation, there is a series of vats or pools through which the water is passed as it comes from the sea, and is reduced to the briny state. The longer it is exposed to evaporation, the salter it grows, and the deeper is the hue of its blue, until crystallization is about to commence, when the now deep-blue water puts on a reddish tint. Now, the waters of the Gulf Stream are salter than the littoral waters of the sea through which they flow, and hence we can account for the deep indigo-blue which all navigators observe off the Carolina coasts. The salt-makers are in the habit of judging of the richness of the sea-water in salt by its color: the greener the hue, the fresher the water. We have in this, perhaps, an explanation of the contrasts which the waters of the Gulf Stream present with those of the Atlantic, as well as of the light green of the North Sea and other Polar waters; also of the dark blue of the trade-wind regions, and especially of the Indian Ocean, which poets have described as the "black waters."

What is the cause of the Gulf Stream has always puzzled philosophers. Many are the theories and numerous the speculations that have been advanced with regard to it. Modern investigations and examinations are beginning to throw some light upon the subject, though all is not yet entirely clear.

* * * * *

No feature of the Gulf Stream excites remark among seamen more frequently than the sharpness of its edges, particularly along its inner borders. There, it is a streak on the water. As high up as the Carolinas this streak may be seen, like a greenish edging to a blue border,—the bright indigo of the tropical contrasting finely with the dirty green of the littoral waters. It is this apparent reluctance of the warm waters of the stream to mix with the cool of the ocean that excites wonder and calls forth remark. But have we not, so to speak, a similar reluctance manifested by all fluids, only upon a smaller scale, or under circumstances less calculated to attract attention or excite remark?

The water, hot and cold, as it is let into the tub for a warm bath, generally arranges itself in layers or sections, according to temperature: it requires violent stirring to break them up, mix, and bring the whole to an even temperature. The jet of air from the blow-pipe, or of gas from the burner, presents the phenomenon still more familiarly: here we have, as with the Gulf Stream, the dividing line between fluids in motion and fluids at rest finely presented. There is a like reluctance for mixing between streams of clear and muddy water. This is very marked between the red waters of the Missouri and the inky waters of the Upper Mississippi: here the waters of each may be distinguished for the distance of several miles after these two rivers come together. It requires force to inject, as it were, the particles of one of these waters among those of the other, for mere *vis inertiae* tends to maintain in their *statu quo* fluids that have already arranged themselves in layers, streaks, or aggregations.

In the ocean we have the continual heaving of the sea and agitation of the waves to overcome this *vis inertiae*, and the marvel is, that they in their violence do not, by

mingling the Gulf and littoral waters together, sooner break up and obliterate all marks of a division between them. But the waters of the Gulf Stream differ from the in-shore waters not only in color, transparency, and temperature, but in specific gravity, in saltness, and in other properties, I conjecture, also. Therefore they *may* have a peculiar viscosity, or molecular arrangement, of their own, which further tends to prevent mixture, and so preserve their line of demarcation.

Observations made for the purpose in the navy show that ships cruising in the West Indies suffer in their copper sheathing more than they do in any other seas. This would indicate that the waters of the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico, from which the Gulf Stream is fed, have some peculiar property or other which makes them so destructive upon the copper of cruisers.

The story told by the copper and the blue color [see *ante*, p. 193] indicates a higher point of saturation with salts than sea-water generally has; and the salometer confirms it. Dr. Thomassy, a French *savant*, who has been extensively engaged in the manufacture of salt by solar evaporation, informs me that on his passage to the United States he tried the saltness of the water with a most delicate instrument: he found it in the Bay of Biscay to contain three and one-half per cent. of salt; in the trade-wind region, four and four-tenths per cent.; and in the Gulf Stream, off Charleston, four per cent., notwithstanding the Amazon and the Mississippi, with all the intermediate rivers, and the clouds of the West Indies, had lent their fresh water to dilute the saltness of this basin.

Now, the question may be asked, What should make the waters of the Mexican Gulf and Caribbean Sea saltier than the waters in those parts of the ocean through which the Gulf Stream flows? There are physical agents

that are known to be at work in different parts of the ocean, the tendency of which is to make the waters in one part of the ocean salter and heavier, and in another part lighter and less salt, than the average of sea-water. These agents are those employed by sea-shells in secreting solid matter for their structures; they are also heat and radiation, evaporation and precipitation. In the trade-wind regions at sea, evaporation is generally in excess of precipitation, while in the extra-tropical regions the reverse is the case; that is, the clouds let down more water there than the winds take up again; and these are the regions in which the Gulf Stream enters the Atlantic. Along the shores of India, where observations have been carefully made, the evaporation from the sea is said to amount to three-fourths of an inch daily. Suppose it in the trade-wind region of the Atlantic to amount to only half an inch, that would give an annual evaporation of fifteen feet. In the process of evaporation from the sea, fresh water only is taken up; the salts are left behind. Now, a layer of sea-water fifteen feet deep, and as broad as the trade-wind belts of the Atlantic, and reaching across the ocean, contains an immense amount of salts. The great equatorial current which often sweeps from the shores of Africa across the Atlantic into the Caribbean Sea is a surface-current; and may it not bear into that sea a large portion of those waters that have satisfied the thirsty trade-winds with saltless vapor? If so,—and it probably does,—have we not detected here the footprints of an agent that does tend to make the waters of the Caribbean Sea salter, and therefore heavier, than the average of sea-water at a given temperature?

It is immaterial, so far as the correctness of the principle upon which this reasoning depends is concerned, whether the annual evaporation from the trade-wind regions of

the Atlantic be fifteen, ten, or five feet. The layer of water, whatever be its thickness, that is evaporated from this part of the ocean is not all poured back by the clouds upon the same spot whence it came. But they take it and pour it down in showers upon the extra-tropical regions of the earth,—on the land as well as in the sea,—and on the land more water is let down than is taken up into the clouds again. The rest sinks down through the soil to feed the springs and return through the rivers to the sea. Suppose the excess of precipitation in these extra-tropical regions of the sea to amount to but twelve inches, or even to but two, it is twelve inches or two inches, as the case may be, of fresh water added to the sea in those parts, and which therefore tends to lessen the specific gravity of sea-water there to that extent, and to produce a double dynamical effect, for the simple reason that what is taken from one scale, by being put into the other, doubles the difference.

Now, that we may form some idea as to the influence which the salt left by the vapor that the trade-winds, northeast and southeast, take up from sea-water, is calculated to exert in creating currents, let us make a partial calculation to show how much salt this vapor held in solution before it was taken up, and, of course, while it was yet in the state of sea-water. The northeast trade-wind regions of the Atlantic embrace an area of at least three million square miles; and the yearly evaporation from it is, we will suppose, fifteen feet. The salt that is contained in a mass of sea-water covering to the depth of fifteen feet an area of three million square miles in superficial extent would be sufficient to cover the British islands to the depth of fourteen feet. As this water supplies the trade-winds with vapor, it therefore becomes salter, and as it become salter the forces of aggregation among its

particles are increased, as we may infer from the fact that the waters of the Gulf Stream are reluctant to mix with those of the ocean.

Whatever be the cause that enables these trade-wind waters to remain on the surface, whether it be from the fact just stated, and in consequence of which the waters of the Gulf Stream are held together in their channel; or whether it be from the fact that the expansion from the heat of the torrid zone is sufficient to compensate for this increased saltness; or whether it be from the low temperature and high saturation of the submarine waters of the intertropical ocean; or whether it be owing to all of these influences together, that these waters are kept on the surface, suffice it to say, we do know that they go into the Caribbean Sea as a surface-current. On their passage to and through it, they intermingle with the fresh waters that are emptied into the sea from the Amazon, the Orinoco, and the Mississippi, and from the clouds, and the rivers of the coasts round about. An immense volume of fresh water is supplied from these sources. It tends to make the sea-water, that the trade-winds have been playing upon and driving along, less briny, warmer, and lighter; for the waters of these large intertropical streams are warmer than sea-water. This admixture of fresh water still leaves the Gulf Stream a brine stronger than that of the extra-tropical sea generally, but not quite so strong as that of the trade-wind regions.

* * * * *

As to the temperature of the Gulf Stream, there is, in a winter's day, off Hatteras, and even as high up as the Grand Banks of Newfoundland in mid-ocean, a difference between its waters and those of the ocean near by of 20°, and even 30°. Water, we know, expands by heat; and here the difference of temperature may more than com-

pensate for the difference in saltness, and leave, therefore, the waters of the Gulf Stream, though salter, yet lighter by reason of their warmth.

If they be lighter, they should therefore occupy a higher level than those through which they flow. Assuming the depth off Hatteras to be one hundred and fourteen fathoms, and allowing the usual rates of expansion for sea-water, figures show that the middle or axis of the Gulf Stream there should be nearly two feet higher than the contiguous waters of the Atlantic. Hence the surface of the stream should present a double inclined plane, from which the water would be running down on either side as from the roof of a house. As this runs off at the top, the same weight of colder water runs in at the bottom, and so raises up the cold-water bed of the Gulf Stream, and causes it to become shallower and shallower as it goes north. That the Gulf Stream is therefore roof-shaped, causing the waters on its surface to flow off to either side from the middle, we have not only circumstantial evidence to show, but observations to prove. Navigators, while drifting along with the Gulf Stream, have lowered a boat to try the surface-current. In such cases the boat would drift either to the east or to the west, as it happened to be on one side or the other of the axis of the stream, while the vessel herself would drift along with the stream in the direction of its course; thus showing the existence of a shallow roof-current from the middle toward either edge, which would carry the boat along, but which, being superficial, does not extend deep enough to affect the drift of the vessel.

That such is the case is also indicated by the circumstance that the sea-weed and drift-wood which are found in such large quantities along the outer edge of the Gulf Stream are rarely, even with the prevalence of easterly

winds, found along its inner edge,—and for the simple reason that to cross the Gulf Stream, and to pass over from that side to this, they would have to drift up an inclined plane, as it were; that is, they would have to stem this roof-current until they reached the middle of the stream. We rarely hear of planks, or wrecks, or of any floating substance which is cast into the sea on the other side of the Gulf Stream, being found along the coast of the United States. Drift-wood, trees, and seeds from the West India islands are often cast up on the shores of Europe, but rarely on the Atlantic shores of this country

* * * * *

But there are other forces operating upon the Gulf Stream. They are derived from the effect of changes in the waters of the whole ocean, as produced by changes in their temperature from time to time. As the Gulf Stream leaves the coasts of the United States, it begins to vary its position according to the seasons,—the limit of its northern edge, as it passes the meridian of Cape Race, being in winter about latitude 40–41°, and in September, when the sea is hottest, about latitude 45–46°. The trough of the Gulf Stream, therefore, may be supposed to waver about in the ocean not unlike a pennon in the breeze. Its head is confined between the shoals of the Bahamas and the Carolinas; but that part of it which stretches over toward the Grand Banks of Newfoundland is, as the temperature of the waters of the ocean changes, first pressed down toward the south, and then again up toward the north, according to the season of the year.

To appreciate the extent of the force by which it is so pressed, let us imagine the waters of the Gulf Stream to extend all the way to the bottom of the sea, so as completely to separate, by an impenetrable liquid wall, if you please, the waters of the ocean on the right from the

waters in the ocean on the left of the stream. It is the height of summer: the waters of the sea on either hand are for the most part in a liquid state, and the Gulf Stream, let it be supposed, has assumed a normal condition between the two divisions, adjusting itself to the pressure on either side so as to balance them exactly and be in equilibrium. Now, again, it is the dead of winter, and the temperature of the waters over an area of millions of square miles in the North Atlantic has been changed many degrees, and this change of temperature has been followed likewise by a change in volume of those waters, amounting, no doubt, in the aggregate, to many hundred millions of tons, over the whole ocean; for sea-water, unlike fresh, contracts to freezing, and below. Now, is it probable that in passing from their summer to their winter temperature the seawaters to the right of the Gulf Stream should change their specific gravity exactly as much in the aggregate as do the waters in the whole ocean to the left of it? If not, the difference must be compensated by some means. Sparks are not more prone to fly upward, nor water to seek its level, than Nature is sure with her efforts to restore equilibrium in both sea and air whenever, wherever, and by whatever it be disturbed. Therefore, though the waters of the Gulf Stream do not extend to the bottom, and though they be not impenetrable to the waters on either hand, yet, seeing that they have a waste of waters on the right and a waste of waters on the left, to which they offer a sort of resisting permeability, we are enabled to comprehend how the waters on either hand, as their specific gravity is increased or diminished, will impart to the trough of this stream a vibratory motion, pressing it now to the right, now to the left, according to the seasons and the consequent changes of temperature in the sea.

* * * * *

As a rule, the hottest water of the Gulf Stream is at or near the surface; and as the deep-sea thermometer is sent down, it shows that these waters, though still far warmer than the water on either side at corresponding depths, gradually become less and less warm until the bottom of the current is reached. There is reason to believe that the warm waters of the Gulf Stream are nowhere permitted, in the oceanic economy, to touch the bottom of the sea. There is everywhere a cushion of cool water between them and the solid parts of the earth's crust. This arrangement is suggestive, and strikingly beautiful. One of the benign offices of the Gulf Stream is to convey heat from the Gulf of Mexico, where otherwise it would become excessive, and to dispense it in regions beyond the Atlantic for the amelioration of the climates of the British Islands and of all Western Europe. Now, cold water is one of the best non-conductors of heat; and if the warm water of the Gulf Stream was sent across the Atlantic in contact with the solid crust of the earth,—comparatively a good conductor of heat,—instead of being sent across, as it is, in contact with a cold, non-conducting cushion of cool water to fend it from the bottom, much of its heat would be lost in the first part of the way, and the soft climates of both France and England would be, as that of Labrador, severe in the extreme, ice-bound, and bitterly cold.

Modern ingenuity has suggested a beautiful mode of warming houses in winter. It is done by means of hot water. The furnace and the caldron are sometimes placed at a distance from the apartments to be warmed. It is so at the Observatory. In this case, pipes are used to conduct the heated water from the caldron under the superintendent's dwelling over into one of the basement-rooms of the Observatory, a distance of one hundred feet. These

pipes are then flared out so as to present a large cooling surface; after which they are united into one again, through which the water, being now cooled, returns of its own accord to the caldron. Thus cool water is returning all the time and flowing in at the bottom of the caldron, while hot water is continually flowing out at the top. The ventilation of the Observatory is so arranged that the circulation of the atmosphere through it is led from this basement-room, where the pipes are, to all other parts of the building; and in the process of this circulation the warmth conveyed by the water to the basement is taken thence by the air and distributed over all the rooms. Now, to compare small things with great, we have, in the warm waters which are confined in the Gulf of Mexico, just such a heating apparatus for Great Britain, the North Atlantic, and Western Europe.

The furnace is the torrid zone; the Mexican Gulf and Caribbean Sea are the caldrons; the Gulf Stream is the conducting pipe. From the Grand Banks of Newfoundland to the shores of Europe is the basement—the hot-air chamber—in which this pipe is flared out so as to present a large cooling surface. Here the circulation of the atmosphere is arranged by nature; it is from west to east; consequently it is such that the warmth thus conveyed into this warm-air chamber of mid-ocean is taken up by the genial west winds and dispensed in the most benign manner throughout Great Britain and the west of Europe. The mean temperature of the water-heated air-chamber of the Observatory is about 90° . The maximum temperature of the Gulf Stream is 86° , or about 9° above the ocean temperature due the latitude. Increasing its latitude 10° , it loses but 2° of temperature; and, after having run three thousand miles toward the north, it still preserves, even in winter, the heat of summer. With this temperature, it

crosses the 40th degree of north latitude, and there, overflowing its liquid banks, it spreads itself out for thousands of square leagues over the cold waters around, covering the ocean with a mantle of warmth that serves so much to mitigate in Europe the rigors of winter. Moving now more slowly, but dispensing its genial influences more freely, it finally meets the British Islands. By these it is divided, one part going into the polar basin of Spitzbergen, the other entering the Bay of Biscay, but each with a warmth considerably above the ocean temperature. Such an immense volume of heated water cannot fail to carry with it beyond the seas a mild and moist atmosphere. And this it is which so much softens climate there.

We know not, except approximately in a few places, what the depth or the under temperature of the Gulf Stream may be; but *assuming* the temperature and velocity at the depth of two hundred fathoms to be those of the surface, and taking the well-known difference between the capacity of air and of water for specific heat as the argument, a simple calculation will show that the quantity of heat discharged over the Atlantic from the waters of the Gulf Stream in a winter's day would be sufficient to raise the whole column of atmosphere that rests upon France and the British Islands from the freezing-point to summer heat.

Every west wind that blows crosses the stream on its way to Europe, and carries with it a portion of this heat to temper there the northern winds of winter. It is the influence of this stream upon climate that makes Erin the "Emerald Isle of the Sea," and that clothes the shores of Albion in evergreen robes, while in the same latitude, on this side, the coasts of Labrador are fast bound in fetters of ice. In a valuable paper on currents, Mr. Redfield states that in 1831 the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, was

closed with ice as late as the month of June; yet who ever heard of the port of Liverpool, on the other side, though two degrees farther north, being closed with ice, even in the dead of winter?

The Thermal Chart shows this. The isothermal lines of 60° , 50° , etc., starting off from the parallel of 40° near the coasts of the United States, run off in a northeasterly direction, showing the same oceanic temperature on the European side of the Atlantic in latitude 55° or 60° that we have on the western side in latitude 40° . Scott, in one of his beautiful novels, tells us that the ponds in the Orkneys (latitude near 60°) are not frozen in winter. The people there owe their soft climate to this grand heating apparatus, for drift-wood from the West Indies is occasionally cast ashore there by the Gulf Stream.

Nor do the beneficial influences of this stream upon climate end here. The West Indian Archipelago is encompassed on one side by its chain of islands, and on the other by the Cordilleras of the Andes, contracting with the Isthmus of Darien, and stretching themselves out over the plains of Central America and Mexico. Beginning on the summit of this range, we leave the regions of perpetual snow, and descend first into the *tierra templada*, and then into the *tierra caliente*, or burning land. Descending still lower, we reach both the level and the surface of the Mexican seas, where, were it not for this beautiful and benign system of aqueous circulation, the peculiar features of the surrounding country assure us we should have the hottest, if not the most pestilential, climate in the world. As the waters in these two caldrons become heated, they are borne off by the Gulf Stream, and are replaced by cooler currents through the Caribbean Sea,—the surface-water, as it enters here, being three degrees or

four degrees, and that in depth even forty degrees, cooler than when it escapes from the Gulf. Taking only this difference in surface-temperature as an index of the heat accumulated there, a simple calculation will show that the quantity of heat daily carried off by the Gulf Stream from those regions and discharged over the Atlantic is sufficient to raise mountains of iron from zero to the melting-point, and to keep in flow from them a molten stream of metal greater in volume than the waters daily discharged from the Mississippi River.

Who, therefore, can calculate the benign influence of this wonderful current upon the climate of the South? In the pursuit of this subject, the mind is led from nature up to the great Architect of nature; and what mind will the study of this subject not fill with profitable emotions? Unchanged and unchanging alone, of all created things, the ocean is the great emblem of its everlasting Creator. "He treadeth upon the waves of the sea," and is seen in the wonders of the deep. Yea, "He calleth for its waters, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth."

THE STORMING OF THE BASTILLE.

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

[The Abbott brothers, John and Jacob, form perhaps the only instance in American history of two brothers attaining a wide popularity in literature. Their fields of work were markedly diverse. The Rev. Jacob Abbott was exceedingly prolific in juvenile writings, and his "Rollo Books," "Harper's Story-Books," and "Franconia Stories" were the delight of young readers of a generation ago. The reputation of John S. C. Abbott was gained in the field of history. His writings included "History of Napoleon Bonaparte," "History of the

French Revolution," "History of the Civil War in America," and several smaller historical works. His style is highly animated and very pleasing, but his partisanship and indiscriminating eulogy of his principal characters have greatly impaired the value of his works as histories. We offer a strongly-written extract from his "French Revolution." He was born in Maine in 1805, and died in 1877.]

THE electors now ordered thirty thousand pikes to be manufactured. Every smith was immediately employed, every forge was glowing, and for thirty-six hours, day and night, without intermission, the anvils rang till the pikes were finished. All this day of Monday the people thought only of defending themselves; but night again came, another night of terror, tumult, and sleeplessness.

The Bastille was the great terror of Paris. While that remained in the hands of their enemies, with its impregnable walls and heavy guns commanding the city, there was no safety. As by an instinct, during the night of the 13th, the Parisians decided that the Bastille must be taken. With that fortress in their hands they could defend themselves and repel their foes. But how could the Bastille be taken? It was apparently as unassailable as Gibraltar's rock. Nothing could be more preposterous than the thought of storming the Bastille. "The idea," says Michelet, "was by no means reasonable. It was an act of faith."

The Bastille stood in the very heart of the Faubourg St. Antoine, enormous, massive, and blackened with age, the gloomy emblem of royal prerogative, exciting by its mysterious power and menace the terror and the execration of every one who passed beneath the shadow of its towers. Even the sports of childhood dare not approach the poisoned atmosphere with which it seemed to be enveloped.

M. de Launey was governor of the fortress. He was no

soldier, but a mean, mercenary man, despised by the Parisians. He contrived to draw from the establishment, by every species of cruelty and extortion, an income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. He reduced the amount of fire-wood to which the shivering inmates were entitled, made a great profit on the wretched wine which he furnished to those who were able to buy, and even let out the little garden within the enclosure, thus depriving those prisoners who were not in dungeon confinement of the privilege of a walk there, which they had a right to claim. De Launey was not merely detested as governor of the Bastille, but he was personally execrated as a greedy, sordid, merciless man. Linguet's *Memoirs of the Bastille* had rendered De Launey's name infamous throughout Europe. Such men are usually cowards. De Launey was both spiritless and imbecile. Had he not been both, the Bastille could not have been taken.

Still the people had no guns. It was ascertained that there was a large supply at the *Hôtel des Invalides*; but how could they be taken without any weapons of attack? Sombreuil, the governor, was a firm and fearless man, and, in addition to his ordinary force, amply sufficient for defence, he had recently obtained a strong detachment of artillery and several additional cannon, showing that he was ready to do battle. Within fifteen minutes' march of the *Invalides*, Besenval was encamped with several thousand Swiss and German troops in the highest state of discipline and provided with all the most formidable implements of war. Every moment rumors passed through the streets that the troops from Versailles were on the march, headed by officers who were breathing threatenings and slaughter.

With electric speed the rumor passed through the streets that there was a large quantity of arms stored in the magazine of the *Hôtel of the Invalids*. Before nine o'clock

in the morning of the 14th, thirty thousand men were before the Invalides; some with pikes, pistols, or muskets, but most of them unarmed. The curate of St. Etienne led his parishioners in this conflict for freedom. As this intrepid man marched at the head of his flock he said to them, "My children, let us not forget that all men are brothers." The bells of alarm ringing from the steeples seemed to invest the movement with a religious character. Those sublime voices, accustomed to summon the multitude to prayer, now with their loudest utterance called them to the defence of their civil and religious rights.

Sombreuil perceived at once that the populace could only be repelled by enormous massacre, and that probably even that, in the frenzied state of the public mind, would be ineffectual. He dared not assume the responsibility of firing without an order from the king, and he could get no answer to the messages he sent to Versailles. Though his cannon charged with grape-shot could have swept down thousands, he did not venture to give the fatal command to fire. The citizens, with a simultaneous rush in all directions, leaped the trenches, clambered over the low wall,—for the hotel was not a fortress,—and, like a resistless inundation, filled the vast building. They found in the armory thirty thousand muskets. Seizing these and six pieces of cannon, they rushed, as by a common instinct, toward the Bastille, to assail with these feeble means one of the strongest fortresses in the world,—a fortress which an army under the great Condé had in vain besieged for three-and-twenty days. De Launey, from the summit of his towers, had for many hours heard the roar of the insurgent city. As he now saw the black mass of countless thousands approaching, he turned pale and trembled. All the cannon, loaded with grape-shot, were thrust out of the port-holes, and several cart-loads

of paving-stones, cannon-balls, and old iron had been conveyed to the tops of the towers to be thrown down to crush the assailants. Twelve large rampart-guns, charged heavily with grape, guarded the only entrance. These were manned by thirty-two Swiss soldiers, who would have no scruples in firing upon Frenchmen. The eighty-two French soldiers who composed the remainder of the garrison were placed upon the towers, and at distant posts, where they could act efficiently without being brought so immediately into conflict with the attacking party.

A man of very fearless and determined character, M. Thuriot, was sent by the electors of the Hôtel de Ville to summon the Bastille to surrender. The drawbridge was lowered, and he was admitted. The governor received him at the head of his staff.

"I summon you," said Thuriot, "in the name of the people, in the name of honor, and of our native land."

The governor, who was every moment expecting the arrival of troops to disperse the crowd, refused to surrender the fortress, but replied that he was ready to give his oath that he would not fire upon the people if they did not fire upon him. After a long and exciting interview, Thuriot came forth to those at the Hôtel de Ville who had sent him.

He had hardly emerged from the massive portals, and crossed the drawbridge of the moat, which was immediately raised behind him, ere the people commenced the attack. A scene of confusion and uproar ensued which cannot be described. A hundred thousand men, filling all the streets and alleys which opened upon the Bastille, crowding all the windows and house-tops of the adjacent buildings, kept up an incessant firing, harmlessly flattening their bullets against walls of stone forty feet thick and one hundred feet high.

The French soldiers within the garrison were reluctant to fire upon their relatives and friends. But the Swiss, obedient to authority, opened a deadly fire of bullets and grape-shot upon the crowd. While the battle was raging, an intercepted letter was brought to the Hôtel de Ville, in which Besenval, commandant of the troops in the Field of Mars, exhorted De Launey to remain firm, assuring him that he would soon come with succor. But, fortunately for the people, even these foreign troops refused to march for the protection of the Bastille.

The French guards now broke from their barracks, and, led by their subaltern officers, came with two pieces of artillery in formidable array to join the people. They were received with thunders of applause which drowned even the roar of the battle. Energetically they opened their batteries upon the fortress, but their balls rebounded harmless from the impregnable rock.

Apparently the whole of Paris, with one united will, was combined against the great bulwark of tyranny. Men, women, and boys were mingled in the fight. Priests, nobles, wealthy citizens, and the ragged and emaciate victims of famine were pressing in the frenzied assault side by side. The French soldiers were now anxious to surrender, but the Swiss, sheltered from all chance of harm, shot down with deliberate and unerring aim whomsoever they would. Four hours of the battle had now passed, and, though but one man had been hurt within the fortress, a hundred and seventy-one of the citizens had been either killed or wounded. The French soldiers now raised a flag of truce upon the towers, while the Swiss continued firing below. This movement plunged De Launey into despair. One hundred thousand men were beleaguering his fortress. The king sent no troops to his aid; and three-fourths of his garrison had abandoned

him and were already opening communications with his assailants. He knew that the people could never pardon him for the blood of their fathers and brothers with which he had crimsoned their streets,—that death was his inevitable doom. In a state almost of delirium he seized a match from a cannon and rushed toward the magazine, determined to blow up the citadel. There were a hundred and thirty-five barrels of gunpowder in the vaults. The explosion would have thrown the Bastille into the air, buried one hundred thousand people beneath its ruins, and have demolished one-third of Paris. Two subaltern officers crossed their bayonets before him and prevented the accomplishment of this horrible design.

Some wretches seized upon a young lady whom they believed to be the governor's daughter, and wished by the threat of burning her within view of her father upon the towers to compel him to surrender. But the citizens promptly rescued her from their hands and conveyed her to a place of safety. It was now five o'clock, and the assault had commenced at twelve o'clock at noon. The French soldiers within made white flags of napkins, attached them to bayonets, and waved them from the walls. Gradually the flags of truce were seen through the smoke; the firing ceased, and the cry resounded through the crowd and was echoed along the streets of Paris, "The Bastille surrenders!" This fortress, which Louis XIV. and Turenne had pronounced impregnable, surrendered not to the arms of its assailants, for they had produced no impression upon it. It was conquered by that public opinion which pervaded Paris and which vanquished its garrison.

The massive portals were thrown open, and the vast multitude, a living deluge, plunging headlong, rushed in. They clambered the towers, penetrated the cells, and

descended into the dungeons and oubliettes. Appalled they gazed upon the instruments of torture with which former victims of oppression had been torn and broken. Excited as they were by the strife, and exasperated by the shedding of blood, but one man in the fortress, a Swiss soldier, fell a victim to their rage.

The victorious people now set out in a tumultuous procession to convey their prisoners, the governor and the soldiers, to the Hôtel de Ville. Those of the populace whose relatives had perished in the strife were roused to fury, and called loudly for the blood of De Launey. Two very powerful men placed themselves on each side of him for his protection. But the clamor increased, the pressure became more resistless, and just as they were entering the Place de Grève the protectors of the governor were overpowered: he was struck down, his head severed by a sabre-stroke, and raised, a bloody and ghastly trophy, into the air upon a pike.

In the midst of the great commotion two of the Swiss soldiers of the Bastille, whom the populace supposed to have been active in the cannonade, were seized, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts to save them, and hung to a lamp-post. A rumor passed through the crowd that a letter had been found from the mayor, Flesselles, who was already strongly suspected of treachery, directed to De Launey, in which he said,—

“I am amusing the Parisians with cockades and promises. Hold out till the evening, and you shall be relieved.”

Loud murmurs rose from the crowd which filled and surrounded the hall. Some one proposed that Flesselles should be taken to the Palais Royal to be tried by the people. The clamor was increasing, and his peril imminent. Pallid with fear, he descended from the platform,

and, accompanied by a vast throng, set out for the Palais Royal. At the turning of the first street an unknown man approached, and with a pistol shot him dead. Infuriated wretches immediately cut off his head, and it was borne upon a pike in savage triumph through the streets.

The French Guards, with the great body of the people, did what they could to repress these bloody acts. The French and Swiss soldiers took the oath of fidelity to the nation, and under the protection of the French Guard were marched to places of safety, where they were supplied with lodgings and food. Thus terminated this eventful day. The fall of the Bastille broke the right arm of the monarchy, paralyzed its nerves of action, and struck it a death-blow. The monarch of France, from his palace at Versailles, heard the distant thunders of the cannonade, and yet inscribed upon his puerile journal "*Nothing!*"

AN ASTONISHED GAMBLER.

MARY N. MURFREE.

[It is but a few years since "Charles Egbert Craddock" came first into notice as one of the best of our rising novelists, and still less time since the reading world was surprised by the discovery that the author of these spirited and brilliantly-written novels was a woman, Mary Noailles Murfree. "In the Tennessee Mountains," "Where the Battle was Fought," "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," etc., introduce us not only to a new author, but to a new locality, and characters, habits, and scenery fresh to the novel-reader. To this and to the fine descriptive talent of the authoress must be ascribed their great popularity. The selection given below is taken from "Where the Battle was Fought."]

A BAND of itinerant musicians suddenly struck up a popular waltz, and the rotunda was filled with surging

waves of sound. "This is insufferable," said Meredith. "Suppose we go up to my room, where we can have a quiet smoke and talk."

As they passed the fountain, West approached them. "Going up-stairs?" he asked of his cousin.

Meredith nodded. "Will you come with us?"

"And I'll bring Casey," West declared, agreeably, very slightly lowering his voice; "that is, if you have no objection. I'm under great obligations to him, and, as he knows nobody in town but us, I feel bound to see him through and make his stay as pleasant as possible."

Meredith frowned, and hesitated. But Casey was standing at no great distance, and had evidently overheard the conversation. Estwicke experienced a twinge of uneasiness. Despite his ill-defined antipathy toward Casey, and although the suggestion that he should join them had destroyed every prospect of pleasure, it seemed to Estwicke almost a cruelty to refuse publicly so slight and apparently so reasonable a request. He watched Meredith with expectant eyes.

"Certainly, if you like," the young lawyer assented, not too graciously, and turned away.

"That's a boon," he muttered to Estwicke, who made no reply, for at that moment they stepped into the elevator, and stood silent and with their cigars held low and reversed, like the muskets of privates at a military funeral, in deference to a group of ladies within.

"I roost high," said Meredith, when they had gotten out on an upper story. "It comes cheaper up here, and there's better ventilation. 'Beggars all, but, marry, good air.'"

After they were seated before the blazing fire in Meredith's room, West seemed altogether unaware of the reluctant toleration with which his entertainer regarded the

amendment to the quiet smoke and talk. With his gay, youthful self-sufficiency, he absorbed the conversation as far as he might. He was facetious, and flippantly fraternized with Casey.

"Captain," he said to Estwicke, with an explanatory wave of his hand toward his solemn red-faced friend, "there is the great original David! And I am Jonathan! Wasn't it David who saved Jonathan's life?" He pulled at his mustache, and laughed, and smoked his big cigar with manly gusto.

"Oh, it was nothing,—nothing whatever," declared Casey. His manner suggested that from good nature he was content to lightly waive recognition of a feat.

The sharp young lawyer apprehended the intimation.

"Nothing?" he repeated, satirically. "Nothing to save Tom West's life? Why, it was a public benefaction!"

Estwicke, with his quick interest in exploits, his love of danger, his enthusiastic admiration of bravery, turned to Casey with a sudden sense of respect.

"May I ask how that came about?"

Casey hesitated, and Estwicke presently recognized in this a tact which was hardly consonant with such a slow-seeming man, for West, after waiting expectantly for a moment, plunged into an account of a recent railroad accident, that might have been very disastrous, but had resulted in nothing worse than cooping him up in the débris, whence by some exercise of thews and sinews—of which Mr. Casey was amply capable—he was extricated. His rescue had evidently involved no risk, but it had served as an introduction of Casey, who was adroitly abetting West in magnifying its importance. Estwicke listened with contemptuous amusement, and Meredith's efforts to conceal his impatience had grown so lame that his relief was very evident when a knock at the door

interrupted the conversation, and a card was brought in. He glanced at it in surprise.

"Show the gentleman up," he said, and the brisk and grinning bell-boy disappeared.

* * * * *

"I insist that you don't go," said Meredith, addressing himself specially to Estwicke. "This won't keep me long; meantime, suppose you have a game of cards. I am not going to my office: we can talk the matter over here."

He flung a pack of cards on the table; then he and Brennett turned away to a desk which was on the opposite side of the room. The trio at the table chatted for a few moments in a desultory strain, but presently West, glancing at lawyer and client now fairly immersed in business, shrugged his shoulders, gathered up the cards, and, with a juvenile leer at the others, proposed to deal for "draw."

"I haven't played for so long, I scarcely remember the game," protested Casey.

West laughed jeeringly; he joyed so in his amiable wickedness.

"Oh, Casey's afraid of getting turned out of church. We'll take you in out of the wet,—won't we, captain? We belong to the 'big church,' we do."

Estwicke made no reply: he hardly relished even a "big church" membership with Casey.

"I suppose we play with a limit?" he asked, impatiently, showing some eagerness to begin.

West's *was* an amiable wickedness. In fact, it was only a weak-kneed semblance,—that would, yet might not, be. He quaked at the bare suggestion of the alternative.

"Captain, you shock me," he declared. "Of course we play with a limit,—fifty cents, say."

They talked very little when once fairly at it. For a

time Meredith, who sat with his back toward them, only knew vaguely that somebody was "passing," or "straddling the blind," or "seeing and going better." Once or twice West laughed out loud and long in triumph. And again his voice rose in excited remonstrance, to which his companions seemed to pay no attention. Then the room was quiet for a time, and the lawyer lost cognizance of everything except the complications of Brennett's liens and his debtor's duplicity.

"How many bales do you suppose he has there?" Meredith asked, after a meditative pause.

There was no answer.

He glanced up impatiently. Brennett's face was instinct with an alert interest. His eyes, lighted by some inward sardonic laughter, were fixed upon the group by the fire.

Meredith turned quickly, and at this moment Estwicke—his coat thrown off upon the floor, his hat thrust on the back of his head, the hot blood crimsoning his sunburned cheek, the perspiration standing thick in his close-clipped red hair, his eyes blazing with that most unholy fire, the gambler's passion—cocked his cigar between his set teeth and raised the blind one hundred dollars.

West had passed out of the game, had drawn away from the table, and was gazing with dismayed surprise at the swollen proportions of the pool and at the impassive, stony countenance of Casey. Not a feather was ruffled as he looked coolly into Estwicke's burning eyes; he was as decorously florid, his waistcoat as commercially rotund, as ever, but his demeanor was the demeanor of the professional expert.

He stolidly made good; and then he drew one card, Estwicke standing pat. After this, for a few moments, each seemed cautious, making very small bets. But pres-

ently, when Estwicke raised him fifty dollars, Casey "saw it" and went a hundred better.

Then the slow, cumbrous fellow, according to his habit, laid his cards, face downward, on the table in front of him, with a single chip upon them to hold them in place, and, clasping his hands lightly upon his substantial stomach, calmly awaited Estwicke's "say."

And all at once Estwicke looked hard at the man, with a change on his expressive face. There was an eager surprise in his eyes; the flush of sheer excitement deepened to an angry glow; he seemed lost for an instant in a sort of doubting confusion. Suddenly he made good, and "called."

Meredith was thunder-struck as he realized the full significance of the scene. He rose hastily. "Gentlemen," he said, sternly, "this is going entirely too far."

They took no heed. With one hand Casey laid his cards, a straight flush,—ace, king, queen, jack, and ten of diamonds,—upon the table beside Estwicke's jack full, while with the other hand he gathered the pool toward him, giving no sign of elation.

"I protest," began Meredith. He stopped suddenly short.

Brennett sprang to his feet with a sharp exclamation.

It happened in an instant. There was a swift movement of Estwicke's intent figure; he thrust his hand behind him, and seemed to draw from his pistol-pocket a glancing, steely flash of light; there was a sharp, metallic click, of a peculiarly nerve-thrilling quality; he lunged across the table, and held the weapon at full cock at the man's head.

Warned by Estwicke's motion, Casey had made an effort to draw his pistol. His hand grasped it in his pocket.

"Move your right arm and you're a dead man," said Estwicke between his set teeth. They were strong and white, and unconsciously he showed them. The veins that crossed his forehead were black and swollen. His breath came hot and fast and with a sibilant sound. He seemed to think as Brennett sprang up that there would be an effort to disarm him.

"If you interfere," he said, in a low voice,—*"if you touch me,—I will kill you!—I will kill you!"*

It was a moment of terrible suspense, but as Brennett moved hastily back he laughed aloud,—a short, ungenial laugh, nervous perhaps; or was the fancy so absurd that he should interfere?

Meredith's motion toward Estwicke was arrested by his next words. "Drop that card out of your sleeve,—the card I dealt you."

Casey gazed abjectly at him, turning even paler than before, and made a weak, spasmodic effort to speak, to deny.

"No use talking," said Estwicke, cutting him short. "Drop the card." His finger, by accident or design, quivered slightly on the trigger.

The sharper shook his sleeve, and the three of diamonds fell upon the table.

"The exchange was quick as lightning,—but I *saw* it!" Estwicke declared.

Without lowering his eyes or moving the weapon, he placed with his left hand the three of diamonds on the table beside the straight flush to illustrate the self-evident fact that, no matter which of the cards Casey had substituted for it, the hand after the draw was merely a flush.

"And a full outranks a flush!" he proclaimed, with a fierce, dictatorial air.

Casey sat before him, silent, cowed, helpless, the re-

volver that he still grasped in his pocket as useless as if his right hand was palsied.

"My 'full' raked the pool!" thundered Estwicke. "I won it all! I'll have it all! Fork! With your left hand, mind."

As Casey hastily pushed the money across the table, a modest nickel, that had served in the half-dollar limit game with which they began, fell to the floor and rolled away among the shadows.

He had surrendered utterly: it was all over. A breath of relief was beginning to inflate his lungs, which in the surprise and fright had seemed to forget and bungle their familiar functions. The other men moved slightly as they stood,—an involuntary expression of the relaxation of the tension: the creak of Tom West's boots was to him like the voice of a friend. Then they realized, with the shock of an infinite surprise, that Estwicke sat as motionless as if he were carved in stone, his pistol still held at the cheat's head. The room was so silent that they might hear the rumble of the elevator on its missions up and down, the throb of the engine in the cellar, the faint rattle of the dishes in the dining-room far, far below the high story where the young man's room was perched. They understood at last, and it came upon them with the amazing effect of a flash of lightning from a clear sky.

Estwicke was waiting for the nickel!

The card-sharper was panting, failing, almost losing consciousness. He did not dare to stoop and search for the coin; he could not summon his voice for speech. The tears sprang into his eyes when he saw that the situation was at length comprehended by the others.

West hastily knelt on the floor, passed his tremulous fingers over the dark carpet, clutched the coin, and placed it on the table.

To the two men who knew Estwicke best the episode was a frightful illustration of a certain imperious exactingness which they had discovered even in their short acquaintance was a notable characteristic of his nature. For one instant longer he looked hard at the sharper. Then he brought his heavy hand down upon the table in the midst of the pile of greenbacks, with a vehemence that sent a shiver through every glass in the room.

"Damn you!" he cried out, fiercely. "Keep it!"

He thrust his pistol into his pocket. Without another word he strode heavily out of the room, leaving Casey staring blankly at the money so strangely relinquished, and the others standing petrified under the yellow gas-jets, gazing after the receding figure that marched through the shadowy vagueness of the dimly-lighted hall without.

When he was fairly gone, Meredith turned to Casey. The sharper had before hardly seemed able to breathe. He was on his feet now and ready to walk. His god was good to him. The touch of it had made him whole.

"I have never before had occasion," said Meredith, sternly, "to show a man the door." He waved his hand toward it.

The hardened creature insolently lifted his cold, fishy eye and grinned. His plethoric pocket-book was overflowing in his hands; he tucked the other bills into the pockets of his respectable, commercial-looking waistcoat.

"Sorry to have any disagreement, I'm sure. Your friend is a little too choleric; apt to be the fault of military men. I have to thank you for a most delightful evening. I'll come again soon. By-by, West."

He bowed and grinned and grimaced at the door. Meredith was scarlet with indignation. Tom West thrust his hands into his pockets and turned sheepishly away. Brennett flung himself against the mantel-piece

and laughed with an intense enjoyment so chilling, so derisive, so repellent in its quality that Casey paused in the hall and glanced back through the open door in surprise and a vague distrust. Meredith saw among the shadows his white, heavy-jawed face, from which the smile had faded in an expression of inexplicable wonder, of fear. Then he turned once more and disappeared.

Meredith hastily handed Brennett his memoranda, and, with a promise to return in a few moments, started toward the door.

"Where are you going?" West demanded, inquisitively.

"To look up Captain Estwicke," Meredith replied, curtly.

The "elevator-boy" knew the number of Estwicke's room on the transient floor by reason of having had the key left with him during the evening. Estwicke had hardly entered and closed the door when Meredith knocked. He looked around with a flushed face as the young lawyer came in.

"I hope you will remember how that blackguard was forced upon me," Meredith began, hotly. "I don't usually consort with cheats. I am not responsible for your meeting such company in my room."

Estwicke gave a bitter laugh.

"What does it matter to me where I met him?"

"It matters to me," said Meredith, tersely.

Estwicke was tramping back and forth the length of the room.

"I thought I had given that thing up!" he cried, in a tumult of despair. "I haven't touched a card for years. I can't play in moderation. I can't, you see. I go wild,—wild! It's an hereditary passion."

Meredith was a lawyer, and an acute one. He changed his base with a celerity that did infinite credit to his

acumen. Estwicke was taking himself to task,—not his entertainer. He briskly joined the onslaught.

"Oh, hereditary!" he sneered. "I have often noticed that a man credits his father with his own pet vices. What was the reason you let the rascal have the money?"

"I had no reason,—no positive idea; it was only an impulse," said Estwicke. "Somehow when I got it I—couldn't touch it. That I should brawl with a fellow like that for money! But why not?" he added, after a sullen pause. "He is as good as I am; that is, I am as bad as he is."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Meredith, satirically, "I wouldn't say *that*."

"I know better. He doesn't."

"But some of it was yours on the strictest moral construction."

Estwicke stood in the middle of the floor staring at his visitor.

"I mean the money you originally bet," Meredith explained.

This was a distinction that Estwicke could not grasp. "It was *all* mine!" he bawled. "My—full—raked—the—pool!" He came hastily and sat down in the green-rep arm-chair, expounding how the game stood, checking off his cards and Casey's on the fingers of his right and left hands, respectively. His excited words in their confused haste stumbled and tripped up over each other in his throat; his eyes were eager and earnest; he trembled with the intensity of his interest. Even the wordy lawyer could not interrupt.

"Well," he said, when Estwicke had concluded, "I knew all that before; and it's a nice business. You told me once that you have nothing but your pay. I should think," he continued, exasperatingly, "this night's work would make

a considerable hole in it. I hope you feel that you have invested your time and money to the best advantage."

"Oh, I got disgusted with the money. I couldn't endure to keep step, morally, you know, with that contemptible, poor devil. I tell you he looked at the money with tears in his eyes."

Meredith stared.

"This is rather a belated sympathy with the 'poor devil,'" he said, sarcastically. "Captain Estwicke," he continued, "I don't pretend to understand you, but I feel it almost a duty to tell you how heartily I disapprove of your conduct to-night. Pistoling a man at a card-table for cheating is a practically unprovoked, cruel, and abhorrent crime."

"Didn't do it," said Estwicke, grimly, on the defensive.

"You would have done it, if he had not instantly yielded."

"Ha-a-rdly," drawled Estwicke. The tone was significant. Meredith looked at him expectantly. Estwicke glanced uneasily up at the ceiling, then down at his boots. As he turned doubtfully toward Meredith, their eyes met, and he broke into an uproarious peal of laughter.

"Why, man," he cried, hilariously, "the pistol wasn't loaded!"

He drew the weapon from his pocket and held it at arm's length, revolving its empty chambers, and setting the walls to echoing its sharp click.

Meredith laughed too, partly in sympathy with the other's boisterous enjoyment of what he considered so exquisitely flavored a joke and partly in relief. "I'm glad you let me know this," he declared. "Forget what I said when I didn't know it." Presently he added, with a view of contingencies of which Estwicke seemed utterly incapable, "But suppose that that fellow had persisted in heaving up the thing *he* had in his pocket?"

"Oh, but I was sure he wouldn't. Moral suasion, you know. There's a wonderful deal of moral suasion in giving a man a peep down an iron tube. It puts the best of us out of countenance." After a pause, he said, gravely, "Nothing would have induced me to hurt the man; besides, I *couldn't*. All I wanted was my own money."

"And you didn't want that little long."

"I feel like the devil," said Estwicke, impatiently. "I'm so much like the devil to-night that I don't know us apart." . . .

The young lawyer had risen to take leave. With an almost affectionate impulse he paused at the door. "Estwicke," he said, "I want to tell you—you're a good fellow."

"That I am," said Estwicke, mockingly. "I'm mighty good."

He looked about him wearily, with a haggard, hunted face, after the door had closed. Then suddenly he rang the bell, called for his bill, packed his traps dexterously, methodically, and in surprisingly small compass,—one of his military accomplishments,—and the full moon was hardly swinging past the meridian before he was bowling swiftly along the turnpike among the hills that encompassed the city. Through the carriage windows he saw it lying behind him in many an undulation, its domes and its mansard roofs idealized in the glamour and the distance to a castellated splendor. It had faded away in the dusky shadows long before he caught sight of the white-framed barrack-buildings. His heart warmed at the thought of his friends so close at hand, of the familiar surroundings, and the old routine. He saw the sentry's bayonet glisten in the moonlight and catch on its point a star of fire. And the evening and the scene he had left slipped into the dark corners of his recollection.

THE BLACK REGIMENT.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

[George Henry Boker is a native of Philadelphia, where he was born in 1823. He has been an active writer of plays and poems, and has served in a public capacity, having been appointed United States Minister to Constantinople in 1871 and to St. Petersburg in 1874. Of his plays the only one well adapted to the stage is "Francesca da Rimini," a work whose poetic and dramatic merit and elevated sentiment have brought it into deserved popularity as an acting drama. Many of his poems display a high grade of poetic ability, while the one we quote is among the most vigorous and striking of American war lyrics.]

DARK as the clouds of even,
Ranked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dead mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land,—
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told them what work was sent
For the black regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
"Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be
Free in this land; or bound
Down, like the whining hound,—
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our cold chains again!"
Oh! what a shout there went
From the black regiment!

"Charge!" Trump and drum awoke,
Onward the bondmen broke;
Bayonet and sabre-stroke
Vainly opposed their rush.
Through the wild battle's crush,
With but one thought aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff,
In the guns' mouths they laugh;
Or at the slippery brands
Leaping with open hands,
Down they tear man and horse,
Down in their awful course;
Trampling with bloody heel
Over the crashing steel;—
All their eyes forward bent,
Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry,—
"Freedom! or leave to die!"
Ah! and they meant the word,
Not as with us 'tis heard,
Not a mere party shout;
They gave their spirits out,

Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood,
Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe ;
Glad to breathe one free breath,
Though on the lips of death ;
Praying—alas! in vain!—
That they might fall again,
So they could once more see
That burst of liberty!
This was what “freedom” lent
To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell ;
But they are resting well ;
Scourges and shackles strong
Never shall do them wrong.
Oh, to the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true!
Hail them as comrades tried ;
Fight with them side by side ;
Never, in field or tent,
Scorn the black regiment!

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF JAPAN.

JAMES BROOKS.

[“A Seven Months’ Run,” by James Brooks, consists of very rapid notes of a very hasty journey round the world, contributed in the form of letters to the *New York Evening Express*. But these letters are written in an amusing strain, and with a clearness of detail within

their brevity of outline that makes them at once entertaining and instructive reading. As illustration of the author's racy style and freshness of comment on the strange scenes of the Oriental world, we give the chapter describing his first sight of life in Japan.]

SOMETHING new! Everything new, at last! Under your world now, how everything in this world seems upside down, and down-side up! I feel very like, nay, just like, the Boston Yankee, who first saw Boston, and felt his rural ideas revolving within his head, and I act more like Ben Franklin, the printer, when he first turned up in Philadelphia, with both eyes as open as saucers, munching his roll, staring at and astounded by everything. Long and long ago, after travelling over many lands, I was sure I had reached the Horatian *nil admirari*; but I am mistaken, for I am wondering over everything to-day.

At daybreak on the Sabbath morning our good ship bade good-by to the pretty-well-behaved Pacific, and turned a cape and the light-houses that opened on us the bay of Yedo. Up early, to see and to study, the first living things to refresh our long-ocean-wearied eyes were the fishermen of the island of Nippon. Report says (I have not tried its truth) that Japan is about the best fishing-ground of the universe. You know (or, if you don't, you ought) that in the Boston State-House, over the Speaker's chair, is a codfish, the emblem of Massachusetts' rise, progress, and prosperity before the days of East India ships and the spinning-jenny. The fish, in like manner, is revered here in Japan. It is a basis of Japan life and prosperity. Hence I levelled eyes and glasses, as naturally man will, on the first life seen,—that is, on the fishermen. What queer boats! What queer oars, or sculls! What queer-looking sails, of mats! Boreas can hardly blow over such broad-cast boats. Nobody rows; everybody sculls; and they scull with one oar, two, three,

four, five, six,—as many as need be for the boat or junk,—and they scull as fast as they could row in such heavy and clumsy boats. History says—wharf-history: I never read it in books, but it may be true—that when the Tycoons and Daimios found the Japanese sculling off, or sailing off, from Japan, they ordered the better class of Chinese junks, that the Japanese had been imitating, to be so constructed that they could never well get over to China,—ay, to be so heavy, so clumsy, that Neptune, in his roaring moods, would tip them over, or roll them under, if ever they ventured out of sight of land. Hence the ugliness of these junks, and ocean-uselessness. The June California steamer, out from here, picked up the crew of one, three-fourths of them starved to death, because they could not find their way from Hiogo to Yokohama, having been blown out of sight of land. The fishermen we met, such of them as had seines, were scaring the fish into them by pounding furiously on the bottom of the boats! Can this be done? I charge nothing to the Cape-Coddors for letting them into the Japanese secret of catching fish. But what most astonished us new-comers was the Georgia costume, *minus* the spurs, of these interesting fishermen. The fishermen were as naked as the fish,—that is, the most of the fishermen. Some of them had something on, but nothing to speak of. Anatomy could be studied practically, as well as phrenology, and physiognomy, and physiology,—that is, muscular and venous anatomy. Some of our passengers, at first, were a little confused and confounded over this new development of life, and dropped their lorgnettes, but I see the same passengers now in Yokohama streets, and they are done blushing already.

The first day an American spends in Europe, say in England (I speak now for myself), is a great day, if not

the greatest, of his life. The beautifully green fields, the hedges, the cottages, etc., bewitch him. But this first day in this Eastern Asia does not exactly bewitch so much as it bedevils a traveller. The livery of a trading company's boatman, sent out to escort home a passenger by the steamer,—what was it, think you? A little turban on the head, with nakedness to the hips, and then a yellow sash girdle, over blue nankin trousers, running into straw shoes! Was not this a novel livery? Can any of the grandees of Hyde Park, or of the Central Park, come quite up to this great swell? Then numerous police or custom-house boats crowded around us, the most of the boatmen with respectable clothes on (not all), some with one sword, others with two. Some of them had on baskets for bonnets, or hats, made of straw or bamboo; others, with heads wrapped up in handkerchiefs; others, with nothing on their heads but their cues, not pig-tails of Chinese magnificence, but short pipe-stem cues, on the top of the crown. A hundred boats, as usual, were clamorous and greedy for one passenger, and hundreds of hands were ready to grab every trunk and carpet-bag,—New York as well as Yokohama life, you will add. The arrival of a Pacific mail steamer from California is a great event in Yokohama, and soon the ship was full of Europeans, to see and to study what was going on.

The Japan custom-house officers are not very particular as to baggage, not even looking into it, though very peculiar. They have ears, but our lingo is not theirs, and hence they profit in nothing therefrom; and they have eyes, but they see nothing custom-house-ward thereby. Hence we slip and slide in without the least trouble; but their five per cent. *ad valorem* is not the forty, and fifty, and one hundred per cent. in our American civilization; and therefore there is not so much need of our American

spying or searching. Soldiers with not very alarming-looking muskets, save in their sword-bayonets, watch over "the Bund," as they call it here,—a sort of pier or wharf. In custom-house tongue it might be called a gate or portecullis. We pass them, and then begin a series of cryings or yellings that scare fresh-come European or American horses half to death, and even frighten our passenger dogs, and would frighten us, if we were not expecting anything and everything new. "Yeow," "yeow," or "yow," "yow," or "yew," "yew," or something like it in the cat-mewing line, are screaming whole battalions of porters and carriers; and men-horses are dragging, on miserable round plank wheels, granite, and timber, or lumber. "Yeow," "yeow," goes up to heaven, and rolls over all the earth. It is "yeow," "yeow," at daybreak in the morning, and "yeow," "yeow," all night, among the coolie Japs, loading and unloading the ships in the harbor. There is no need of horses (I have already come to that conclusion), or elephants, where men can carry such loads. When, years ago, off Constantinople, I first saw men turned into horses, I thought that was something wonderful; but these one-horse Japs, with their enormous loads, shame the Turks, the Grand Turks, even. What glorious muscular legs they have, so admirably developed! I wish I had a pair of them to trot over the world with. What brawny arms, pointed off, though, with little hands! Gymnast or boxer would have to stand back in "a primary" where a fellow had such props, or such pointers. There comes a travelling restaurant! That's the way to live, where your dinner comes on a fellow's shoulders to you, a whole score of you, and where you do not have to go to the dinner,—where rice and chop-sticks, and fish, raw fish, too, are all ready for you,—where you can squat down on a mat, and have a Delmonico treat for only a few

"cash," that is, two, or three, or four "Tempos,"—not five cents, even,—none of your five-dollar "Delmonico's." There's life, there's happiness, there's economy. True, it rains; but has not the fellow a basket-hat on, that sheds all rain as well as all sun?—not a mere *parapluie*, a rain shedder, as the French call it, but an umbrella, or ombrella, too, in Latina lingua. And has he not brought out, too, to shed the rain, a great straw cloak, or mantilla, that covers all but his legs, and his one-story mounted shoes, or pattens, tied on by a rope of braided straw? If it were not for the looks of the thing among the Yankee and English aristocracy of Yokohama, I would squat down and try the rice (not the raw fish) of that dinner. If one could only learn to squat like a Jap, one never would again use a chair, or a sofa. The fact is, in many things "civilization," as it is called, is a humbug. Squatting on a clean mat, if you have only been brought up to it, I am sure, from what I see here, is easier and preferable to sitting in a chair. The muscles of the legs have only to be trained from babyhood up, and a chair becomes as much of a nuisance as now is to us this mat. See how nicely our children squat, or young ladies, even, who will sew or write in bed, or on the floor, and by hours, too, without a groan. Hence, I reason, some of our civilization may be a humbug, if not much of it. There are a lot of tumble-boys, funny fellows, with caps on their heads, stuck with red and black feathers, looking like roosters' combs, who roll up, and roll over, like balls of dirt, and then roll all together . . . They want only "a cash," a tenth part of a cent, thus to tumble, over and over. "All-Right," in the American-Japanese jugglers' corps, was thus trained in a Japan street, and graduated in that school. There is a mother with a baby on her back, slung *à la* American Indian pappoose, and the poor

baby is fast asleep, with its head toppling all about. The mother, perhaps, would not have much, if any, clothes on, if it had not been necessary for her to throw over her the sack for the baby to sleep or live in. There is a carpenter, pulling his foreplane toward him, not pushing it from him, beautifully clad,—exquisitely, I may add. No French *modiste* even could have clothed him richer, with a livery on that no French high chamberlain could devise better; but the poor devil's only clothes, save a cotton roll about his loins, and his straw shoes, were his skin, tattooed with all sorts of tortoises, storks, and other Jap divinities. It cost only three and a half dollars, *that* livery, they tell me, and it is the pride and glory of a true Jap to have it. You could not buy a hat in New York for that, you know. But to earn the three dollars and a half to get the livery, that's the difficulty. That surplus is a year's saving; and if it were not so, all Japanese of the working classes would have on the livery. There is a wrestler, a big, burly fellow, the picked man of his clan, who was big enough to pass for a European. Wrestling here is a *quasi* noble profession It entitles a man to have two swords on, and to look down on common fellows. An actor in Japan is nothing,—nobody,—ranking only with beggars; while the wrestler is a grand *cockalorum*. An actor has no rank, no honors, and everybody looks down upon his (with us) great profession, and the only social difference between him and the beggar is, that he may rise, the beggar never. The beggar, by the way, bequeaths the profession from sire to son. The boy *must* follow the trade of the father. There is no hope, no future, for him. Not even the coolie will work in the same gang with him. Put a beggar to work in a coolie gang, and every coolie “strikes” at once, refusing thus to associate with a beggar. When the beggar sees you coming, he prostrates

himself on his knees, then falls upon the ground, and holds up his hand only "for cash." He utters a most woe-begone cry to touch your heart and to win your sympathies. There comes something with two swords on, pony-mounted, and his betto. The betto is a boy who follows his lordship's pony, and the pony races, and the betto races. Which will beat, ask you? The pony never. The betto has on his tattoo livery-straw shoes, it may be, —no shoes, perhaps. The betto will keep up with that pony day after day, thirty miles a day, and no pony can overdo that on a journey. This betto takes care of the pony, watches over and feeds him, and helps to take care of his master, too. There is hair-dressing going on,—public hair-dressing,—on the front steps of the shop or house,—one man dressing another man's hair and doing up his cue. The women dress their hair in our old mothers' fashion of gone-by times (none of your long tails of false hair, said I, dangling behind, with a skewer to hold it up on top of the head), beautiful, glossy, black hair. "Thank the Lord," said I to a Yokohama American lady, "we have reached a country at last where the women wear only their own hair!" "You are much mistaken," said she: "all that hair on top of Madame Jap's head is false hair." Madame shaves off, or cuts off, the original crown, and piles on the false hair. Once a week, only, is the hair done up, skewered, and glued, Spanish (Cadiz) style, thus defying the winds and the fogs for a whole week, and kept in place, nights, while sleeping on the mat-bed, with a wooden pillow under the nape of the neck. Woman, thus, you see, is woman everywhere. There is nothing true outside of their heads, though all so true and sweet inside. These black teeth, too, of these Japanese Madames, are they not terrible? How can husbands ever kiss such black-teethed wives? When a

woman is married here, she blackens her teeth, while our wives and daughters, when married, put on not only a marriage-ring, but all the other rings they can get. Such is fashion. But what more sense in the rings, and earrings, and bracelets, these emblems of vassalage,—I dare not write handcuffs,—than in these black teeth? Nevertheless, the black teeth are beautiful black teeth, molars and eye-teeth of the first chop. They put on some white preparation that turns them black, and they renew the operation about every week. These Jap women only miss, many of them, being very, very pretty. When their copper color is whitened up, they would pass for brunettes, even in America. But—if they are married—these abominable black teeth! this boca negra! But fashion is everything.

KEIMER'S ATTEMPT TO FOUND A NEW RELIGION.

MASON L. WEEMS.

[This lively bit of literary chat, which can scarcely be called biography, is an extract from the "Life of Franklin," by Mason L. Weems, the most amusingly entertaining, but the least trustworthy, of American biographers. Born in Virginia in 1759, he wrote "A History of the Life and Death, Virtues and Exploits, of General George Washington," and biographies of Marion, Franklin, and Penn. These works have a basis of biography and a large superstructure of Weems, the plain facts of history being embellished in an extraordinary manner, and conversations being invented as freely as ancient historians invented orations for their characters. Weems died in 1825.]

BEN was naturally comic in a high degree, and this pleasant vein, greatly improved by his present golden

prospects, betrayed him into many a frolic with Keimer, to whom he had prudently attached himself as a journeyman until the Annis should sail. The reader will excuse Ben for these frolics when he comes to learn what were their aims; as also what an insufferable old creature this Keimer was. Silly as a BOOBY, yet vain as a JAY, and garrulous as a PIE, he could never rest but when in a stiff argument, and acting the orator, at which he looked on Cicero himself as but a boy to him. He was a fine target for Ben's SOCRATIC ARTILLERY, which he frequently played off on the old pomposo with great effect. By questions artfully put, he would obtain of him certain points, which Keimer readily granted, as seeing in them no sort of connection with the matter in debate. But yet these points, when granted, like distant nets slyly hauling round a porpoise or sturgeon, would, by degrees, so completely circumvent the silly fish, that with all his flouncing and fury he could never extricate himself, but rather got more deeply entangled. Often caught in this way, he became at last so afraid of Ben's *questions*, that he would turn as mad when one of them was "*poked at him*" as a bull at sight of a scarlet cloak, and would not answer the simplest question without first asking, "*Well, and what would you make of that?*" He came at length to form so exalted an opinion of Ben's talents for refutation, that he seriously proposed to him one day that they should turn out together and preach up a NEW RELIGION! Keimer was to preach and make the converts, and Ben to answer and put to silence the gainsayers. He said a *world of money* might be made by it.

On hearing the outlines of this new religion, Ben found great fault with it. This he did only that he might have another frolic with Keimer; but his frolics were praiseworthy, for they all "*leaned to virtue's side.*" The truth

is, he saw that Keimer was prodigiously a hypocrite. At every whipstitch he could play the knave, and then for a pretence would read his Bible. But it was not the *moral part* of the Bible, the sweet precepts and parables of the Gospel, that he read. No, verily. Food so angelic was not at all to the tooth of his childish fancy, which delighted in nothing but the *novel* and *curious*. Like too many of the saints nowadays, he would rather read about the WITCH OF ENDOR than the GOOD SAMARITAN, and hear a sermon on the *brazen candlesticks* than on the LOVE OF GOD. And then, O dear! who was Melchizedek? Or where was the land of Nod? Or, was it in the shape of a *serpent* or a *monkey* that the devil tempted Eve? As he was one day poring over the Pentateuch as busy after some nice game of this sort as a terrier on the track of a weasel, he came to that famous text where Moses says, "*Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard.*" Ay! this was the divinity for Keimer. It struck him like a new light from the clouds: then, rolling his eyes as from an apparition, he exclaimed, "Miserable man that I am! and was I indeed forbidden to mar even the corners of my beard, and have I been all this time shaving myself as smooth as an eunuch! Fire and brimstone, how have you been boiling up for me, and I knew it not! Hell, deepest hell, is my portion, that's a clear case, unless I reform. And reform I will, if I live. Yes, my poor naked chin, if ever I but get another crop upon thee and I suffer it to be touched by the ungodly steel, then let my right hand forget her cunning."

From that day he became as shy of a razor as ever Samson was. His long black whiskers *whistled in the wind*. And then to see how he would stand up before his glass and stroke them down, it would have reminded you of some ancient Druid adjusting the *sacred Mistletoe*.

Ben could not bear that sight! Such shameless neglect of angel morality, and yet such fidgeting about a goatish beard! "Heavens, sir," said he to Keimer, one day, in the midst of a hot argument,

"Who can think, with common sense,
A smooth-shaved face gives God offence?
Or that a whisker hath a charm,
Eternal justice to disarm?"

He even proposed to him to get *shaved*. Keimer swore outright that he would never lose his beard. A stiff altercation ensued. But Keimer getting angry, Ben agreed at last to give up the beard. He said that, "as the beard at best was but an external, a mere excrescence, he would not insist on that as so very essential. But certainly, sir," continued he, "there is one thing that is."

Keimer wanted to know what that was.

"Why, sir," added Ben, "this turning out and preaching up a NEW RELIGION is, without doubt, a very serious affair, and ought not to be undertaken too hastily. Much time, sir, in my opinion at least, should be spent in making preparation, in which fasting should certainly have a large share."

Keimer, who was a great glutton, said he could *never fast*.

Ben then insisted that if they were not to fast altogether, they ought, at any rate, to abstain from animal food, and live as the saints of old did, on *vegetables and water*.

Keimer shook his head, and said that if he were to live on vegetables and water he should soon die.

Ben assured him that it was entirely a mistake. He had tried it often, he said, and could testify from his own experience that he was never more healthy and cheerful

than when he lived on vegetables alone. "Die from feeding on vegetables, indeed! Why, sir, it contradicts reason, and contradicts all history, ancient and profane. There was Daniel, and his three young friends, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who fed on a vegetable diet, of choice; did they languish and die of it? Or rather did they not display a rouge of health and fire of genius far beyond those silly youths who crammed on all the luxuries of the royal table? And that amiable Italian nobleman, Lewis Cornaro, who says of bread, that it was such a dainty to his palate that he was almost afraid, at times, it was too good for him to eat; did he languish and die of this simple fare? On the contrary, did he not outlive three generations of gratified epicures, and, after all, go off in his second century, like a bird of Paradise, singing the praises of Temperance and Virtue? And pray, sir," continued Ben, "where's the wonder of all this? Must not the blood that is formed of vegetables be the purest in nature? And then, as the spirits depend on the blood, must not the spirits secreted from such blood be the purest too? And when this is the case with the blood and spirits, which are the very life of the man, must not that man enjoy the best chance for such healthy secretions and circulations as are most conducive to long and happy life?"

While Ben argued at this rate, Keimer regarded him with a look which seemed to say, "Very true, sir; all this is very true; but still I cannot *go it*."

Ben, still unwilling to give up his point, thought he would make one more push at him. "What a pity it is," said he, with a sigh, "that the blessings of so sublime a religion should be all lost to the world, merely for lack of a little fortitude on the part of its propagators!"

This was touching him on the right string; for Keimer

was a man of such vanity, that a little flattery would put him up to anything. So, after a few *hems* and *ha's*, he said he believed he would, at any rate, make a trial of this new regimen.

Having thus carried his point, Ben immediately engaged a poor old woman of the neighborhood to become their cook, and gave her, off-hand, written receipts for three-and-forty dishes, not one of which contained a single atom of fish, flesh, or fowl. For their first day's breakfast on the *new regimen*, the old woman treated them with a tureen of oat-meal gruel. Keimer was particularly fond of his breakfast, at which a nice beef-steak with onion sauce was a standing dish. It was as good as a farce to Ben to see with what an eye Keimer regarded the tureen, when, entering the room, in place of his steak, hot, smoking, and savory, he beheld this pale, meagre-looking slop.

"What have you got there?" said he, with a visage grum, and scowling eye.

"A dish of hasty pudding," replied Ben, with the smile of an innocent youth who had a keen appetite, with something good to satisfy it,—*"a dish of nice hasty pudding, sir, made of oats."*

"Of OATS!" retorted Keimer, with a voice raised to a scream.

"Yes, sir, *oats*," rejoined Ben; "*oats*, that precious grain which gives such elegance and fire to our noblest of quadrupeds, the horse."

Keimer growled out that he was no horse, to eat oats.

"No matter for that," replied Ben; "'tis equally good for men."

Keimer denied that any human being ever eat oats.

"Ay!" said Ben, "and pray what's become of the Scotch? Don't they live on oats? And yet where will

you find a people so 'bonny, blithe, and gay,' a nation of such wits and warriors?"

As there was no answering this, Keimer sat down to the tureen, and swallowed a few spoonfuls, but not without making as many wry faces as if it had been so much jalap; while Ben, all smile and chat, breakfasted most deliciously.

At dinner, by Ben's order, the old woman paraded a trencher piled up with potatoes. Keimer's grumbling-fit came on him again. "He saw clear enough," he said, "that he was to be poisoned."

"Poh! cheer up, man," replied Ben; "this is your right preacher's bread."

"Bread the d—ll" replied Keimer, snarling.

"Yes, bread, sir," continued Ben, pleasantly,—"*the bread of life*, sir; for where do you find such health and spirits, such bloom and beauty, as among the honest-hearted IRISH? and yet for their breakfast, dinner, and supper the potato is their teetotum; the *first*, *second*, and *third* course."

In this way, Ben and his old woman went on with Keimer, daily ringing the changes on oat-meal gruel, roasted potatoes, boiled rice, and so on, through the whole family of roots and grains in all their various genders, moods, and tenses.

Sometimes, like a restive mule, Keimer would kick up and show strong symptoms of flying the way. But then Ben would prick him up again with a touch of his ruling passion, vanity. "Only think, Mr. Keimer," he would say, "only think what has been done by the founders of *new religions*: how they have enlightened the ignorant, polished the rude, civilized the savage, and made heroes of those who were little better than brutes. Think, sir, what Moses did among the stiff-necked Jews; what Ma-

homet did among the wild Arabs; and what you may do among these gentle drab-coated Pennsylvanians." This, like a spur in the flank of a jaded horse, gave Keimer a new start, and pushed him on afresh to his gruel breakfasts and potato dinners. Ben strove hard to keep him up to this gait. Often at table, and especially when he saw that Keimer was in good humor and fed kindly, he would give a loose to fancy, and paint the advantages of their new regimen in the most glowing colors. "Ay, sir," he would say, letting drop at the same time his spoon, as in an ecstasy of his subject, while his pudding on the platter cooled, "ay, sir, now we are beginning to live like men going a-preaching indeed. Let your epicures gormandize their fowl, fish, and flesh, with draughts of intoxicating liquors. Such gross, inflammatory food may suit the brutal votaries of Mars and Venus. But our views, sir, are different altogether; we are going to teach wisdom and benevolence to mankind. This is a heavenly work, sir, and our minds ought to be heavenly. Now, as the mind depends greatly on the body, and the body on the food, we should certainly select that which is of the most pure and refining quality. And this, sir, is exactly the food to our purpose. This mild potato, or this gentle pudding, is the thing to insure the light stomach, the cool liver, the clear head, and, above all, those celestial passions which become a preacher that would moralize the world. And these celestial passions, sir, let me add, though I don't pretend to be a prophet, these celestial passions, sir, were you but to stick to this diet, would soon shine out in your countenance with such apostolic majesty and grace as would strike all beholders with reverence, and enable you to carry the world before you."

Such was the style of Ben's rhetoric with old Keimer. But it could not all do. For though these harangues

would sometimes make him fancy himself as big as Zoroaster or Confucius, and talk as if he should soon have the whole country running after him, and worshipping him for the GREAT LAMA of the West, yet this divinity fit was too much against the grain to last long. Unfortunately for poor Keimer, the kitchen lay between him and his bishopric; and both nature and habit had so wedded him to that swinish idol, that nothing could divorce him. So, after having been led by Ben a "*very d—l of a life*," as he called it, "*for three months*," his flesh-pot appetites prevailed, and he swore, "*by his whiskers, he would suffer it no longer*." Accordingly, he ordered a nice roast pig for dinner, and desired Ben to invite a young friend to dine with them. Ben did so; but neither himself nor his young friend were anything the better for the pig. For, before they could arrive, the pig being done, and his appetite beyond all restraint, Keimer had fallen on it and devoured the whole. And there he sat panting and torpid as an ANACONDA who had just swallowed a young buffalo. But still his looks gave sign that the "*Ministers of Grace*" had not entirely deserted him, for at sight of Ben and his young friend he blushed up to the eyelids, and in a glow of scarlet, which showed that he paid dear for his *whistle* (gluttony), he apologized for disappointing them of their dinner. "Indeed, the smell of the pig," he said, "was so sweet, and the nicely-browned skin so inviting, especially to him who had been *long starved*, that for the soul of him he could not resist the temptation to *taste it*; and then, O! if Lucifer himself had been at the door, he must have gone on, let what would have been the consequences." He said, too, "that for his part he was glad it was a *pig* and not a *hog*, for that he verily believed he should have bursted himself." Then, leaning back in his chair and pressing his swollen abdomen with his

paws, he exclaimed, with an awkward laugh, "Well, I don't believe I was ever cut out for a bishop!" Here ended the farce; for Keimer never after this uttered another word about his NEW RELIGION.

Ben used, laughing, to say that he drew Keimer into this scrape that he might enjoy the satisfaction of *starving him out of his gluttony*. And he did it also that he might save the more for *books and candles*: their vegetable regimens costing him, in all, rather less than three cents a day! To those who can spend twenty times this sum on tobacco and whiskey alone, *three cents per day* must appear a scurvy allowance, and of course poor Ben must be sadly pitied. But such philosophers should remember that all depends on our loves, whose property it is to make bitter things sweet, and heavy things light.

For example: to lie out in the darksome swamp with no other canopy but the sky, and no bed but the cold ground, and his only music the midnight owl or screaming alligator, seems terrible to servile minds; but it was joy to Marion, whose "*whole soul*," as General Lee well observes, "*was devoted to liberty and country*."

So, to shut himself up in a dirty printing-office, with no dinner but a bit of bread, no supper but an apple, must appear to every epicure, as it did to Keimer, "*a mere d—l of a life*;" but it was joy to Ben, whose whole soul was on his *books*, as the sacred lamps that were to guide him to usefulness and glory.

Happy he who early strikes into the path of *wisdom*, and bravely walks therein till habit sprinkles it with roses. He shall be led as a lamb among the green pastures along the watercourses of pleasure, nor shall he ever experience the pang of those

"Who see the right, and approve it too;

Condemn the wrong—and yet the wrong pursue."

JACK AND GILL: A CRITICISM.

JOSEPH DENNIE.

[Joseph Dennie, the author of the "Lay Preacher," and editor of "The Portfolio," a periodical not surpassed in literary merit by any similar contemporaneous publication, exercised, in his period, a most beneficial influence on American literature. His own writings are full of gayety and show excellent powers. The serio-comic specimen of criticism we give is a good example. Mr. Dennie was born in Boston in 1768, was educated at Harvard, read law after his graduation, and began practice at Walpole, New Hampshire. In 1799 he removed to Philadelphia, and there began in 1800 the publication of "The Portfolio." For five years it was a quarto weekly, and then became an octavo monthly, which it remained until it ceased to be issued in 1827. Mr. Dennie died in Philadelphia in 1812.]

AMONG critical writers, it is a common remark that the fashion of the times has often given a temporary reputation to performances of very little merit, and neglected those much more deserving of applause. I therefore rejoice that it has fallen to my lot to rescue from neglect this inimitable poem; for, whatever may be my diffidence, as I shall pursue the manner of the most eminent critics, it is scarcely possible to err. The fastidious reader will doubtless smile when he is informed that the work, thus highly praised, is a poem consisting only of four lines; but as there is no reason why a poet should be restricted in his number of verses, as it would be a very sad misfortune if every rhymers were obliged to write a long as well as a bad poem, and more particularly as these verses contain more beauties than we often find in a poem of four thousand, all objections to its brevity should cease. I must at the same time acknowledge that at first I doubted in what class of poetry it should be arranged. Its extreme shortness and its uncommon metre seemed to de-

grade it into a ballad ; but its interesting subject, its unity of plan, and, above all, its having a beginning, a middle, and an end, decide its claim to the epic rank. I shall now proceed, with the candor, though not with the acuteness, of a good critic, to analyze and display its various excellencies.

The opening of the poem is singularly beautiful :

Jack and Gill.

The first duty of the poet is to introduce his subject ; and there is no part of poetry more difficult. We are told by the great critic of antiquity that we should avoid beginning "*ab ovo*," but go into the business at once. Here our author is very happy ; for, instead of telling us, as an ordinary writer would have done, who were the ancestors of Jack and Gill, that the grandfather of Jack was a respectable farmer, that his mother kept a tavern at the sign of the Blue Bear, and that Gill's father was a justice of the peace (once of the *quorum*), together with a catalogue of uncles and aunts, he introduces them to us at once in their proper persons.

The choice, too, of names is not unworthy of consideration. It would doubtless have contributed to the splendor of the poem to have endowed the heroes with long and sounding titles, which, by dazzling the eyes of the reader, might prevent an examination of the work itself. These adventitious ornaments are justly disregarded by our author, who, by giving us plain Jack and Gill, has disdained to rely on extrinsic support. In the very choice of appellations he is, however, judicious. Had he, for instance, called the first character John, he might have given him more dignity ; but he would not so well harmonize with his neighbor, to whom, in the course of the work, it will appear he must necessarily be joined.

The personages being now seen, their situation is next to be discovered. Of this we are immediately informed in the subsequent line, when we are told

Jack and Gill
Went up a hill.

Here the imagery is distinct, yet the description concise. We instantly figure to ourselves the two persons travelling up an ascent, which we may accommodate to our own ideas of declivity, barrenness, rockiness, sandiness, etc., all which, as they exercise the imagination, are beauties of a high order. The reader will pardon my presumption, if I here attempt to broach a new principle, which no critic with whom I am acquainted has ever mentioned. It is this, that poetic beauties may be divided into *negative* and *positive*, the former consisting of mere absence of fault, the latter in the presence of excellence; the first of an inferior order, but requiring considerable critical acumen to discover them, the latter of a higher rank, but obvious to the meanest capacity. To apply the principle in this case, the poet meant to inform us that two persons were going up a hill. Now, the act of going up a hill—although Locke would pronounce it a very complex idea, comprehending person, rising ground, trees, etc., etc.—is an operation so simple as to need no description. Had the poet, therefore, told us how the two heroes went up, whether in a cart or a wagon, and entered into the thousand particulars which the subject involves, they would have been tedious, because superfluous. The omission of these little incidents, and telling us simply that they went up the hill, no matter how, is a very high negative beauty.

Having ascertained the names and conditions of the parties, the reader becomes naturally inquisitive into their employment, and wishes to know whether their occupation

is worthy of them. This laudable curiosity is abundantly gratified in the succeeding lines ; for

Jack and Gill
Went up a hill,
To fetch a bucket of water.

Here we behold the plan gradually unfolding, a new scene opens to our view, and the description is exceedingly beautiful. We now discover their object, which we were before left to conjecture. We see the two friends, like Pylades and Orestes, assisting and cheering each other in their labors, gayly ascending the hill, eager to arrive at the summit, and to—fill their bucket. Here, too, is a new elegance. Our acute author could not but observe the necessity of machinery, which has been so much commended by critics, and admired by readers. Instead, however, of introducing a host of gods and goddesses, who might have only impeded the journey of his heroes, by the intervention of the bucket,—which is, as it ought to be, simple and conducive to the progress of the poem,—he has considerably improved on the ancient plan. In the management of it, also, he has shown much judgment, by making the influence of the machinery and the subject reciprocal ; for while the utensil carries on the heroes, it is itself carried on by them.

It has been objected (for every Homer has his Zoilus) that their employment is not sufficiently dignified for epic poetry ; but, in answer to this, it must be remarked that it was the opinion of Socrates, and many other philosophers, that beauty should be estimated by utility ; and surely the purpose of the heroes must have been beneficial. They ascended the rugged mountain to draw water ; and drawing water is certainly more conducive to human happiness than drawing blood, as do the boasted heroes of the

Iliad, or roving on the ocean and invading other men's property, as did the pious Æneas. Yes! they went to draw water. Interesting scene! It might have been drawn for the purpose of culinary consumption; it might have been to quench the thirst of the harmless animals who relied on them for support; it might have been to feed a sterile soil, and to revive the drooping plants which they raised by their labors. Is not our author more judicious than Apollonius, who chooses for the heroes of his Argonautics a set of rascals undertaking to steal a sheepskin? And, if dignity is to be considered, is not drawing water a circumstance highly characteristic of antiquity? Do we not find the amiable Rebecca busy at the well? Does not one of the maidens in the Odyssey delight us by her diligence in the same situation? and has not a learned Dean proved that it was quite fashionable in Peloponnesus? Let there be an end to such frivolous remarks.

But the descriptive part is now finished, and the author hastens to the catastrophe. At what part of the mountain the well was situated, what was the reason of the sad misfortune, or how the prudence of Jack forsook him, we are not informed; but so, alas! it happened,

Jack fell down—

Unfortunate John! At the moment when he was nimbly, for aught we know, going up the hill, perhaps at the moment when his toils were to cease, and he had filled the bucket, he made an unfortunate step, his centre of gravity, as the philosophers would say, fell beyond his base, and he tumbled. The extent of his fall does not, however, appear until the next line, as the author feared to overwhelm us by too immediate a disclosure of his whole misfortune. Buoyed by hope, we suppose his affliction not quite remediless, that his fall is an accident to which the wayfarers

of this life are daily liable, and we anticipate his immediate rise to resume his labors. But how are we undeceived by the heart-rending tale that

Jack fell down
And broke his crown—

Nothing now remains but to deplore the premature fate of the unhappy John. The mention of the *crown* has much perplexed the commentators. But my learned reader will doubtless agree with me in conjecturing that, as the crown is often used metaphorically for the head, and as that part is, or, without any disparagement to the unfortunate sufferer, might have been, the heaviest, it was really his pericranium which sustained the damage. Having seen the fate of Jack, we are anxious to know the lot of his companion. Alas!

And Gill came tumbling after.

Here the distress thickens on us. Unable to support the loss of his friend, he followed him, determined to share his disaster, and resolved that, as they had gone up together, they should not be separated as they came down.

Of the bucket we are told nothing; but, as it is probable that it fell with its supporters, we have a scene of misery unequalled in the whole compass of tragic description. Imagine to ourselves Jack rapidly descending, perhaps rolling over and over down the mountain, the bucket, as the lighter, moving along, and pouring forth (if it had been filled) its liquid stream, Gill following in confusion, with a quick and circular and headlong motion; add to this the dust, which they might have collected and dispersed, with the blood which must have flowed from John's head, and we will witness a catastrophe highly shocking, and feel an irresistible impulse to run for a doctor. The sound, too, charmingly "echoes to the sense,"—

Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after.

The quick succession of movements is indicated by an equally rapid motion of the short syllables; and in the last line Gill rolls with a greater sprightliness and vivacity than even the stone of Sisyphus.

Having expatiated so largely on its particular merits, let us conclude by a brief review of its most prominent beauties. The subject is the *fall of men*,—a subject high, interesting, worthy of a poet; the heroes, men who do not commit a single fault, and whose misfortunes are to be imputed, not to indiscretion, but to destiny. To the illustration of the subject every part of the poem conduces. Attention is neither wearied by multiplicity of trivial incidents, nor distracted by frequency of digression. The poet prudently clipped the wings of imagination, and repressed the extravagance of metaphorical decoration. All is simple, plain, consistent. The moral, too,—that part without which poetry is useless sound,—has not escaped the view of the poet. When we behold two young men, who but a short moment before stood up in all the pride of health, suddenly falling down a hill, how must we lament the *instability* of all things!

AFTER THE BALL.

NORA PERRY.

[Most of our poets of any eminence have produced some one poem that has become specially popular, often alone representing the poet to the great majority of readers. This is the case with Nora Perry's 'After the Ball,' which has been quoted and requoted, yet whose

interest has never grown stale to the lovers of genuine poetry. The author is a graceful and musical writer, and deservedly popular. Her works are "After the Ball, and Other Poems," "Her Lover's Friend, and Other Poems," "The Tragedy of the Unexpected, and Other Stories," etc.]

THEY sat and combed their beautiful hair,
Their long, bright tresses, one by one,
As they laughed and talked in the chamber there,
After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille,
Idly they laughed, like other girls,
Who over the fire, when all is still,
Comb out their braids and curls.

Robes of satin and Brussels lace,
Knots of flowers and ribbons, too,
Scattered about in every place,
For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
For the revel is done,—

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,
And the little bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,
All out of the bitter Saint Agnes weather,
While the fire is out and the house is still,
Maud and Madge together,—

Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
Curtained away from the chilly night,
After the revel is done,—

Float along in a splendid dream,
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,
While a thousand lustres shimmering stream,
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels, and flutter of laces,
Tropical odors sweeter than musk,
Men and women with beautiful faces
And eyes of tropical dusk,—

And one face shining out like a star,
One face haunting the dreams of each,
And one voice, sweeter than others are,
Breaking into silvery speech,

Telling, through lips of bearded bloom,
An old, old story over again,
As down the royal bannered room,
To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two, they dreamily walk,
While an unseen spirit walks beside,
And, all unheard in the lovers' talk,
He claimeth one for a bride.

Oh, Maud and Madge, dream on together,
With never a pang of jealous fear!
For, ere the bitter Saint Agnes weather
Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal, and robed for the tomb,
Braided brown hair, and golden tress,
There'll be only one of you left for the bloom
Of the bearded lips to press,—

Only one for the bridal pearls,
The robe of satin and Brussels lace,—
Only one to blush through her curls
At the sight of a lover's face.

Oh, beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,
For you the revel has just begun;
But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night
The revel of life is done!

But robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,
Queen of heaven and bride of the sun,
Oh, beautiful Maud, you'll never miss
The kisses another hath won!

ORATION ON THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

HENRY LEE.

[We give a portion of this celebrated oration, one sentence of which will live in the memory of the American people while the name of Washington is remembered,—namely, that George Washington was “first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.” The name of Lee is one which occupies a prominent position in the political genealogy of America. Henry Lee, the “Light-Horse Harry” of the Revolutionary war, was a prominent cavalry officer on

the side of the republic, born in Virginia in 1756. He was selected by Congress in 1799 to pronounce a eulogy on Washington. He died in Georgia in 1818. One of his sons was General Robert E. Lee, the Confederate leader in the civil war.]

How, my fellow-citizens, shall I single to your grateful hearts his pre-eminent worth? Where shall I begin in opening to your view a character throughout sublime? Shall I speak of his warlike achievements, all springing from obedience to his country's will,—all directed to his country's good?

Will you go with me to the banks of the Monongahela, to see our youthful Washington supporting in the dismal hour of Indian victory the ill-fated Braddock, and saving, by his judgment and his valor, the remains of a defeated army, pressed by the conquering savage foe? Or when, oppressed America nobly resolving to risk her all in defence of her violated right, he was elevated by the unanimous vote of Congress to the command of her armies? Will you follow him to the high grounds of Boston, where to an undisciplined, courageous, and virtuous yeomanry his presence gave the stability of system and infused the invincibility of love of country? Or shall I carry you to the painful scenes of Long Island, York Island, and New Jersey, when, combating superior and gallant armies, aided by powerful fleets and led by chiefs high in the roll of fame, he stood the bulwark of our safety, undismayed by disasters, unchanged by change of fortune? Or will you view him in the precarious fields of Trenton, where deep gloom, unnerving every arm, reigned triumphant through our thinned, worn-down, unaided ranks, himself unknown? Dreadful was the night. It was about this time of winter; the storm raged; the Delaware, rolling furiously with floating ice, forbade the approach of man. Washington, self-collected, viewed the tremendous scene. His

country called; unappalled by surrounding dangers, he passed to the hostile shore; he fought, he conquered. The morning sun cheered the American world. Our country rose on the event, and her dauntless chief, pursuing his blow, completed in the lawns of Princeton what his vast soul had conceived on the shores of the Delaware.

Thence to the strong grounds of Morristown he led his small but gallant band; and through an eventful winter, by the high effort of his genius, whose matchless force was measurable only by the growth of difficulties, he held in check formidable hostile legions, conducted by a chief experienced in the arts of war, and famed for his valor on the ever-memorable Heights of Abraham, where fell Wolfe, Montcalm, and since our much-lamented Montgomery, all covered with glory. In this fortunate interval, produced by his masterly conduct, our fathers, ourselves, animated by his resistless example, rallied around our country's standard, and continued to follow her beloved chief through the various and trying scenes to which the destinies of our union led.

Who is there that has forgotten the vales of Brandywine, the fields of Germantown, or the plains of Monmouth? Everywhere present, wants of every kind obstructing, numerous and valiant armies encountering, himself a host, he assuaged our sufferings, limited our privations, and upheld our tottering Republic. Shall I display to you the spread of the fire of his soul, by rehearsing the praises of the hero of Saratoga and his much-loved compeer of the Carolinas? No; our Washington wears not borrowed glory. To Gates, to Greene, he gave without reserve the applause due to their eminent merit; and long may the chiefs of Saratoga and of Eutaw receive the grateful respect of a grateful people.

Moving in his own orbit, he imparted heat and light to his most distant satellites; and, combining the physical and moral force of all within his sphere, with irresistible weight, he took his course, commiserating folly, disdaining vice, dismaying treason, and invigorating despondency; until the auspicious hour arrived when, united with the intrepid forces of a potent and magnanimous ally, he brought to submission the since conqueror of India; thus finishing his long career of military glory with a lustre corresponding to his great name, and in this, his last act of war, affixing the seal of fate to our nation's birth.

* * * * *

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere, uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was edifying to all around him, as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals he was condescending; to his inferiors, kind; and to the dear object of his affections, exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues.

His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life. Although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan, escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America has lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns!

RELIGION IN ITS RELATIONS TO LITERATURE.

W. E. CHANNING.

[William Ellery Channing, the author of our present selection, was born in Rhode Island in 1780, and died in Massachusetts in October, 1842. Devoted from an early age to religious studies, he quickly assumed the position of the most eloquent of Unitarian ministers, and one of the most elegant and forcible writers of that early period of American literature. Channing, while one of the first, was one of the most ardent, of our reformers, and his eloquent appeals against slavery, war, intemperance, and other evils of society rank with the finest and most influential contributions to the literature of human progress. His paper on the "Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte" spread his reputation throughout the civilized world. Others of his works were "Self-Culture," "Elevation of the Laboring Classes," and "Evidences of Christianity." The latter is a work of the very highest merit, and perhaps the most admirable contribution to the subject in the English language. Channing's life was as pure in tone, and as admirable in its high standard of morality, as his writings. We give a short extract from his essay on Fénelon, in which are beautifully shown the true relations of literature to religion.]

THE truth is, that religion, justly viewed, surpasses all other principles in giving a free and manifold action to the mind. It recognizes in every faculty and sentiment the workmanship of God, and assigns a sphere of agency to each. It takes our whole nature under its guardianship, and with a parental love ministers to its inferior as well as higher gratifications. False religion mutilates the soul, sees evil in our innocent sensibilities, and rules with a tyrant's frown and rod. True religion is a mild and lawful sovereign, governing to protect, to give strength, to unfold all our inward resources. We believe that, under its influence, literature is to pass its present limits, and to put itself forth in original forms of composition. Religion

is of all principles most fruitful, multiform, and unconfined. It is sympathy with that Being who seems to delight in diversifying the modes of his agency and the products of his wisdom and power. It does not chain us to a few essential duties, or express itself in a few unchanging modes of writing. It has the liberality and munificence of nature, which not only produces the necessary root and grain, but pours forth fruits and flowers. It has the variety and bold contrasts of nature, which at the foot of the awful mountain scoops out the freshest, sweetest valleys, and embosoms, in the wild, troubled ocean, islands whose vernal airs and loveliness and teeming fruitfulness almost breathe the joys of Paradise. Religion will accomplish for literature what it most needs; that is, will give it depth, at the same time that it heightens its grace and beauty. The union of these attributes is most to be desired. Our literature is lamentably superficial, and to some the beautiful and the superficial even seem to be naturally conjoined. Let not beauty be so wronged. It resides chiefly in profound thoughts and feelings. It overflows chiefly in the writings of poets, gifted with a sublime and piercing vision. A beautiful literature springs from the depth and fulness of intellectual and moral life, from an energy of thought and feeling, to which nothing, as we believe, ministers so largely as enlightened religion.

So far from a monotonous solemnity overspreading literature in consequence of the all-pervading influence of religion, we believe that the sportive and comic forms of composition, instead of being abandoned, will only be refined and improved. We know that these are supposed to be frowned upon by piety; but they have their root in the constitution which God has given us, and ought not therefore to be indiscriminately condemned. The propensity to wit and laughter does indeed, through excessive indul-

gence, often issue in a character of heartless levity, low mimicry, or unfeeling ridicule. It often seeks gratification in regions of impurity, throws a gayety round vice, and sometimes even pours contempt on virtue. But, though often and mournfully perverted, it is still a gift of God, and may and ought to minister, not only to innocent pleasure, but to the intellect and the heart. Man was made for relaxation as truly as for labor; and, by a law of his nature which has not received the attention it deserves, he finds perhaps no relaxation so restorative as that in which he reverts to his childhood, seems to forget his wisdom, leaves the imagination to exhilarate itself by sportive inventions, talks of amusing incongruities in conduct and events, smiles at the innocent eccentricities and odd mistakes of those whom he most esteems, allows himself to indulge in arch allusions or kind-hearted satire, and transports himself into a world of ludicrous combinations. We have said that on these occasions the mind seems to put off its wisdom; but the truth is that, in a pure mind, wisdom retreats, if we may so say, to its centre, and there, unseen, keeps guard over this transient folly, draws delicate lines which are never to be passed in the freest moments, and, like a judicious parent watching the sports of childhood, preserves a stainless innocence of soul in the very exuberance of gayety. This combination of moral power with wit and humor, with comic conceptions and irrepressible laughter, this union of mirth and virtue, belongs to an advanced stage of the character; and we believe that in proportion to the diffusion of an enlightened religion this action of the mind will increase, and will overflow in compositions which, joining innocence to sportiveness, will communicate unmixed delight. Religion is not at variance with occasional mirth. In the same character, the solemn thoughts and the sublime emotions of the

improved Christian may be joined with the unanxious freedom, buoyancy, and gayety of early years.

We will add but one more illustration of our views. We believe that the union of religion with genius will favor that species of composition to which it may seem at first to be least propitious. We refer to that department of literature which has for its object the delineation of the stronger and more terrible and guilty passions. Strange as it may appear, these gloomy and appalling features of our nature may be best comprehended and portrayed by the purest and noblest minds. The common idea is that overwhelming emotions, the more they are experienced, can the more effectually be described. We have one strong presumption against this doctrine. Tradition leads us to believe that Shakespeare, though he painted so faithfully and fearfully the storms of passion, was a calm and cheerful man. The passions are too much engrossed by their objects to meditate on themselves; and none are more ignorant of their growth and subtle workings than their own victims. Nothing reveals to us the secrets of our own souls like religion, and in disclosing to us, in ourselves, the tendency of passion to afford every energy and to spread its hues over every thought, it gives us a key to all souls; for, in all, human nature is essentially one, having the same spiritual elements and the same grand features. No man, it is believed, understands the wild and irregular emotions of the mind like him in whom a principle of divine order has begun to establish peace. No man knows the horror of thick darkness which gathers over the slaves of vehement passion like him who is rising into the light and liberty of virtue. There is indeed a selfish shrewdness, which is thought to give a peculiar and deep insight into human nature. But the knowledge of which it boasts is partial, distorted, and vul-

gar, and wholly unfit for the purposes of literature. We value it little. We believe that no qualification avails so much to a knowledge of human nature in all its forms, in its good and evil manifestations, as that enlightened, celestial charity which religion alone inspires; for this establishes sympathies between us and all men, and thus makes them intelligible to us. A man imbued with this spirit alone contemplates vice as it really exists and as it ought always to be described. In the most depraved fellow-beings he sees partakers of his own nature. Amidst the terrible ravages of the passions he sees conscience, though prostrate, not destroyed, nor wholly powerless. He sees the proofs of an unextinguished moral life, in inward struggles, in occasional relentings, in sighings for lost innocence, in reviving throbs of early affections, in the sophistry by which the guilty mind would become reconciled to itself, in remorse, in anxious forebodings, in despair, perhaps in studied recklessness and cherished self-forgetfulness. These conflicts between the passions and the moral nature are the most interesting subjects in the branch of literature to which we refer, and we believe that to portray them with truth and power the man of genius can find in nothing such effectual aid as in the development of the moral and religious principles in his own breast.

SUNDAY MORNING IN WALLENCAMP.

SALLIE PRATT McLEAN.

[The selection given below is from "Cape Cod Folks," a work marked by a fine power of humorous characterization. Grandpa and Grandma Keeler, in particular, are richly drawn, and we have chosen a scene in which these veterans are strongly brought out. The work

created considerable sensation when first published, it being declared that not only were actual Cape Cod characters introduced, but that real names were in some cases employed. There was even talk of prosecution of the author for libel. This author was Sallie Pratt McLean, a native of Connecticut, where she was born in 1855.]

SUNDAY morning nothing arose in Wallencamp save the sun.

At least, that celestial orb had long forgotten all the roseate flaming of his youth, in an honest, straightforward march through the heavens, ere the first signs of smoke came curling lazily up from the Wallencamp chimneys.

I had retired at night, very weary, with the delicious consciousness that it wouldn't make any difference when I woke up the next morning, or whether, indeed, I woke at all. So I opened my eyes leisurely and lay half dreaming, half meditating on a variety of things.

I deciphered a few of the texts on the scriptural patchwork quilt which covered my couch. There were—"Let not your heart be troubled," "Remember Lot's wife," and "Philander Keeler," traced in inky hieroglyphics, all in close conjunction.

Finally, I reached out for my watch, and, having ascertained the time of day, I got up and proceeded to dress hastily enough, wondering to hear no signs of life in the house.

I went noiselessly down the stairs. All was silent below, except for the peaceful snoring of Mrs. Philander and the little Keelers, which was responded to from some remote western corner of the Ark by the triumphant snores of Grandma and Grandpa Keeler.

I attempted to kindle a fire in the stove, but it sizzled a little while, spitefully, as much as to say, "What! Sunday morning? Not I!" and went out. So I concluded

to put on some wraps and go out and warm myself in the sun.

I climbed the long hill back of the Ark, descended, and walked along the bank of the river. It was a beautiful morning. The air was—everything that could be desired in the way of air, but I felt a desperate need of something more substantial.

Standing alone with nature, on the bank of the lovely river, I thought, with tears in my eyes, of the delicious breakfast already recuperating the exhausted energies of my far-away home friends.

When I got back to the house, Mrs. Philander, in simple and unaffected attire, was bustling busily about the stove.

The snores from Grandma and Grandpa's quarter had ceased, signifying that they, also, had advanced a stage in the grand processes of Sunday morning.

The children came teasing me to dress them, so I fastened for them a variety of small articles which I flattered myself on having combined in a very ingenious and artistic manner, though I believe those infant Keelers went weeping to Grandma afterwards, and were remodelled by her all-comforting hand with much skill and patience.

In the midst of her preparations for breakfast, Madeline abruptly assumed her hat and shawl, and was seen from the window walking leisurely across the fields in the direction of the woods. She returned in due time, bearing an armful of fresh evergreens, which she twisted around the family register.

When the ancient couple made their appearance, I remarked silently, in regard to Grandma Keeler's hair, what proved afterward to be its usual holiday-morning arrangement. It was confined in six infinitesimal braids which appeared to be sprouting out, perpendicularly, in all directions from her head. The effect of redundancy

and expansiveness thus heightened and increased on Grandma's features was striking in the extreme.

While we were eating breakfast, that good soul observed to Grandpa Keeler, "Wall, pa, I suppose you'll be all ready when the time comes to take teacher and me over to West Wallen to Sunday-school, won't ye?"

Grandpa coughed, and coughed again, and raised his eyes helplessly to the window.

"Looks some like showers," said he. "A-hem! a-hem! Looks mightily to me like showers, over yonder."

"Thar, r'aly, husband! I must say I feel mortified for ye," said Grandma. "Seein' as you're a pefessor, too, and thar ain't been a single Sunday mornin' since I've lived with ye, pa, summer or winter, but what you've seen showers, and it r'aly seems to me it's dreadful inconsistent, when thar ain't no cloud in the sky, and don't look no more like rain than I do." And Grandma's face, in spite of her reproachful tones, was, above all, blandly sunlike and expressive of anything rather than deluge and watery disaster.

Grandpa was silent a little while, then coughed again. I had never seen Grandpa in worse straits.

"A-hem! a-hem! 'Fanny' seems to be a little lame this mornin'," said he. "I shouldn't wonder. She's been goin' pretty stiddy this week."

"It does beat all, pa," continued Grandma Keeler, "how't all the horses you've ever had since I've known ye have always been took lame Sunday mornin'. Thar was 'Happy Jack,' he could go anywhers through the week, and never limp a step, as nobody could see, and Sunday mornin' he was always took lame! And thar was 'Tantrum'——"

"Tantrum" was the horse that had run away with Grandma when she was thrown from the wagon and gen-

erally smashed to pieces. And now Grandma branched off into the thrilling reminiscences connected with this incident of her life, which was the third time during the week that the horrible tale had been repeated for my delectation.

When she had finished, Grandpa shook his head with painful earnestness, reverting to the former subject of discussion.

"It's a long jaunt!" said he; "a long jaunt!"

"Thar's a long hill to climb before we reach Zion's mount," said Grandma Keeler, impressively.

"Wall, there's a darned sight harder one on the road to West Wallen!" burst out the old sea-captain, desperately; "say nothin' about the devilish stones!"

"Thar, now," said Grandma, with calm though awful reproof, "I think we've gone fur enough for one day; we've broke the Sabbath, and took the name of the Lord in vain, and that ought to be enough for perfessors."

Grandpa replied at length, in a greatly-subdued tone, "Wall, if you and the teacher want to go over to Sunday-school to-day, I suppose we can go if we get ready," a long, submissive sigh,— "I suppose we can."

"They have preachin' service in the mornin', I suppose," said Grandma. "But we don't generally git along to that. It makes such an early start. We generally try to git around, when we go, in time for Sunday-school. They have singin' and all. It's just about as interestin', I think, as preachin'. The old man r'aly likes it," she observed aside to me, "when he once gits started, but he kind o' dreads the gittin' started."

When I beheld the ordeal through which Grandpa Keeler was called to pass, at the hands of his faithful consort, before he was considered in a fit condition of mind and body to embark for the sanctuary, I marvelled not at the

old man's reluctance, nor that he had indeed seen clouds and tempest fringing the horizon.

Immediately after breakfast, he set out for the barn, ostensibly to "see to the chores;" really, I believe, to obtain a few moments' respite before worse evil should come upon him.

Pretty soon Grandma was at the back door, calling, in firm though persuasive tones,—

"Husband! husband! Come in, now, and get ready!"

No answer. Then it was in another key, weighty, yet expressive of no weak irritation, that Grandma called, "Come, pa! pa-a! pa-a-a!" Still no answer.

Then that voice of Grandma's sung out like a trumpet, terrible with meaning, "Bijonah Keeler!"

But Grandpa appeared not. Next, I saw Grandma slowly but surely gravitating in the direction of the barn, and soon she returned, bringing with her that ancient delinquent, who looked like a lost sheep indeed and a truly unreconciled one.

"Now the first thing," said Grandma, looking her forlorn captive over, "is boots. Go and get on yer meetin' gaiters, pa."

The old gentleman, having invested himself with those sacred relics, came pathetically limping into the room.

"I declare, ma," said he, "somehow these things—phew! Somehow they pinch my feet dreadfully. I don't know what it is,—phew! They're dreadful oncomf'table things, somehow."

"Since I've known ye, pa," solemnly ejaculated Grandma Keeler, "you've never had a pair o' meetin' boots that set easy on yer feet. You'd ought to get boots big enough for ye, pa," she continued, looking down disapprovingly on the old gentleman's pedal extremities, which resembled two small scows at anchor in black cloth encasements,

"and not be so proud as to go to pinchin' yer feet into gaiters a number o' sizes too small for ye."

"They're number tens, I tell ye!" roared Grandpa, nettled outrageously by this cutting taunt.

"Wall, thar, now, pa," said Grandma, soothingly: "if I had sech feet as that, I wouldn't go to spreadin' it all over town, if I was you—but it's time we stopped bick-erin' now, husband, and got ready for meetin': so set down and let me wash yer head."

"I've washed once this mornin'. It's clean enough," Grandpa protested, but in vain. He was planted in a chair, and Grandma Keeler, with rag and soap and a basin of water, attacked the old gentleman vigorously, much as I have seen cruel mothers wash the faces of their earth-begrimed infants. He only gave expression to such groans as,—

"Thar, ma! don't tear my ears to pieces! Come, ma! you've got my eyes so full o' soap now, ma, that I can't see nothin'. Phew! Lordy! ain't ye most through with this, ma?"

Then came the dyeing process, which Grandma Keeler assured me, aside, made Grandpa "look like a man o' thirty;" but, to me, after it he looked neither old nor young, human nor inhuman, nor like anything that I had ever seen before under the sun.

"There's the lotion, the potion, the dye-er, and the setter," said Grandma, pointing to four bottles on the table. "Now whar's the directions, Madeline?"

These having been produced from between the leaves of the family Bible, Madeline read, while Grandma made a vigorous practical application of the various mixtures.

"This admirable lotion,"—in soft ecstatic tones Madeline rehearsed the flowery language of the recipe,— "though not so instantaneously startling in its effects as

our inestimable dyer and setter, yet forms a most essential part of the whole process, opening, as it does, the dry and lifeless pores of the scalp, imparting to them new life and beauty, and rendering them more easily susceptible to the applications which follow. But we must go deeper than this: a tone must be given to the whole system by means of the cleansing and rejuvenating of the very centre of our beings, and, for this purpose, we have prepared our wonderful potion." Here Grandpa, with a wry face, was made to swallow a spoonful of the mixture. "Our unparalleled dyer," Madeline continued, "restores black hair to a more than original gloss and brilliancy, and gives to the faded golden tress the sunny flashes of youth." Grandpa was dyed. "Our world-renowned setter completes and perfects the whole process, by adding tone and permanency to the efficacious qualities of the lotion, potion, and dyer, etc.," while on Grandpa's head the unutterable dye was set.

"Now read teacher some of the testimonials, daughter," said Grandma Keeler, whose face was one broad, generous illustration of that rare and peculiar virtue called faith.

So Madeline continued: "Mrs. Hiram Briggs, of North Dedham, writes: 'I was terribly afflicted with baldness, so that, for months, I was little more than an outcast from society, and an object of pity to my most familiar friends. I tried every remedy in vain. At length I heard of your wonderful restorative. After a week's application, my hair had already begun to grow in what seemed the most miraculous manner. At the end of ten months it had assumed such length and proportions as to be a most luxurious burden, and where I had before been regarded with pity and aversion, I became the envied and admired of all beholders.'"

"Just think," said Grandma Keeler, with rapturous

sympathy and gratitude, "how that poor creetur must 'a' felt!"

"'Orion Spaulding, of Weedsville, Vermont,'" Madeline went on—but here I had to beg to be excused, and went to my room to get ready for the Sunday-school.

When I came down again, Grandpa Keeler was seated, completely arrayed in his best clothes, opposite Grandma, who held the big family Bible in her lap, and a Sunday-school question-book in one hand.

"Now, pa," said she, "what tribe was it in sacred writ that wore bunnits?"

I was compelled to infer from the tone of Grandpa Keeler's answer that his temper had not undergone a mollifying process during my absence.

"Come, ma," said he, "how much longer ye goin' to pester me in this way?"

"Why, pa," Grandma rejoined, calmly, "until you git a proper understandin' of it. What tribe was it in sacred writ that wore bunnits?"

"Lordy!" exclaimed the old man. "How d'ye suppose I know! They must 'a' been a tarnal old-womanish-lookin' set, anyway."

"The tribe o' Judah, pa," said Grandma, gravely. "Now, how good it is, husband, to have your understandin' all freshened up on the scriptures!"

"Come, come, ma!" said Grandpa, rising nervously, "it's time we was startin'. When I make up my mind to go anywhere I always want to git there in time. If I was goin' to the old Harry, I should want to git there in time."

"It's my consarn that we shall git thar before time, some on us," said Grandma, with sad meaning, "unless we larn to use more respec'ful language."

THE LADY RIBERTA'S HARVEST.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

[Mrs. Preston—born in Virginia in 1838—is a poetess of much ability, and a graceful and attractive prose-writer, with fine powers of expression. Her published works are, in prose and poetry, “Silverwood,” “Beechenbrook,” “Old Songs and New,” and “Cartoons.” The poem we give is from the last-named work.]

I.

In the days of eld there was wont to be,
On the jagged coast of the Zuyder Zee,
A city from whence broad galleons went
To distant island and continent,
To lands that under the tropics lay,
Ind and the fabled far Cathay,
To gather from earth, and sea, and air,
All that was beautiful, rich, and rare;
And back they voyaged so laden full
With fairy fabrics from old Stamboul,
With pungent woods that breathed out balms,
With brodered stuffs from the realm of palms,
With shawls from the marts of Ispahan,
With marvellous lacquers from strange Japan,
That through this traffic on many a sea
So grand did its merchants grow to be
That even Venetian lords became
Half covetous of the city's fame.

II.

The Lady Riberta's fleet was great,
And year by year it had brought such store
Of treasures, until in her queenly state
There scarcely sufficed her room for more.

Her feasts—no prince in the realms around
Had service so rich or food so fine
As daily her carven tables crowned ;
And proud she was of her luscious cates,
And her rare conserves, and her priceless wine,
And her golden salvers and golden plates ;
For all that the sea or the shore could bring
Was hers for the fairest furnishing.

III.

It fell one day that a stranger came
In garb of an Eastern sage arrayed,
Commended by one of noble name :
He had traversed many a clime, he said,
And, whithersoever he went, had heard
Of the Lady Riberta's state, that so
In his heart a secret yearning stirred
To find if the tale were true or no.
At once the Lady Riberta's pride
Upsprang, and into her lordly hall
She led the stranger, and at her side
She bade him be seated in sight of all.

IV.

Silver and gold around him gleamed,
The daintiest dishes before him steamed ;
The rarest of fish, and flesh, and bird,
Fruits all flushed with the tropic sun,
Nuts whose names he had never heard,
Were offered : the stranger would have none ;
Nor spake he in praise a single word.
"Doth anything lack," with chafe, at last,
The hostess queried, "from the repast?"

Gravely the guest then gave reply :
"Lady, since thou dost question, I,
Daring to speak the truth alway,
Even in such a presence, say
Something is wanting: I have sate
Oft at the tables of rich and great,
Nor seen such viands as these; but yet
I marvel me much thou shouldst forget
The world's one *best* thing; for 'tis clear,
Whatever beside, *it* is not here."

V.

"Name it," the Lady flashed, "and nought
Will I grudge of search till the *best* is brought."

But never another word the guest
Uttered, as smoothly he waved aside
Her question, that in the heat of pride,
Mindless of courtesy, still she pressed.
And when from her grand refection hall
They fared from their feasting, one and all,
Again with a heightened tone and air
To the guest she turned, but no guest was there.
"I'll have it," she stamped, "whatever it be;
"I'll scour the land, and I'll sweep the sea,
Nor ever the tireless quest resign
Till I know the world's one *best* thing mine!"

VI.

Once more were the white-sailed galleons sent
To far-off island and continent,
In search of the most delicious things
That ever had whetted the greed of kings:
But none of the luxuries that they brought
Seemed quite the marvel the Lady sought.

VII.

At length from his latest voyage back
Sailed one of her captains: he told her how
Wild weather had driven him from his track,
And his vessel had sprung aleak, till bow
And stern were merged, and a rime of mould
Had mossed the flour within the hold,
And nothing was left but wine and meat,
Through weary weeks, for the crew to eat.
"Then the words of the stranger rose," he said,
"And I felt that the one *best* thing was *bread* :
And so, for a cargo, I was fain
Thereafter to load my ships with grain."

VIII.

The Lady Riberta's wrath out-sprang
Like a sword from its sheath, and her keen voice rang
Sharp as a lance-thrust: "Get thee back
To the vessel, and have forth every sack,
And spill in the sea thy curséd store,
Nor ever sail with my galleons more!"

IX.

The people who hungered for daily bread
Prayed that to them in their need, instead,
The grain might be dealt; but she heeded none,
Nor rested until the deed was done.

X.

The months passed on, and the harvest sown
In the furrows of deep sea-fields had grown
To a forest of slender stalks,—a wide
Strong net to trap whatever the tide

Drew on in its wake,—the drift and wreck
Of many a shattered mast and deck,
And all the tangle of weeds there be
Afloat in the trough of the plunging sea,
Until, as the years went by, a shoal
Of sand had tided a sunken mole
Across the mouth of the port, that so
The galleys were foundered, and to and fro
No longer went forth, and merchants sought
Harbors elsewhere for the stores they brought.
The Lady Riberta's ships went down
In the offing; the city's old renown
Faded and fled with its commerce dead,
And the Lady Riberta *begged for bread*.

XI.

The hungry billows with rage and roar
Have broken the ancient barriers o'er,
And bitten their way into the shore,
And where such traffic was wont to be,
The voyager now can only see
The spume and fret of the Zuyder Zee.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN 1800.

SAMUEL G. GOODRICH.

[The vast quantity of juvenile literature, of all sizes and shapes and adapted to all tastes, with which Young America is now blessed (or burdened), was preceded a generation or two ago by the writings of a few authors only, much less varied in subject and ambitious in style and finish, yet in their day the youthful delight of the elderly men and women of the present era. Among these caterers to juvenile taste the

name of Peter Parley stands eminent, with his nearly two hundred separate volumes, including history, geography, travels, and other educational works, which fifty years ago were highly popular, yet which have as completely vanished from sight as if they had never existed. Samuel Griswold Goodrich, the author concealed under the title of Peter Parley, was born at Ridgefield, Connecticut, in 1793, and died in 1860. In addition to his juvenile works, he wrote several for mature readers, among which we may name "Recollections of a Lifetime." In the following selection we give an interesting extract from these recollections, of value as showing the marked difference between American manners and customs at the beginning and towards the end of the nineteenth century.]

MY DEAR C——,—You will gather from my preceding letter some ideas of the household industry and occupations of country-people in Connecticut at the beginning of the present century. Their manners, in other respects, had a corresponding stamp of homeliness and simplicity.

In most families, the first exercise of the morning was reading the Bible, followed by a prayer, at which all were assembled, including the servants and helpers of the kitchen and the farm. Then came the breakfast, which was a substantial meal, always including hot viands, with vegetables, apple-sauce, pickles, mustard, horseradish, and various other condiments. Cider was the common drink for laboring people; even children drank it at will. Tea was common, but not so general as now. Coffee was almost unknown. Dinner was a still more hearty and varied repast, characterized by abundance of garden vegetables; tea was a light supper.

The day began early: breakfast was had at six in summer and seven in winter; dinner at noon,—the work-people in the fields being called to their meals by a conch-shell, usually winded by some kitchen Triton. The echoing of this noontide horn from farm to farm, and over hill and dale, was a species of music which even rivalled the pop-

ular melody of drum and fife. Tea—the evening meal—usually took place about sundown. In families where all were laborers, all sat at table, servants as well as masters,—the food being served before sitting down. In families where the masters and mistresses did not share the labors of the household or the farm, the meals of the domestics were had separate. There was, however, in those days a perfectly good understanding and good feeling between the masters and servants. The latter were not Irish; they had not as yet imbibed the plebeian envy of those above them which has since so generally embittered and embarrassed American domestic life. The terms democrat and aristocrat had not got into use: these distinctions, and the feelings now implied by them, had, indeed, no existence in the hearts of the people. Our servants, during all my early life, were of the neighborhood, generally the daughters of respectable farmers and mechanics, and, respecting others, were themselves respected and cherished. They were devoted to the interests of the family, and were always relied upon and treated as friends. In health they had the same food, in sickness the same care, as the masters and mistresses or their children. This servitude implied no degradation, because it did not degrade the heart or manners of those subjected to it. It was never thought of as a reproach to a man or woman, in the stations they afterwards filled, that he or she had been out to service. If servitude has since become associated with debasement, it is only because servants themselves, under the bad guidance of demagogues, have lowered their calling by low feelings and low manners.

At the period of my earliest recollections, men of all classes were dressed in long, broad-tailed coats, with huge pockets, long waistcoats, and breeches. Hats had low crowns, with broad brims,—some so wide as to be sup-

ported at the sides with cords. The stockings of the parson, and a few others, were of silk in summer and worsted in winter; those of the people were generally of wool, and blue and gray mixed. Women dressed in wide bonnets,—sometimes of straw and sometimes of silk: the gowns were of silk, muslin, gingham, etc.,—generally close and short-waisted, the breast and shoulders being covered by a full muslin kerchief. Girls ornamented themselves with a large white Vandyke. On the whole, the dress of both men and women has greatly changed. As to the former, short, snug, close-fitting garments have succeeded to the loose latitudinarian coats of former times; stove-pipe hats have followed broad brims, and pantaloons have taken the place of breeches. With the other sex, little French bonnets, set round with glowing flowers, flourish in the place of the plain, yawning hats of yore; then it was as much an effort to make the waists short as it is now to make them long. As to the hips, which now make so formidable a display, it seems to me that, in the days I allude to, ladies had none to speak of.

The amusements were then much the same as at present; though some striking differences may be noted. Books and newspapers—which are now diffused even among the country towns, so as to be in the hands of all, young and old—were then scarce, and were read respectfully, and as if they were grave matters, demanding thought and attention. They were not toys and pastimes, taken up every day, and by everybody, in the short intervals of labor, and then hastily dismissed, like waste paper. The aged sat down when they read, and drew forth their spectacles and put them deliberately and reverently upon the nose. These instruments were not, as now, little tortoise-shell hooks, attached to a ribbon, and put off and on with a jerk; but they were of silver or steel, substantially made,

and calculated to hold on with a firm and steady grasp, showing the gravity of the uses to which they were devoted. Even the young approached a book with reverence, and a newspaper with awe. How the world has changed!

The two great festivals were Thanksgiving and "training-day,"—the latter deriving from the still lingering spirit of the Revolutionary War a decidedly martial character. The marching of the troops, and the discharge of gunpowder, which invariably closed the exercises, were glorious and inspiring mementos of heroic achievements upon many a bloody field. The music of the drum and fife resounded on every side. A match between two rival drummers always drew an admiring crowd, and was in fact one of the chief excitements of the great day.

Tavern-haunting—especially in winter, when there was little to do, for manufactures had not then sprung up to give profitable occupation during this inclement season—was common, even with respectable farmers. Marriages were celebrated in the evening, at the house of the bride, with a general gathering of the neighborhood, and usually wound off by dancing. Everybody went, as to a public exhibition, without invitation. Funerals generally drew large processions, which proceeded to the grave. Here the minister always made an address suited to the occasion. If there was anything remarkable in the history of the deceased, it was turned to religious account in the next Sunday's sermon. Singing-meetings, to practise church music, were a great resource for the young in winter. Dances at private houses were common, and drew no reproaches from the sober people present. Balls at the tavern were frequented by the young; the children of deacons and ministers attended, though the parents did not. The winter brought sleighing, skating, and the usual

round of in-door sports. In general, the intercourse of all classes was kindly and considerate,—no one arrogating superiority, and yet no one refusing to acknowledge it where it existed. You would hardly have noticed that there was a higher and a lower class. Such there were, certainly, for there must always and everywhere be the strong and the weak, the wise and the foolish, those of superior and those of inferior intellect, taste, manners, appearance, and character. But in our society these existed without being felt as a privilege to one which must give offence to another. The feuds between Up and Down, which have since disturbed the whole fabric of society, had not then begun.

It may serve, in some degree, to throw light upon the manners and customs of this period, if I give you a sketch of my two grandmothers. Both were widows, and were well stricken in years, when they came to visit us at Ridgefield,—about the year 1803 or '4. My grandmother Ely was of the old régime, a lady of the old school, and sustaining the character in her upright carriage, her long, tapering waist, and her high-heeled shoes. The costumes of Louis XV.'s time had prevailed in New York and Boston, and even at this period they still lingered there in isolated cases, though the Revolution had generally exercised a transforming influence upon the toilet of both men and women. It is curious enough that at this moment—1855—the female attire of a century ago is revived; and in every black-eyed, stately old lady, dressed in black silk and showing her steel-gray hair beneath her cap, I can now see semblances of this my maternal grandmother.

My other grandmother was in all things the opposite: short, fat, blue-eyed, practical, utilitarian. She was a good example of the country dame, hearty, homespun, familiar, full of strong sense and practical energy. I

scarcely know which of the two I liked the best. The first sang me plaintive songs; told me stories of the Revolution,—her husband, Colonel Ely, having had a large and painful share in its vicissitudes; she described General Washington, whom she had seen, and the French officers, Lafayette, Rochambeau, and others, who had been inmates of her house. She told me tales of even more ancient date, and recited poetry, generally consisting of ballads, which were suited to my taste. And all this lore was commended to me by a voice of inimitable tenderness and a manner at once lofty and condescending. My other grandmother was not less kind, but she promoted my happiness and prosperity in another way. Instead of stories, she gave me bread and butter; in place of poetry, she fed me with apple-sauce and pie. Never was there a more hearty old lady. She had a firm conviction that children must be fed, and what she believed she practised.

A VISIT TO SUNNYSIDE.

J. G. WILSON.

[From the latest work of James Grant Wilson, the charmingly-written series of literary memoirs entitled "Bryant and his Friends," we select an interesting description of a visit to Washington Irving in his days of ripe old age. Other works of the author are "Memoirs of Illustrious Soldiers," "Poets and Poetry of Scotland," and biographies of General Grant and Fitz-Greene Halleck. General Wilson was born at Poughkeepsie, New York, in 1835. He served with distinction as a cavalry colonel in the civil war, attaining before its close the rank of brigadier-general.]

It was a sunny September morning that the writer set out from New York in an early train, on a visit to Sunny-

side and its late honored proprietor,—almost the last of the great literary lights that witnessed the dawn of the nineteenth century. Of his eminent contemporaries who ushered in the reign of the last of the Georges, but four survived him,—Dana, De Quincey, Landor, and Paulding,—and they, full of years and then trembling on the horizon's verge, have since been gathered to their fathers.

Arrived at Irvington, we procured the only attainable vehicle the place could boast of,—an old, shaky, two-seated box wagon, drawn by a steed bearing a striking resemblance to Geoffrey Crayon's descriptions of the charger bestrode by the enraptured pedagogue on the occasion of the famous gathering at Mynheer Van Tassel's,—and were in due time set down at the porch of Sunnyside, pleasantly situated on the banks of the river where its owner thanked God he was born. The quaint-looking mansion is a graceful combination of the English cottage and Dutch farm-house, covered with ivy brought from Melrose Abbey, and embowered amid trees and shrubbery. A venerable weathercock of portly dimensions, which once covered the Stadt-House of New Amsterdam, in the time of worthy Peter Stuyvesant, erects its crest on the gable end of the edifice, and a gilded horse in full gallop, whilom the weathercock of a valiant burgomaster of Albany, glitters in the sunshine on a peaked turret over the portal.

From the tranquil and secluded abode are visible the "Tappaan Zee" and the picturesque Palisades, and various paths lead through shadowy walks or to points commanding fine views of river-scenery. Near by murmurs a musical stream. A more charming retreat for a poet's old age it would be difficult to find, independent of the thousand delightful associations that enhanced its beauties to the mind of Washington Irving.

The simplicity of the interior arrangement struck me as characteristic of the simple and unperverted tastes of its owner, and its cottage ornaments were suggestive of his delightful pictures of English country life. Entering by a rustic door-way covered with climbing roses, and passing through a tiled hall, you enter the drawing-room, a low-roofed apartment, on the walls of which hung the Jarvis portrait, painted when Mr. Irving was twenty-seven years of age, an engraving of Faed's picture of Scott and his friends at Abbotsford, presented to him by a son of Sir Walter Scott's eminent publisher, Archibald Constable, together with several other paintings and engravings, and well filled with parlor-furniture, a piano, and tables covered with books and magazines of the day.

The family at that time consisted of the bachelor author, who had "no termagant wife to dispute the sovereignty of the Roost" with him; his eldest brother, Ebenezer, ten years his senior; a nephew, Pierre M. Irving, and his wife; and two nieces, daughters of the brother above mentioned, who were ever ministering to the slightest wish of their honored uncle. Children could not have been more kind and considerate to a parent, nor a father to his daughters, than was the warm-hearted old man to his nieces, who alone of that happy circle now survive, and are the present possessors of Sunnyside.

As I sat at his board in the dining-room, from which is seen the majestic Hudson with its myriad of sailing-vessels and steamers, and heard him dilate upon the bygone days and the giants that were on the earth then,—of his friends Scott and Byron, of Moore and Lockhart, of Prof. Wilson and the Ettrick Shepherd,—and as the old man pledged the health of his kinsfolk and guest, it seemed as if a veritable realm of romance were suddenly opened. He told us of his first meeting with Sir Walter Scott, so graphi-

cally described in his charming essay on Abbotsford; and his last, in London, when the great Scotchman was on his way to the Continent with the vain hope of restoring his health, broken down by his gigantic efforts to leave an untarnished name and a fantastic mansion and the broad acres that surrounded it to a long line of Scotts of Abbotsford; with various anecdotes of those above mentioned, and other notables of bygone days.

Mr. Irving related with great glee an anecdote of James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," who in one of his early visits to Edinburgh was invited by Sir Walter Scott to dine with him at his mansion in Castle Street. Quite a number of the literati had been asked to meet the rustic poet at dinner. When Hogg entered the drawing-room, Lady Scott, being in delicate health, was reclining on a sofa. After being presented, he took possession of another sofa opposite to her, and stretched himself thereupon at full length, for, as he afterwards said, "I thought I could do no wrong to copy the lady of the house." The dress of the "Ettrick Shepherd" at that time was precisely that in which any ordinary herdsman attends cattle to the market, and as his hands, moreover, bore most legible marks of a recent sheep-shearing, the lady of the house did not observe with perfect equanimity the novel usage to which her chintz was exposed. Hogg, however, remarked nothing of all this,—dined heartily and drank freely, and by jest, anecdote, and song afforded great merriment to all the company. As the wine operated, his familiarity increased and strengthened; from "Mr. Scott" he advanced to "Shirra" (Sheriff), and thence to "Scott," "Walter," and "Wattie," until at length he fairly convulsed the whole party by addressing Lady Scott as "Charlotte."

In reply to our inquiry as to his opinion of the poets of the present day, Irving said, "I ignore them all. I

read no poetry written since Byron's, Moore's, and Scott's." "What!" I exclaimed, "not Paulding's 'Backwoodsman'?" Whereupon he laughed most heartily, and answered, "Well, if I did, I should take it in homœopathic doses." This was followed by some friendly praise of Paulding's prose writings, including "The Dutchman's Fireside." This led me to allude to Mrs. Grant's "Memoirs of an American Lady." "Oh, yes," he answered, "I knew your gifted godmother, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, but only slightly. Our friends Cogswell and Ticknor were much more intimate with her than it was my good fortune to be. Her account of Mrs. Schuyler is a very pleasant one, and I believe, as you say, that it suggested 'The Dutchman's Fireside' to Paulding." After some pleasant words about his former literary partner and some of the younger members of the literary guild, the elderly author said, "He and I were very fortunate in being born so early. We should have no chance now against the battalions of better writers." He alluded in terms of the highest admiration to Motley's "History of the Dutch Republic," and in the same connection complained, "There are a great deal too many books written nowadays about countries, and places, and people, that when I was young no one knew, or wanted to have any knowledge of whatever; and it is morally impossible for any mortal to read or digest one-half of them."

* * * * *

Returning to the drawing-room, Mr. Irving sat down in his favorite seat, a large, well-cushioned, and capacious arm-chair, and as we called his attention to Faed's picture of many of his old friends, and asked his opinion of it and its correctness, he leaned his head on one hand, as represented in the admirable portrait by Martin prefixed to the illustrated edition of the "Sketch-Book," and with the

same dreamy look, surveying it lovingly, replied that "they were mostly 'old familiar faces,' and some of them very good, Scott's, Wilson's, and Campbell's being the best," and spoke of Prof. Wilson as being a "noble-looking man, with a considerable resemblance to our Audubon."

His sanctum sanctorum was a small room, well filled with books, neatly arranged on the shelves, that extended completely around the room. In the centre stood a table, with a neat writing-desk, on which, seated in the well-lined easy elbow-chair, Geoffrey Crayon had written many of his modern works, including his "Life of Washington." His hours for literary labor were in the morning, "but," said he, "unlike Scott, I can do no work until I get breakfast, and it is between breakfast and dinner that I do all my writing." He appeared gratified at our allusion to the fact that Niagara and Irving were the two topics connected with this country in which we found intelligent Englishmen, or rather Britons, most interested during our sojourn there the previous season, and also at my reference to a letter written by Scott to his friend John Richardson, of London, dated Sept. 22, 1817, a few days after Irving's visit to Abbotsford, in which Scott says, "When you see Tom Campbell, tell him, with my best love, that I have to thank him for making me known to Mr. Washington Irving, who is one of the best and pleasantest acquaintances I have made this many a day."

In strolling over his charming grounds, we came upon those of his opulent neighbor, Mr. Moses H. Grinnell, who married a niece of Mr. Irving, which were kept in the most perfect order, when he remarked, "My place in its rough and uncultivated condition sets off finely my neighbor Grinnell's;" and on my replying that I thought it was precisely the reverse, he indulged in a quiet laugh,

and looked very much as if he quite agreed with me. He alluded to Scott's passion for the possession of land, and mentioned that it was a prevalent disease among authors generally, and confessed to being himself a victim; and further remarked that he quite agreed with Pope, in thinking "no man was so happy as he who lived retired from the world on his own soil.

On our return we found a party of five ladies and gentlemen, under the escort of a relative, who had come up from New York to see "Diedrich Knickerbocker" and his loved domain. Upon returning from a ramble over the grounds and those of Mr. Grinnell with the Southern party and the Misses Irving, we found the amiable author upon the front porch gazing over the river and the distant hills at the setting sun, the *tout ensemble* presenting a fine scene for a painter. I shall never forget it,—the mild, dreamy, and happy expression of that old man's countenance as he sat with his shawl around him looking over the broad Tappaan Zee at the sun's departing rays. I never saw him again.

THE ART OF THE FUTURE.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

[Charles Godfrey Leland is best known to readers in general by his ridiculously humorous "Hans Breitmann's Ballads." Another favorably-known work is "The Sketch-Book of Meister Karl." He is, in addition, the author of several works on the gypsies, and of other works in prose and poetry. Of his poems "The Music-Lesson of Confucius" is ranked the highest. He takes much interest in art, and has written some acceptable works on this subject. From his "Sunshine in Thought" we select the following well-drawn and truthful

representation of much of the art of the present period of transition. Mr. Leland was born in Philadelphia in 1824.]

WHAT is to be the Art of the Future?

To answer this question, we must ascertain what was the leading condition or principle under which that which we now call ART was formed, and ascertain whether it is still living though dormant, or whether an entirely new principle is not forming.

It is a matter worth remark, that at present those scholars who are thoroughly penetrated by the spirit of history, and who appreciate that each strongly-marked epoch, and that alone, has given the world a distinctive art and literature, are now all anxiously looking forward to a future which shall be brilliant in product. In all by-gone ages, men lived in their present. The Egyptians knew nothing which was not Egyptian; the Dutch painter of the sixteenth century remained firmly Dutch: in all these schools and styles there was no looking outside of nationality, of that which they literally were.

Now we see in architecture, in painting, in poetry, in every product of the kind, simply a gathering up and combining what others have done. Ask what is new in pictures, we are shown the pre-Raphaelite imitations of Millais and Hunt. Look for novelties in architecture, and we find Norman, or Gothic, or "Composite," or "Roman" edifices. The great merit of Tennyson, according to Kingsley, is to have most nearly *reproduced* the real old English ballad; and so it goes, through the whole circle of art. No wonder that earnest thinkers begin to inquire for the Art of the Future, and wonder what it is to be.

Yet this our age has produced one stupendous original thought, with many of its results; though these are as yet only in the very beginning. I mean Science with its practical applications; its technology, in the form of steam-

engines, looms, clothes and food for everybody, and scores of thousands of other novelties. And dilettanti keep wondering what the Art of the Future is to be, when this stupendous power of Science is advancing at colossal strides, inevitably destined in a few years to swallow up every old-time idea, every trace of old romance and art, poetry, and romantic or sentimental feeling; yes, to conquer even literature, and then reproduce society completely changed, modified, and made beautiful, in a spirit which will be neither classic nor Gothic, but differing from both, and infinitely more glorious than either,—the spirit of the most literal of facts,—of pure Nature.

Science is every day taking Man away from the ideal, the morbid, the sickly and visionary, from the fond fancies of early ages, and leading him to facts and to nature. She is, though we see it not, taking us from conventional ideas of beauty, such as all art hitherto has labored under, and leading us to direct appreciation of beauty as it is. When Science—and all organization is science—shall have progressed so far as to secure rights and comforts to all, we will find that practical usefulness, or the monster Utility, so much decried by the poets of the day and by philosophers, has led us to the highest forms of beauty, and to a blending of the beautiful with the useful wherever the latter occurs.

Nature never creates anything without beauty. "On old decay the greenest mosses spring," and the dullest, driest old experimenter with a microscope finds himself compelled to give names expressive of beauty to invisible marvels abounding in what Man's short-sightedness calls ugly. When Science shall have advanced to investing the humblest articles with beauty, at cheap rates,—when the photograph or other inventions shall give the flower, or the as yet unseen marvels of the sea, or of space, in any

colors and of any size,—will there not be an approach to Nature, and inexhaustible treasures of beauty showered in upon us, such as Art never dreamt of? Raphael never painted such an exquisite loveliness as there is alive in flesh and blood when expressing true emotion by its glances; but what I assert needs no proof, no comparison, to those who have seen with awe the mighty levers now slowly preparing, which will move the world.

A writer, in commenting on this progress of Science, very properly remarks that some persons have apprehended that in this deluge of the material the ideal may be entirely lost.

“There have been not a few who, in the strong physical and mechanical proclivities of the age, have fancied they discerned an imminent danger,—the danger of the spiritual nature being submerged and put in abeyance, and all thought of and interest in a future and immortal life being swallowed up in the splendors and enjoyments wherewith physical science promises to endow the present material existence. As evidence of this state of things, it has been urged that Religion has lost much of its hold on the faith and feelings of men.”

Against this, plain, undoubting Faith is very properly held up. But if more earthly reasoning be needed, may we not find it in the argument that, if science and practical usefulness are really leading us back to nature,—artificial as the means may *seem* to be,—such community with nature will do more to dispose us to the truth than aught besides? Truth is the ultimate basis of all things, and he who walks in Truth and Nature walks with God.

Let me, at the risk of being accused of repetition,—and he is a poor thinker, and one most unworthy a reader, who will not risk more than that to set forth what he

truly *believes*,—speak more in detail of this possible future and formation of Art.

The reader who has ever studied the peculiarities of that sober little insect, the common household ant, has doubtless observed the mechanical regularity with which, when some *Pays du Cocagne* of a dead blue-bottle fly or deceased beetle has been discovered, two regular routes are at once established, one toward the prey, another from it. Every ant takes the down-train, helps himself to dead fly, moves off, and in a few minutes may be discovered several yards distant, travelling in regular procession with his fellows.

All goes well so long as the continuity is kept up. But break up the procession, brush away a yard of up and down trains, and *then* note the bewilderment of the unfortunate little Arabs! They know not for a long time whether to go to the right or the left: all is *tohu bohu*, all void and confusion. Those who have just returned from their banquet are as unable as were the children in the Piper of Hamelin to say how they went away. They know that they came from Blue-Bottle Land,

“But how, or why, they don’t understand.”

And they move to the right and the left, and up and down, and go wiring in and wiring out, leaving observers still in doubt whether the ants upon the track are clearing out or going back. All that they know is, nothing can be known!

The present condition of the intellectual energies of the civilized world is precisely like that of the ants whose trains of travel have been broken up. For the first time since man came into the world, there is a general, a universal period of doubt and of hesitation. Outside of the circles of the men of science of the second and third classes, who are satisfied with their batteries and cruci-

bles, and the "industrial progressives," there is not a really *thinking* mind in existence which does not recognize that the old paths of thoughts are broken up, and that the new are not as yet formed. The Germans are anxiously worrying themselves about the *Zukunftsmusik*—the Music of the Future—and the Art of the Future; for there is no longer satisfaction in the great, highly-trained, critical minds of the age with what the age produces. Produces!—alas! it produces nothing. Are pre-Raphaelite pictures anything but a Reproduction? Is Verdi's music, after all, anything but a spasmodic straining and wrenching against the spirit of the age, to create something original, while the age vetoes the effort? Statuary—! Of Poetry, be it of type or of daily life, I have already spoken.

The earlier ages of the world were full of physical confusion, but of mental confusion they had but little. The Egyptian painter knew exactly what to paint; the age had taught a lesson which all artists repeated like children, some more readily perhaps than others, but it was all the same lesson. There was no demand for something radically new. The most elaborate, the most stupendous works of the carvers and architects of the Middle Ages were trifling, so far as mental wear and tear were concerned, compared to what artists of the present day suffer, who are always racked for novelties. Take that miracle of miracles, the Shrine of Saint Lawrence, by Adam Kraft. From boyhood to age, Adam Kraft's head had contained little else save trefoils, ogives, persil, thistle, and feuille-d'Olivier mouldings, mascarons, and garlands. He could not by any possibility be called on to do any work out of the Gothic "style," and of only a certain subdivision of Gothic at that. Centuries of tradition, tens of thousands of models and suggestions around him

all the time, made the task easier. He was inspired with a single spirit, and, having genius, did great things,—much greater than he could have done had he been set to make a Norman fount to-day, a “Greek” pulpit to-morrow, an Egyptian organ the third, and perhaps at a Choctaw staircase on the fourth.

What has been said holds good for all that men sung, painted, graved, or thought in those early days. Nineteenths of their work was done for them by habit, tradition, and association. They were ages in which nations were consolidated and formed according to blood and climate and habits and circumstances, very strongly marked nationalities, and a character, and this character came out in their art and literature. Nowadays, each nation is losing its distinctive and sharply-pronounced idiomatic traits. The frock-coat and Lubin’s perfumery, Punch and sherry-cobblers, the renown of Bosio and *la ci darem*, are more widely spread than was ever the serpent-worship of old. In the far Pacific, on Frazer’s River, in Iceland, folks talk French, and say where it was they met Thackeray or Lola Montez. Everything is becoming inextricably mixed up. Of course there are no new, firm, absolutely original developments in such an age. How can there be? Every single great, *original* work of art, with a REAL historical and æsthetic value, which this world has ever seen, has been the result of pure nationality. The gentleman is now more of a cosmopolite than ever. At present the fusion of all national peculiarities, or of an incredible proportion of their social differences, is only a matter of time.

Already the higher classes of all countries, and the highly educated of each, form a nation by themselves, as contrasted to their own peasants. To originate art or to open new bubbling fountains of pure poetry in such times

is impossible. You may as well expect a bird to fly over itself as a man to do anything out of the spirit of his age.

Let the reader turn over Charles Kingsley's works. He is the Englishman who most of all strives and labors and runs around, like one of the ants spoken of, and vexes his soul with endeavoring to discover some path to a new art and a new literature. He loses himself in the cloud-land, gorgeous land of the mystics, and walks in sunny fields with the pure Greek, hoping to wrench out of some corner of bygone human thought the great idea. In vain. He reviews English history, casts a loving glance on Norse Berserkers who preached most gloriously the gospel of Muscle, and rakes over the whole field of Philosophy as carefully as Tennemann or Cousin. Something tells him that those who have been purely natural, who have been strong and healthy and loving and genial, have in all ages been really the best poets and artists, and so far he is right, and so far he has done much good. But he does not recognize the great truth, which the world will yet admit, that all great and original thought has been hitherto a *national* product, and that this age forms no new nations, but rather extinguishes the old.

Out of Norse sagas and Greek Iliads, out of Troubadour lyrics and Divine Commedias, out of the Merry England of Good Queen Bess or of King Arthur, out of romantic Puritanism and Miles Standish, out of all the blood and fighting and psalms and wails and sentiment and theatrics and brain-spinning of the Past, you cannot as yet make anything NEW. Mix and mosaic them together as you will, the cement is wanting to make them stick,—the sentiment of national isolation and of national concentration. Oxford symbolism and Mr. Aytoun's "Bothwell,"—the whole array of reproductions must die. "Upharsin is writ on the wall." . . .

The world is asking earnestly when we are to have a real Art, a real Poetry,—an expression of the beautiful free from intense self-consciousness and torment and littleness. We shall have it when people think and feel naturally and frankly, vigorously and proudly. We shall have it when men and women go into the woods and by the surging sea, and through fields and gardens, and into each other's hearts, and deep into each other's longings and capacities for joy, and in all these study Nature absolutely and closely, in phenomena single or associated. Are there many, are there *any*, who do this thoroughly? The painter draws fifty times as much from his studio as from his studies, the poet sings after those who sung before: they are not directly inspired by long, patient, passionate, heart-yearning love of Nature. O mother of all true souls! O fountain of life beyond which none have gone! how few know thee as thou wert known of old by the rivers of Arcady, among oaks and olives!

What a deep longing and endless love of beauty must have been in the heart of the old German poet who sang "*Zum Wald, zum Wald!*"

"O forest fair! for thee I yearn;
Alone I'll go, alone return!
There all is pleasant, glad, and gay,
And life an endless holiday.

* * * * *

"Thou dark greenwood, to thee allied
As earthly groom to heavenly bride,
I love but thee, to thee I'm true,
Forever art thou fresh and new.

* * * * *

"Yes, in the forest dark and free
The lonely hunter's tomb shall be.
Ho! for the greenwood, rock, and fern.
Alone I'll go, alone return."

Do you understand it, this deep love for the forest, like that of bridegroom for bride,—that love which is all of truth and which lets nothing in but goodness and beauty? Have you ever gone so far as to know that simply in visible and audible Nature among leaves and waters, and without going further, there is a consolation and infinite thrilling rapture to him or to her who has once penetrated it? Oh, learn that great secret of freedom and of joyousness. To those who have deciphered the magic word, the glory of the olden time returns again, the white immortals wander once more among men, Olympus is no longer a dim, forgotten dream. To them the great god Pan is alive again, the cherishing father lives by reedy streams and amid the rose-crowned mountains. Rejoice, for he that was dead is alive, and he that was lost is found! The fauns sport with the nymphs, the Muses live a new life, gentle Venus, the sweet mother of all beauty and life, rises again star-lighted on high, and dove-crested as of old from the waters; yes, every incarnation of freshness and beauty and strength and health which ever man knew, every myth expressing the thousands of fascinations of beautiful reality, will come again, not as idols, but as heart-felt truths, to men, when they learn, to the right or the left, to draw out the pure, unchanged, unchanging, immortal, and reviving truth from Nature.

IN THE DEPTHS OF THE MINE.

MARY H. FOOTE.

[Mary Hallock Foote, the author of the attractively-written story of Western mining life entitled "The Led-Horse Claim," and other works, is a native of New York State, where she was born in 1847. We extract from the above-named work a graphic description of a mine-gallery, with its constant threat of annihilation to the daring invaders of the earth's depths, and its "horror of great darkness." The necessary explanation of the dramatic features of our extract is as follows. The Shoshone Mine is suspected to have struck a vein within the limits of the Led-Horse Claim, and the superintendent of the latter mine resolves to explore the Shoshone in disguise. He is a lover of Cecil, the sister of the superintendent of the Shoshone. With this preliminary our story tells itself.]

THE party set out for the shaft-house after the three-o'clock whistle for the change of shifts had blown. The ladies were wrapped in india-rubber cloaks, and Mrs. Denny wore a soft felt hat of Conrath's on the back of her head, framing her face and concealing her hair. A miner's coat was spread in the bucket to protect the visitors' skirts from its muddy sides.

"If we keep on shipping ore at this rate," Conrath said, jubilantly, "we will soon have a cage that will take you down as smoothly as a hotel elevator."

Cecil was conscious that the exultant tone jarred upon her, and she took herself silently to task for this lack of sisterly sympathy.

Mrs. Denny went down first with the superintendent, who returned for Cecil; when they were all at the station of the lowest level, they lit their candles and followed one of the diverging drifts,—a low, damp passage which bored a black hole through the overhanging rock before them.

The sides of the gallery leaned slightly together, form-

ing an obtuse angle with the roof; it was lined with rows of timbers placed opposite each other at regular intervals, and supporting the heavy cross-timbers that upheld the roof. The spaces between the upright columns were crossed horizontally by smaller timbers called "lagging."

The impalpable darkness dropped like a curtain before them. Their candles burned with a still flame in the heavy, draughtless air. At long intervals a distant rumbling increased with a dull crescendo, and a light fastened in the rear of a loaded car shone up into the face of the miner who propelled it. They stood back, pressed close to the wall of the drift, while the car passed them on the tram-way.

The drift ended in a lofty chamber cut out of the rock, the floor rising at one end toward a black opening which led into another narrow gallery beyond.

"Here we are in the very heart of the vein," Conrath explained. "This is an empty 'stope,' that has furnished some of the best ore. It is all cleaned out, you see; the men are working farther on."

"Oh, I should like to see them!" Mrs. Denny exclaimed. "Which way is it? Up that horrible place? Cecil, aren't you coming?"

Cecil had seated herself on a heap of loose planking in the empty ore-chamber.

"I'll wait for you here, if you don't mind; I am so very tired. Have you another candle, Harry?"

"Yours will last; we shall not be long gone."

Conrath and Mrs. Denny scrambled, talking and laughing, up the slope; their voices grew thinner and fainter, and vanished with their feeble lights in the black hole.

Cecil closed her eyes; they ached with the small, sharp spark of her candle set in that stupendous darkness.

What a mysterious, vast, whispering dome was this!

There were sounds which might have been miles away through the deadening rock. There were far-off, indistinct echoes of life, and subanimate mutterings, the slow respirations of the rocks, drinking air and oozing moisture through their sluggish pores, swelling and pushing against their straitening bonds of timber. Here were the buried Titans, stirring and sighing in their lethargic sleep.

Cecil was intensely absorbed listening to this strange, low diapason of the under-world. Its voice was pitched for the ear of solitude and silence. Its sky was perpetual night, moonless and starless, with only the wandering, will-o'-the-wisp candle-rays, shining and fading in its columnated avenues, where ranks of dead and barkless tree-trunks repressed the heavy, subterranean awakening of the rocks.

Left to their work, the inevitable forces around her would crush together the sides of the dark galleries, and crumble the rough-hewn dome above her head. Cecil did not know the meaning or the power of this inarticulate underground life, but it affected her imagination all the more for her lack of comprehension. Gradually her spirits sank under an oppressive sense of fatigue; she grew drowsy, and her pulse beat low in the lifeless air. She drooped against the damp wall of rock, and her candle, in a semi-oblivious moment, dropped from her lax fingers, and was instantly extinguished.

It seemed to the helpless girl that she had never known darkness before. She was plunged into a new element, in which she could not breathe, or speak, or move. It was chaos before the making of the firmament. She called aloud,—a faint, futile cry, which frightened her almost more than the silence. She had lost the direction in which her brother had disappeared, and when she saw an advancing light she thought it must be he coming in answer to her weak call.

It was not her brother; it was a taller man, a miner, with a candle in a miner's pronged candlestick fastened in the front of his hat. His face was in deep shadow, but the faint, yellow candle-rays projected their gleam dimly along the drift by which he was approaching. Cecil watched him earnestly, but did not recognize him until he stood close beside her. He took off his hat carefully, not to extinguish the candle which showed them to each other. Cecil, crouching, pale and mute, against the damp rock, looked up into Hilgard's face, almost as pale as her own.

No greeting passed between them. They stared wonderingly into each other's eyes, each questioning the other's wraith-like identity.

"I heard you call," Hilgard said. "Is it possible that you are alone in this place?"

"No," she replied, feebly rousing herself. "My brother is here, with Mrs. Denny; they are not far away."

"Your brother is here,—not far away?" he repeated. A cold despair came over him. There was nothing now but to tell her the truth; in her unconsciousness of its significance she would decide between them, and he would abide the issue. He leaned against the wall of the drift, wiping away the drops of moisture from his temples; the short, damp locks that clung to his forehead were massed like the hair on an antique medallion.

"You did not know me?" he asked.

"No; I could not see your face."

"I am not showing my face here. I am a spy in the enemy's camp. Your brother will hear the result of my discoveries, in a few days, from my lawyers."

It was roughly said, but the facts were rough facts; and he could not justify or explain himself to her, except at the expense of her brother

"Must I tell him that you are here?" she asked.

"I suppose so, if you are a loyal sister."

"But I would never have known it if you had not come when I called. My candle fell and went out. I was alone in this awful darkness."

"But some^d one else would have come if I hadn't. You need not be grateful for that. Your brother would have found you here."

"But I could not have endured it a moment longer!"

"Oh, yes, you would have endured it. I need not have come."

"Why did you come, then?"

"I don't know," he said. "I was a fool to come. Why does a man come, when he hears a woman's voice, that he knows,—in trouble?"

He was groping about on the floor of the drift in search of her candle; and now, kneeling beside her, he lit it by his own and held it toward her. Their sad, illumined eyes met.

"How your hand trembles! Were you so frightened?" he asked.

"Yes; does it seem very silly to you? My strength seemed all going away."

It was madness for him to stay, but he could not leave her, pale, and dazed, and helpless as she was.

"Let me fix you a better seat." He moved the rough boards on which she was sitting, to make a support for her back.

"Oh, please go, and get out of the mine!" she entreated, —with voice and eyes, more than with words.

"But I cannot get out, until the next change of shifts. I have taken the place of one of the miners on this shift. Besides, I have not finished what I came for."

"Why do you call yourself a spy? are you doing any-

thing you are ashamed of?" she asked, with childlike directness.

"I am a little ashamed of the way I am doing it," he replied, with equal directness, "but not of the thing I am doing."

"And will it injure my brother—what you are doing?"

"Not unless the truth will injure him. I am trying to find out the truth."

"But why should you come in this way to find it out? Surely my brother wants to know it too, if it is about this quarrel."

It was a home question; he could only answer,—

"Your brother is very sure that he knows the truth already. I want to be sure, too. I am not asking you *not* to tell him I am here. I have taken the risks."

"What are the risks?" she asked, quickly.

"They are of no consequence compared with the thing to be done. I must not stay."

"Ah," she cried, with an accent of terror, "they are here!"

A light showed at the dark opening above the incline, and the thin stream of Mrs. Denny's chatter trickled faintly on the silence.

Cecil put out both candles with a flap of her long cloak.

"Oh, *will* you go!"

Hilgard heard her whisper, and felt her hands groping for him in the darkness and pushing him from her. He took the timid hands in his and pressed them to his lips, and then stumbled dizzily away through the blackness.

A proposition from her companions to prolong their wanderings until they had reached the barricade was opposed by Cecil with all the strength her adventure had left her; but when it appeared that their way lay along the same drift in a direction opposite that by which Hil-

gard had made his retreat, she offered no further objection. Her silence was sufficiently explainable by the fright she had had in the darkness.

The drift led to another smaller ore-chamber, where miners were at work, picking down the heavy gray sand and shovelling it into the tram-cars. Conrath explained that this "stope" was in the new strike, claimed by the Led-Horse, and that the barricade guarded the drift just beyond.

"I suppose it doesn't make so much difference whom the ore belongs to," Mrs. Denny commented, lightly: "it's a question of who gets it first! *Passez, passez!* You needn't stop to expostulate. I am not a mining expert."

Conrath looked excessively annoyed, but refrained from defining his position to this cheerful non-professional observer. As they entered the low passage, they found themselves face to face with a wall of solid upright timbering which closed its farther end, and in the midst of a silent group of men, seated along the side-walls of the drift on blankets and empty powder-kegs.

The barricade was pierced at about the height of a man's shoulders with small round loop-holes. Two miners' candlesticks were stuck in the timbers, high above the heads of the guard, who lounged with their rifles across their knees, the steel barrels glistening in the light.

Cecil's fascinated gaze rested on this significant group. The figures were so immovable, and indifferent of face and attitude, so commonplace in type, that she but slowly grasped the meaning of their presence there. These, then, were the risks that were of no consequence!

Turning her pale face towards her brother, she asked, "Is *this* what you have brought us to see?"

"I thought you knew what a barricade is!"

"I never knew! I knew—I thought it was that,"—

pointing to the wall of timber,—“but not this!” She looked toward the silent group of men, each holding his rifle with a careless grasp.

“You wouldn’t make a good miner’s wife, Cecil,” said Mrs. Denny; and a slow smile went round among the men.

“Hark!” said Conrath. They were still facing the barricade, and the dull thud of picks far off in the wall of rock sounded just in front of them. “Do you hear them at work? Now turn the other way.” The sound came again, precisely in front. “They are a long way off yet. Can you make out how they are going to strike us, boys?” Conrath asked of the guard.

“You can’t tell for sure, the rock is so deceivin’; but they seem to be comin’ straight for the end of the drift.”

“Who are *they*? Who are coming?” Cecil demanded.

“The Led-Horses, my dear. They may blast through any day or night, but they’ll find we’ve blocked their little game.”

“What is their game?” Mrs. Denny inquired.

“They claim our new strike, and, from the sound, they seem to be coming for it as fast as they can!”

Cecil locked her arms in the folds of her long, shrouding cloak, and a nervous shudder made her tremble from head to foot.

“Poor little girl!” said Conrath, putting his arm around her shoulders; “I ought to have taken you straight home after the fright you got in the drift.”

“Why, do you know,” said Mrs. Denny, looking a little pale herself, “I think this is awfully interesting. I’d no idea that beauteous young Hilgard was such a brigand. Just fancy, only two nights ago you were dancing with him, Cecil!”

"What?" said Conrath, turning his sister roughly toward him with the hand that rested on her shoulder. She moved away, and stood before him, looking at him, her straightened brows accenting the distress in her upraised eyes.

"Why should I not dance with him? In this place you all suspect each other, and accuse each other of everything. He accuses you. Shall Mrs. Denny on that account refuse to dance with you?"

She spoke in a very low voice, but Conrath replied, quite audibly, "Don't be a fool, Cecil!"

"Oh," she said, letting her arms fall before her, desperately, "it is *all* the wildest, wildest folly that any one ever heard of! Men fighting about money—that isn't even their own! Why, this is not mining, it is murder!"

"We're not fighting," Conrath replied. "Half the mines in the camp are showing their teeth at each other. It's the way to prevent fighting. If they keep on their own ground there won't be any trouble; but," turning to Mrs. Denny with a darkening look, "if I catch that 'beauteous' friend of yours on my ground, he'll be apt to get his beauty spoiled."

On their way back along the drift, they were warned by a spark of light and a distant rumbling that a car was approaching along the tram-road. They stopped, and, lowering their candles, stood close against the sloping wall while the car passed. It was at the entrance to another dark gallery, and as the car rolled on, the warm wind of its passage making their candles flare, it left them face to face with a miner, who had also been overtaken at the junction of the drifts. He was tall, and his face was in deep shadow from the candle fastened in the crown of his hat. He stepped back into the side-drift, pulling his hat-brim down.

"Who was that?" Mrs. Denny asked.

"I didn't notice him," Conrath replied. "One of the Cornishmen on the last shift. I don't know all their faces."

"He doesn't walk like a Cornishman," said Mrs. Denny, looking after him, "and his hand was the hand of a gentleman." They moved on a few paces in silence. Cecil flagged a little behind the others, and then dropped to the floor of the drift in a dead faint.

ASPECTS OF NATURE.

It is our purpose to give, in the following lyrical series, a few of those landscape-poems in which the verse-writers of all ages have so liberally indulged, and in which the poets of America have not failed to follow the lead of their transatlantic brethren. Poems which properly come under this category exist in such abundance that we can here give but a very meagre gleanings from the liberal harvest. We may open with Alfred B. Street's beautifully-detailed picture of

A FOREST NOOK.

A NOOK within the forest: overhead
The branches arch, and shape a pleasant bower,
Breaking white cloud, blue sky, and sunshine bright,
Into pure ivory and sapphire spots,
And flecks of gold; a soft, cool, emerald tint
Colors the air, as though the delicate leaves
Emitted self-born light. What splendid walls,
And what a gorgeous roof carved by the hand
Of cunning Nature! Here the spruce thrusts in
Its bristling plume, tipped with its pale-green points;
The scalloped beech leaves, and the birch's cut

Into fine ragged edges, interlace,
While here and there, through clefts, the laurel lifts
Its snowy chalices half brimmed with dew,
As though to hoard it for the haunting elves
The moonlight calls to this their festal hall.
A thick, rich, grassy carpet clothes the earth,
Sprinkled with autumn leaves. The fern displays
Its fluted wreath, beaded beneath with drops
Of richest brown; the wild rose spreads its breast
Of delicate pink, and the o'erhanging fir
Has dropped its dark, long cone.

The scorching glare

Without, makes this green nest a grateful haunt
For summer's radiant things; the butterfly,
Fluttering within and resting on some flower,
Fans his rich velvet form; the toiling bee
Shoots by, with sounding hum and mist-like wings;
The robin perches on the bending spray
With shrill, quick chirp; and, like a flake of fire,
The redbird seeks the shelter of the leaves.
And now and then a flutter overhead
In the thick green betrays some wandering wing
Coming and going, yet concealed from sight.
A shrill, loud outcry,—on yon highest bough
Sits the gray squirrel, in his burlesque wrath
Stamping and chattering fiercely: now he drops
A hoarded nut, then at my smiling gaze
Buries himself within the foliage. . . .
Those breaths of Nature, the light fluttering airs,
Like gentle respirations, come and go,
Lift on its crimson stem the maple leaf,
Displaying its white lining underneath,
And sprinkle from the tree-tops golden rain
Of sunshine on the velvet sward below.

Such nooks as this are common in the woods,
And all these sights and sounds the commonest
In Nature when she wears her summer prime.
Yet by them pass not lightly: to the wise
They tell the beauty and the harmony
Of even the lowliest things that God hath made;
That this familiar earth and sky are full
Of His ineffable power and majesty;
That in the humble objects, seen too oft
To be regarded, shines such wondrous grace,
The art of man is vain to imitate;
That the low flower our careless foot treads down
Stands a rich shrine of incense delicate
And radiant beauty; and that God hath formed
All, from the cloud-wreathed mountain to the grain
Of silver sand the bubbling spring casts up,
With deepest forethought and severest care,
And thus these noteless, lovely things are types
Of His perfection and divinity.

This charming picture of Nature in her most secret haunts may be fitly followed by a poem in another strain, yet not less fraught with love of Nature and sympathy with her softest and rarest moods. It is from the pen of Robert Kelly Weeks, the author of several volumes of thoughtful verse.

A DAY.

Where but few feet ever stray,
Far beyond the path's advances,
All alone an idler lay
Half a breezy summer day
Underneath a chestnut's branches.

Not a stranger to the place,
For the daisies nodded to him,

And the grass, in lines of grace,
Bending over, touched his face
 With light kisses thrilling through him.

Close beside his harmless hand
 Swinging bees would suck the clover,
And a moment to be scanned
Sunlit butterflies expand
 Easy wings to bear them over.

All about him, full of glee,
 Careless cricket-songs were ringing,
And the wild birds in the tree
Settled down where he could see
 While he heard them gayly singing.

Overhead he saw the trees
 Nod and beckon to each other,
And, too glad to be at ease,
Saw the green leaves in the breeze
 Tingle touching one another;

Saw the little lonely rill
 In a line of greener growing,
Slipping downward from the hill,
Curving here and there at will,
 Through the tangled grasses going;

* * * * * * *
Saw far-off the thin and steep
 Cloudy mountain-lands of wonder,
Where unseen the torrents leap
Over rifted rocks that keep
 Echoing memories of the thunder;

Saw the self-supporting sky
Ever more and more receding ;
Loath to linger, loath to fly,
Saw the clouds go floating by,
Stranger shapes to strange succeeding ;

Saw, and mused, and went away,
Whether light or heavy hearted
It were hard for him to say,
For a something came that day
And a something had departed ;

And his soul was overfraught
With a passion e'er returning,—
With the pain that comes unsought
Of unutterable thought,
And the restlessness of yearning.

The poem that follows, the work of John G. C. Brainard, is thus spoken of by Jared Sparks: "Among all the tributes of the Muses to that great wonder of Nature [the Falls of Niagara], we do not remember any so comprehensive and forcible, and at the same time so graphically correct, as this." This is high praise, when we consider that the poem was composed in a few minutes by the poet, when feeble with disease, to meet the importunate demand of the printer's boy for "copy."

THE FALL OF NIAGARA.

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his "hollow hand,"
And hung his bow upon thine awful front,
And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake
"The sound of many waters," and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh, what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to HIM
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

A picture of one aspect of Nature, as neatly cut as a cameo, is embraced in the following verses by R. H. Stoddard. It would be difficult to find within the whole range of English poetry a more prettily-imaginative and artistically-finished simile.

THE SKY.

The sky is a drinking-cup,
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold.

We drink that wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup!

The following tribute to another aspect of Nature is from the pen of James G. Percival:

TO SENECA LAKE.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side!

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
Oh, I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

A beautiful picture of the twilight, and of the charm of a peaceful country scene, is presented in the following graceful

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

The tender Twilight with a crimson cheek
Leans on the breast of Eve. The wayward Wind
Hath folded her fleet pinions, and gone down
To slumber by the darkened woods; the herds

Have left their pastures, where the sward grows green
And lofty by the river's sedgy brink,
And slow are winding home. Hark! from afar
Their tinkling bells sound through the dusky glade
And forest-openings, with a pleasant sound,
While answering Echo, from the distant hill,
Sends back the music of the herdsman's horn.
How tenderly the trembling light yet plays
O'er the far-waving foliage! Day's last blush
Still lingers on the billowy waste of leaves,
With a strange beauty,—like the yellow flush
That haunts the ocean when the day goes by.
Methinks, whene'er earth's wearying troubles pass
Like winter shadows o'er the peaceful mind,
'Twere sweet to turn from life, and pass abroad,
With solemn footsteps, into Nature's vast
And happy palaces, and lead a life
Of peace in some green paradise like this.

The brazen trumpet and the loud war-drum
Ne'er startled these green woods:—the raging sword
Hath never gathered its red harvest here:—
The peaceful summer day hath never closed
Around this quiet spot and caught the gleam
Of War's rude pomp:—the humble dweller here
Hath never left his sickle in the field,
To slay his fellow with unholy hand:—
The maddening voice of battle, the wild groan,
The thrilling murmuring of the dying man,
And the shrill shriek of mortal agony,
Hath never broke its Sabbath solitude.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

In a somewhat similar vein is the sunrise poem which follows, from the pen of one of New England's most distinguished sons:

SUNRISE FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON.

The laughing hours have chased away the Night,
Plucking the stars out from her diadem :
And now the blue-eyed Morn, with modest grace,
Looks through her half-drawn curtains in the east,
Blushing in smiles, and glad as infancy.
And see, the foolish Moon, but now so vain
Of borrowed beauty, how she yields her charms,
And, pale with envy, steals herself away !
The clouds have put their gorgeous livery on,
Attendant on the day : the mountain-tops
Have lit their beacons, and the vales below
Send up a welcoming : no song of birds,
Warbling to charm the air with melody,
Floats on the frosty breeze ; yet Nature hath
The very soul of music in her looks !
The sunshine and the shade of poetry.

I stand upon thy lofty pinnacle,
Temple of Nature ! and look down with awe
On the wide world beneath me, dimly seen.
Around me crowd the giant sons of earth,
Fixed on their old foundations, unsubdued ;
Firm as when first rebellion bade them rise
Unrified to the Thunderer : now they seem
A family of mountains, clustering round
Their hoary patriarch, emulously watching
To meet the partial glances of the day.
Far in the glowing east the flickering light,
Mellowed by distance with the blue sky blending,
Questions the eye with ever-varying forms.

The sun comes up ! away the shadows fling
From the broad hills, and, hurrying to the west,

Sport in the sunshine, till they die away.
The many beauteous mountain-streams leap down,
Out-welling from the clouds, and sparkling light
Dances along with their perennial flow.
And there is beauty in yon river's path,
The glad Connecticut! I know her well,
By the white veil she mantles o'er her charms:
At times she loiters by a ridge of hills,
Sportfully hiding; then again with glee
Out-rushes from her wild-wood lurking-place.
Far as the eye can bound, the ocean-waves,
And hills and rivers, mountains, lakes, and woods,
And all that hold the faculty entranced,
Bathed in a flood of glory, float in air,
And sleep in the deep quietude of joy.

There is an awful stillness in this place,
A Presence that forbids to break the spell,
Till the heart pour its agony in tears.
But I must drink the vision while it lasts;
For even now the curling vapors rise,
Wreathing their cloudy coronals, to grace
These towering summits,—bidding me away;
But often shall my heart turn back again,
Thou glorious eminence! and when oppressed,
And aching with the coldness of the world,
Find a sweet resting-place and home with thee.

RUFUS DAWES.

In a more frolicsome and less restrained tone is "The Brook" of William B. Wright, one of the most finely imaginative of our recent poets. We give but a portion of this very long poem.

Brief the search until I heard him,
Sweetest truant, at his play;

Such a soul of laughter stirred him,
Could not rest by night or day.
Brief the search until I found him
Gambolling, crumpling all his bed ;
Woods and rocks, that loved him, round him,
And the brakes twined overhead.
As I came, away he sped
On fleet pearly feet of lightning
Just behind a rosy croft ;
Flashing thence with sudden brightening,
Tossed his baby head aloft,
And with cries of merriment
Down the sombre forest went.

* * * * *

'Tis but the joyous quality
Of life that pricks his heart with glee.
So blithe, so rash, he cannot guess
What burdens gather to oppress,
What world-old wrestlers, stanch and grim,
Sit by the wayside waiting him,
Whose savage grapple without ruth
Unlocks the tender joints of youth.
The child among his rattles,
What though he not forebode
The shock and din of battles
That wait him on the road !
Suffice unto the happy elf
The wonders of his present self.
What profit, though he knew that Fate
Already snuffed his track,
Yea, from behind his very back
Reached stealthy fingers to create
From the toys he breaks and idly scatters
Adamantine links of future fetters !

* * * * *

What need has my sweet child of wings?
He can out-trip all adverse things.
See his silver sandal flash,
So cunning-wise, though seeming-rash!
So soft to glide, so quick to flit,
What force can bind or intermit
The motions of his flowing wit?
In his mystic pace does dwell
All the speed of Neptune's shell,
All the stealth of Mercury's heel,
All the fire of Phœbus' wheel.
Languors dull or grosser slumber
Never stay his ramping limb:
The gods gave all their gayety
When they modelled him.

* * * * *

Who could lure thee but to tarry
While he spake a word with thee,
Take in a net thy spirit wary,
Till it told its cause of glee?
So oft thy humor veers and doubles,
I cannot guess thy will or reason,
Or thrid the tangle of thy mind,
That, never seeking, still does find,
Drinks deep through every tingling nerve,
And thrills through each voluptuous curve
With dizzy transports of the season.
But when thy waves are crisped and curled
Against a lily or a pebble,
And all about thy woodland world
Echoes thy dainty-trilling treble,
Or when with airy leap and laughter
Thou dancest down the sloping shelf,

Trailing a hundred ringlets after,
I sometimes catch the sprightly elf,
Who cannot always hide himself.
A wisdom to thyself, a gladness,
It well beseems thee to disdain
The mortal's haughty scope of sadness,
The griefs that make our lives profane.
Oh, glorious skein of sunlight,
Fresh from the spindle of love divine,
Thou art to me a heavenly sign
To cheer, ennoble, and invite.
Something within me strongly pleads
To follow where thy splendor leads.
I cannot doubt the path is right :
I give myself to thee to guide me,
Be thou my fate, whate'er betide me.

Our series of poems devoted to the Aspects of Nature might be extended indefinitely, without exhausting the fine landscape-poems by American authors. We shall therefore close the series with some verses in a different manner from the preceding, by an anonymous writer :

THE RAIN.

There is something in the strain
Played by the descending rain—
Some sad sound
As it drips upon the ground—
That again, alas! again
 (Ah me! I thought them fled
 Unto the silent dead)
Calls up deep-buried memories of pain.

Falling still, drop, drop,
As it nevermore would stop,

From the wet eyes of the cloud
 Weeps the rain,—
From that dark and dismal shroud,
In whose depth tempestuous things
Hide and fold their dreadful wings,
Mute, like statued sufferings
 In the brain.

It strideth downward from the sky,
On feet of mist it runneth by,
Upon my heart I feel its tread
Wake from their low, deep graves the dead,
Buried fancies that of yore
Rich imagination bore,
Cherished hopes that died, as all
Fairest things untimely fall.
Phantoms vague, they come and go,
With eyes turned backward full of woe,
While sad Fancy sits in folly
Nursing pensive Melancholy,
Till, lost in mournful musing, her blue eyes
Weep with the skies.

DEATH AND THE FUTURE LIFE.

CHAUNCEY GILES.

[The doctrines of the New Church (Swedenborgian) as expounded in the writings of the Rev. Chauncey Giles are certainly rendered with a charming rhetoric and a grace of diction which make these writings agreeable reading, whatever may be thought of their argument. Of the various works of Mr. Giles the most popular is "Man as a Spiritual Being," which has had a large circulation in England as well as

in this country, and has been translated into several European languages. From this work we extract a portion of the chapter on "Death." Taken as a whole, it is one of the neatest and most convincing arguments extant in evidence of the reality of a future life. We can, however, give it in but a fragmentary form. Mr. Giles was born in Massachusetts in 1813. He has been connected with the New Church since 1853, and is at present pastor of the First New Jerusalem Society of Philadelphia.]

IF death is the end of our individual and conscious being; if nothing remains but the ashes from the burnt taper, or a formless essence that soars away and mingles with the elements; if our glowing hopes, our lofty aspirations, our consciousness of capacities for knowledge and happiness which have just begun to expand, are all cut off by death, and buried in the grave,—then, indeed, man is the greatest enigma in the universe. Compared with the possibilities of his nature, he is the fading flower, the withering grass, the morning cloud, the tale that is told.

But if death is only the completion of the first little round in life,—the first short flight; if it marks the end only of his seed-time; if his budding hopes, his lofty aspirations, and dawning consciousness of desires which no earthly good can fill, are but the swelling germs of faculties that are to blossom and bear immortal fruit; if he leaves in the grave only the swaddling-clothes of his spiritual infancy, and rises as from a sleep, in perfect human form, with all his memory, his consciousness of individual being, to enter upon an endless career, in which hope is changed into fruition, and aspiration into attainment,—then death is the grand step in life. It solves all its enigmas; it is the fulfilment, of which this life is but the prophecy; and to the wise and pure it opens the shining portals of an endless day. . . .

What, then, is the death of man, according to the

common meaning of the word *death*? I answer: It is the withdrawal of the man himself from the material body. He casts the body aside. He deserts it. And by this act he steps out of this world into the spiritual world. By the simple act, no change is effected in the man himself, in form, organization, or character. He is no better and no worse; he knows no more and no less; he has not lost or gained a single feature or faculty. He has only gained more favorable conditions for the attainment of his ends.

Nor is any change effected in the material body by the simple act of death. It has the same form, the same organization. The eye has the same coats and lenses; it is composed of the same substances; the nerves of taste and touch and motion are all perfect; it possesses as much life as it ever did,—that is, none at all. The simple act—the thing done—is the separation of two organic forms which before had acted together as one. That form, in which life resided, still retains it; and that which was dependent upon the other for all its power, and even for the ability to resist the common forces of nature and retain its form, has lost it, and is as powerless to love, to think, to feel and act, as the substances which compose it were when they were metals, earth, and gases. It is true a great change soon commences in both forms. The material body, having lost the special power which gave it organization and enabled it to resist the common forces of nature, yields to their action, and returns to its former state,—becomes earth and gas, and mingles with the elements; while the *man* enters upon his new career, under new conditions, with corresponding results. Such is the change we call death. It is very small in itself, but most momentous in its results.

If we look at the body alone and mistake that for the man himself, as most persons practically do, the change is

terrible. There lies the form we have loved, cold, motionless, dead. The red current of life that flowed through artery and vein has become a standing pool; the nerves that gave sensation to the whole body, and special ability to each organ to do its appropriate work, have lost their power; the light of thought and affection no longer beams upon us from the eye; the ear is deaf to our imploring cries, the smile of love has faded from the white lips, and no voice of recognition can ever move them more; the arm has lost its power, and the fingers their cunning; the feet will run on no more errands of love and duty. And soon the very form disappears, mingles with the elements and is lost. How terrible the fate, if that body was the man himself! How irreparable the loss, if the friend, the child, the husband, the wife we loved, was that form! I do not wonder that those who have no idea of man as a spiritual being shrink from death with horror; that it is universally regarded as the great agony and terror, and that multitudes cling to the hope that these elements may be reorganized into the human form, and man's personal existence be restored to him.

But if we regard the spirit as the real man, there is no loss of being or form or consciousness; there is no death. The same heart beats with the same love as ever; the same eye is luminous with affection and kind thoughts; the same ear hears, not our outward cries, but the secret aspirations and yearnings of our souls; the same face beams with the same or a more unselfish and ardent love, and the lips whisper it to our inward ear; the same arms are stronger to give us spiritual support, and the same hands minister to our real wants with greater efficiency and tenderer skill; and the whole life of those we have loved is nearer our life, and throbs in and through our inmost being with a stronger pulse than when the same form

and the same life were separated from us by a wall of clay. We see them not. We never saw them. Only the mask they wore was visible to the natural senses. They have thrown off that, and when we throw off ours, we shall really see them and be seen, "not as through a glass darkly, but we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known." Such is the apparent and such is the real change we call death. . . .

It is in accordance with the experience of all ages and universal consciousness that all our mental and spiritual faculties are limited and restrained—"cabined, cribbed, confined"—by the material body. We begin to feel its restraints in infancy, and we maintain a life-long struggle against it. The infant feels it in its first efforts in learning to walk. Indeed, it is this very desire to escape from its restraints that impels it to the difficult and perilous task. The foot will not convey it to the desired spot; the hand will not grasp the glittering bauble. The youth, with all his exuberant life and strength, chafes under it. He would mount with the eagle; he would fly with the wind; he would be here, there, everywhere, to gratify his insatiable curiosity. But the body lags behind and anchors him to the earth and fetters his limbs. When he would learn to wield the instruments of labor or art, his industry and patience are tested to the utmost. Even in the prime of life, the body is never perfectly obedient to the soul. And then how soon the eye fails the scholar; the hand will not obey the musician; the nerves grow tremulous and the muscles tire. A great part of the invention, skill, and effort of humanity is employed to overcome the weight and drag of the body. The steamship, the rail-car, and the telegraph have all been called to assist man in keeping pace with his desires; and, though they have nearly annihilated space and time, he is as impatient of

delay as ever, and grieves and despairs at the immeasurable distance between his attainments and his wants.

It is true he gains in his control over the body for a time, but he soon reaches the limit of its capacities; and then its ability to express the thoughts and affections, and do the will of the spirit, continually diminishes. The strength fails; the senses grow obtuse and dim; and the body becomes the soul's prison; shuts it out from the material world and all its delights; fetters its limbs with feebleness, and immures it in a dungeon, devoid of light and joy. How terrible would be its fate if there was no release from it! And we have no grounds for believing that the body would not decay, even if man had not sinned, for the plant and the animal are subject to the same law. But death comes as a blessed deliverer from this bondage to the flesh; breaks off our chains, clears the mist from the eye, and sets every faculty free. . . .

Now, *we* believe that every bone and muscle and feather [of the bird], and every organ within and without, is a true prophet of its future state. We know also that every prophecy is fulfilled. These organs foretell another world of ineffable perfections compared with the one in which it then dwelt. They prophesy of air and light; of joyous song and social flight; of worm and seed for all its needs; and every prophecy is fulfilled to the letter.

So it is with everything in the material world. Wherever you find any overplus of organization or strength beyond the present wants of plant and animal, it is an unfailing evidence of a state not yet attained. Does any one suppose, then, that these blind surgings of man's soul against the prison-walls of the body have no meaning? Does the Lord follow a certain method with unvarying regularity up to man, and then stop short, and even reverse it, in him? No; it cannot be. The Lord always works like

Himself; He pursues the same order and method in all planes of the creation that come within our knowledge, and no human ingenuity can suggest a reason why He should abandon them for man, more than for the insect and sparrow.

Every one knows that we never find anything in this world to fully content and satisfy us. We often think we shall be satisfied when we have a little more; but that little more enlarges and recedes as we approach it. *Enough* is an ever-receding goal. The men who have the most knowledge are the most eager for more. Those who have the largest fortunes are the most anxious to accumulate. Alexander weeps for more worlds to conquer; and Newton, who has weighed the planets in the balance of his intellect, and with cunning fingers has disentangled the solar ray and showed its various colored threads, standing on the pinnacle of his amazing knowledge, is yet "the little child upon the shore who has found only a few shells, while the vast ocean of truth lies unexplored before him." The artist embodies the highest conceptions of his genius on canvas or in marble; but immediately his conceptions rise above themselves; he sees new beauty and grandeur in the human form; and he, too, is running towards an ever-receding goal. The same is true, only in a greater degree, of the affections. There is no home so beautiful and full of love as to satisfy every ideal affection; there is no being so perfectly the complement of our own, that we can conceive no lack and no superfluity.

These ideals and aspirations after something which the world cannot give, are to man, in the material body and the material world, what the organization of the sparrow is to the egg. They are voices implanted in man's nature prophesying another world that shall be adequate to his largest desires. These stirrings of a higher life within

•

us; these surgings of mighty impulses against the walls of clay—are the struggles of the unfledged bird for a new state of being. They are not, they cannot be, the mockings of some tormenting fiend; they are the powerful voices of an all-merciful, all-wise Father, who has provided a better world for us than this,—voices of love and hope, in which He calls us to believe in that world, and prepare for it.

But, as the sparrow could not fly in the summer air and pour forth the fulness of its own delight in song until its organization had been effected in the shell, so neither can man enter into full consciousness of the perfections of the spiritual world until the proper spiritual organization has been formed in the material body; and, as the bird cannot enter into its new world until it breaks its shell and escapes from it, so neither can man rise into the spiritual world until he throws off the material body and thus breaks down the partition walls which separate him from it.

There is another legitimate deduction from these universal methods of the Divine operation, full of the greatest and surest promises of good to man. So far as we know, the plant, the bird, the animal, fully attain the ends of their being. The most perfect animal has no thought, no desire, no impulse even, for anything beyond this world. So far as they are concerned, the declaration of the Psalmist is true,—“Thou openest Thy hand and satisfiest the desires of every living thing.” It is true for man also. It must be, or the whole creation is a lie. But we must take man’s whole being into consideration. It is false only when we mistake the lowest and the merely rudimentary part of his nature for the whole. If you judge the plant by the blossom, or the insect by the chrysalis, you will come to the same false conclusion you do when you judge man by

his life in the material body. Everything in the universe points to the conclusion that the Lord intended, and still intends, to satisfy every spiritual want of man, as fully as He satisfies every natural want of the animal. He has made such ample and varied provisions for every possible want, that man cannot frame a hope which will not be realized; he cannot have a desire that will not be gratified; he cannot conceive a good which he will not obtain; he cannot form an ideal which will not become an actual; he cannot lift an aspiration above the level of his attainment. This is the Lord's promise in His word,—“Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you;” and this promise is written upon the whole creation.

You have seen an animal in a good pasture lying in the shade or basking in the sun, and you knew that its desires were all satisfied; it had no dream of a want. Within the little round of its life it is content, it is full. Now, what the attainment of the animal is for the animal, will be man's attainment for man. With all his mental and spiritual faculties increased to an inconceivable degree of scope and power; with his knowledge and affections enlarged beyond the present capacities of the highest angel, yet every want will be satisfied. He will be full. Visions of glory and beauty will dawn upon his clear vision, such as no earthly eye has seen, and no heart conceived, and he will reach them, possess them, enjoy them, and they will content him. There are only two words that express such a state,—*Peace*, *Blessedness*. Peace within, peace with all around. Blessedness in the heart; blessedness in the understanding; blessedness in every faculty and every relation.

This is what the Lord promises us in His word, and in His works, and it is a promise He will fulfil to the letter. But you must give Him time, and be obedient to His

way. He cannot give it to you while you are in the material body. He cannot give it to you in this world, any more than He can give flight and the joy of song to the bird in the egg. It requires a spiritual world to satisfy all the demands of our spiritual faculties.

Now, gather all these considerations into one; the limitations and obstructions to the soul inherent in matter; the nature of the soul itself; the universal testimony of the Divine methods in the creation; the certainty with which the Lord accomplishes His ends, with no excess of means and no lack of attainment; the Divine promises in the Word; and does not everything point to the absolute necessity of the death of the body? Is there any exception to it? No, the testimony is all on one side. The soul could not possibly attain those immeasurable heights of perfection of which it knows itself to be capable, without freeing itself from the body. What we call death, then, is an orderly step in life. It is not a curse, but a blessing. It deprives us of no good. It introduces us to innumerable and inconceivable delights. Instead of fearing it, we should thank the Lord for it, and patiently await its coming. We should do our work here well, knowing it is the best preparation we can make for the largest blessings hereafter.

A PRETTY TIME OF NIGHT.

JOSEPH C. NEAL.

[The author of "Charcoal Sketches" at one time occupied a prominent position in American humorous literature, though he has long since been crowded out by the host of new aspirants to fame as humorists. We give a favorable specimen of his art. He was born in New

Hampshire in 1807. In 1831 he entered the journalistic profession in Philadelphia, and in 1844 established *Neal's Saturday Gazette*, which gained an extensive popularity. He published several volumes of humorous sketches. Died in 1848.]

WE know it to be theoretical in certain schools—in the kitchen, for instance, which is the most orthodox and sensible of the schools—that, as a general rule, the leading features of character are indicated by the mode in which we pull a bell, and that, to a considerable extent, we may infer the kind of person who is at the door—just as we do the kind of fish that bobs the cork—by the species of vibration which is given to the wire. Rash, impetuous, choleric, and destructive, what chance has the poor little bell in such hands? But the considerate, modest, lowly, and retiring,—do you ever know such people to break things? Depend upon it, too, that our self-estimate is largely indicated by our conduct in this respect. If it does not betray what we really are, it most assuredly discloses the temper of the mind at the moment of our ringing.

“Tinkle!”

Did you hear?

Nothing could be more amiable or unobtrusive than that. It would scarcely disturb the nervous system of a mouse; and whoever listened to it might at once understand that it was the soft tintinnabulary whisper of a gentleman of the convivial turn and of the “locked-out” description, who, conscious probably of the default, is desirous of being admitted to his domiciliary comforts upon the most pacific and silent terms that can be obtained from those who hold the citadel and possess the inside of the door.

“Tinkle!”

Who can doubt that he—Mr. Tinkle—would take off

his boots and go up-stairs in his stocking-feet, muttering rebuke to every step that creaked? What a deprecating mildness there is in the deportment of the "great locked-out"! How gently do they tap, and how softly do they ring! while, perchance, in due proportion to their enjoyment in untimely and protracted revel is the penitential aspect of their return. There is a "never-do-so-any-more-ishness" all about them,—yea, even about the bully boys "who wouldn't go home till morning, till daylight does appear," singing up to the very door; and when they

"Tinkle!"

it is intended as a hint merely, and not as a broad annunciation,—insinuated—not proclaimed aloud—that somebody who is very sorry—who "didn't go to help it," and all that—is at the threshold, and that, if it be the same to you, he would be exceeding glad to come in, with as little of scolding and rebuke as may be thought likely to answer the purpose. There is a hope in it,—a subdued hope—

"Tinkle!"

—that perchance a member of the family—good-natured as well as insomnolent—may be spontaneously awake, and disposed to open the door without clamoring up Malcolm, Donalbain, and the whole house. Why should every one know? But—

"Tinkle—tinkle!"

Even patience itself—on a damp, chilly, unwholesome night,—patience at the street door, all alone by itself and disposed to slumber,—as patience is apt to be after patience has been partaking of potations and of collations,—even patience itself cannot be expected to remain tinkling there—"pianissimo"—hour after hour, as if there were nothing else in this world worthy of attention but the ringing of bells. Who can be surprised that patience at last becomes reckless and desperate, let the consequences

—rhinoceroses or Hyrcan tigers—assume what shape they may?

There is a furious stampede upon the marble, a fierce word or two of scathing Saxon, and then—

“Rangle—ja-a-a-n-g-le—ra-a-a-ng!!!”—the sound being of that sharp, stinging, excruciating kind which leads to the conclusion that somebody is “worse” and is getting in a rage.

That one, let me tell you, was Mr. Dawson Dawdle, in whom wrath had surmounted discretion, and who, as a forlorn hope, had now determined to make good his entrance—assault, storm, escalade—at any hazard and at any cost. Dawson Dawdle was furious now,—“savagerous,” as you have been, probably, when kept at the door till your teeth rattled like castanets and cachuchas.

Passion is picturesque in attitude, as well as poetic in expression. Dawson Dawdle braced his feet one on each side of the door-post, as a purchase, and tugged at the bell with both hands, until windows flew up in all directions, and night-capped heads, in curious variety, were projected into the gloom. Something seemed to be the matter at Dawdle’s.

“Who’s sick?” cried one.

“Where’s the fire?” asked another.

“The Mexicans are come!” shouted a third. But Dawson Dawdle had reached that state of intensity which is regardless of every consideration but that of the business in hand, and he continued to pull away, as if at work by the job, while several observing watchmen stood by in admiration of his zeal. Yet there was no answer to this pealing appeal for admittance. Not that Mrs. Dawson Dawdle was deaf,—not she, nor dumb either. Nay, she had recognized Mr. Dawdle’s returning step,—that husband’s “foot,” which should, according to the poet,

“ Have music in’t
As he comes up the stair.”

But Dawdle was allowed to make his music in the street, while his wife, obdurate, listened with a smile bordering, we fear, upon exultation, at his progressive lessons and rapid improvements in the art of ringing “triple-bob-majors.”

“Let him wait,” remarked Mrs. Dawson Dawdle; “let him wait: ’twill do him good. I’m sure I’ve been waiting long enough for him.”

And so she had; but, though there be a doubt whether this process of waiting had “done good” in her own case, yet if there be truth or justice in the vengeful practice which would have us act toward others precisely as they deport themselves to us,—and every one concedes that it is very agreeable, however wrong, to carry on the war after this fashion,—Mrs. Dawson Dawdle could have little difficulty in justifying herself for the course adopted.

Only to think of it, now!

Mrs. Dawson Dawdle is one of those natural and proper people who become sleepy of evenings, and who are rather apt to yawn after tea. Mr. Dawson Dawdle, on the other hand, is of the unnatural and improper species who are not sleepy or yawny of evenings,—never so,—except of mornings. Dawson insists on it that he is no chicken to go to roost at sundown; while Mrs. Dawson Dawdle rises with the lark. The larks he prefers are larks at night. Now, as a corrective to these differences of opinion, Dawson Dawdle had been cunningly deprived of his pass-key, that he might be induced “to remember not to forget” to come home betimes,—a thing he was not apt to remember, especially if good companionship intervened.

Thus Mrs. Dawdle was “waiting up” for him.

* * * * *

"Well," said he, at the bell-handle all this time, "well, I suppose it's late again,—it rings as if it was late; and somehow or other it appears to me that it always is late, especially and particularly when my wife tells me to be sure to be home early,—‘you Dawson, come back soon, d'ye hear?’ and all that sort o' thing. I wish she wouldn't: it puts me out, to keep telling me what I ought to do; and when I have to remember to come home early, it makes me forget all about it, and discombobberates my ideas so that I'm a great deal later than I would be if I was left to my own sagacity. Let me alone, and I'm great upon sagacity; but yet what is sagacity when it has no key and the dead-latch is down? What chance has sagacity got when sagacity's wife won't let sagacity in? I'll have another pull at the bell: exercise is good for one's health."

This last peal—as peals, under such circumstances, are apt to be—was louder, more sonorous, and in all respects more terrific than any of its "illustrious predecessors," practice in this respect tending to the improvement of skill on the one hand, just as it adds provocation to temper on the other. For a moment the fate of Dawson Dawdle quivered in the scale, as the eye of his exasperated lady glanced fearfully round the room for a means of retaliation and redress. Nay, her hand rested for an instant upon a pitcher, while thoughts of hydropathics, douches, shower-baths, Graefenbergs, and Priessnitzes, in their medicinal application to dilatory husbands, presented themselves in quick aquatic succession, like the rushings of a cataract. Never did man come nearer to being drowned than Mr. Dawson Dawdle.

"But no," said she, relenting; "if he were to ketch his death o' cold he'd be a great deal more trouble than he is now: husbands with bad colds—coughing husbands and

sneezing husbands—are the stupidest and tiresomest kind of husbands: bad as they may be, ducking don't improve 'em. I'll have recourse to moral suasion; and if that won't answer, I'll duck him afterward."

Suddenly, and in the midst of a protracted jangle, the door flew widely open, and displayed the form of Mrs. Dawson Dawdle, standing sublime—silent—statuesque—wrapped in wrath and enveloped in taciturnity. Dawdle was appalled.

"My dear!" and his hand dropped nervelessly from the bell-handle,—“my dear, it's me,—only me!”

Not a word of response to the tender appeal; the lady remained obdurate in silence, chilly and voiceless as the marble, with her eyes sternly fixed upon the intruder. Dawson Dawdle felt himself running down.

"My dear—he! he!"—and Dawson laughed with a melancholy quaver,—“it's me that's come home—you know me—it's late, I confess—it's 'most always late—and I—ho! ho!—why don't you say something, Mrs. Dawson Dawdle?—Do you think I'm going to be skeered, Mrs. Dawdle?”

As the parties thus confronted each other, Mrs. Dawdle's “masterly inactivity” proved overwhelming. For reproaches Dawson was prepared: he could bear part in a war of opinion; the squabble is easy to most of us, but where are we when the antagonist will not deign to speak, and environs us, as it were, in an ambuscade, so that we fear the more because we know not what to fear?

“Why don't she blow me up?” queried Dawdle to himself, as he found his valor collapsing; “why don't she blow me up, like an affectionate woman and a loving wife, instead of standing there in that ghostified fashion?”

Mrs. Dawdle's hand slowly extended itself toward the culprit, who made no attempt at evasion or defence, slowly

it entwined itself in the folds of his neck-handkerchief, and, as the unresisting Dawson had strange fancies relative to bow-strings, he found himself drawn inward by a sure and steady grasp. Swiftly was he sped through the darksome entry and up the winding stair, without a word to comfort him in his stumbling progress.

"Dawson Dawdle!—look at the clock!—A pretty time of night, indeed, and you a married man! Look at the clock, I say, and see."

Mrs. Dawson Dawdle, however, had, for the moment, lost her advantage in thus giving utterance to her emotion; and Mr. Dawson Dawdle, though much shaken, began to recover his spirits.

"Two o'clock, Mr. Dawdle—two!—isn't it two, I ask you?"

"If you are positive about the fact, Mrs. Dawdle, it would be unbecoming in me to call your veracity in question, and I decline looking. So far as I am informed, it generally is two o'clock just about this time in the morning: at least, it always has been whenever I stayed up to see. If the clock is right, you'll be apt to find it two just as it strikes two; that's the reason it strikes, and I don't know that it could have a better reason."

"A pretty time!"

"Yes,—pretty enough," responded Dawdle; "when it don't rain, one time of night is as pretty as another time of night; it's the people that's up in the time of night that's not pretty; and you, Mrs. Dawdle, are a case in p'int,—keeping a man out of his own house. It's not the night that's not pretty, Mrs. Dawdle, but the goings-on that's not; and you are the goings-on. As for me, I'm for peace,—a dead-latch key and peace; and I move that the goings-on be indefinitely postponed, because, Mrs. Dawdle, I've heard it all before,—I know it like a

book ; and if you insist on it, Mrs. Dawdle, I'll save you trouble, and speak the whole speech for you right off the reel, only I can't cry good when I'm jolly."

But Dawson Dawdle's volubility, assumed for the purpose of hiding his own misgivings, did not answer the end which he had in view ; for Mrs. Dawson Dawdle, having had a glimpse at its effects, again resorted to the "silent system" of connubial management. She spoke no more that night, which Dawson, perchance, found agreeable enough. But she would not speak any more the day after, which perplexed him when he came down too late for breakfast or returned too late for dinner.

"I do wish she would say something," muttered Dawdle ; "something cross, if she likes,—anything, so it makes a noise. It makes a man feel bad, after he's used to being talked to, not to be talked to in the regular old-fashioned way. When one's so accustomed to being blowed up, it seems as if he was lost or didn't belong to anybody if no one sees to it that he's blowed up at the usual time. Bachelors, perhaps, can get along well enough without having their comforts properly attended to in this respect. What do they know, the miserable creatures, about such warm receptions and such little endearments ? When they are out too late, nobody's at home preparing a speech for them ; but I feel just as if I was a widower if I'm not talked to for not being at home in time."

OUR FAMILIAR BIRDS.

MARY TREAT.

[To infuse life into the dry bones of science, and make subjects which are usually avoided to pulsate with human interest, is a gift which few writers possess. Mary Treat possesses this desirable faculty. While a very close observer of natural phenomena, and particularly of the life-habits of ants and spiders, she is capable of making the biography of an insect, a bird, or a flower as agreeable reading as the biographies of many men. Where a close devotion to some branch of science is combined with an ardent love of nature as a whole, the driest details may be thus illuminated with side-lights of attractiveness, and science gain some of the elements of poetry. The selection we give is from her "Home Studies in Nature."]

DURING the past summer my time and attention have been devoted almost exclusively to the birds which nested around the house, and I have fully verified the fact that in the grove and orchard they can be tamed and made quite docile pets.

The house is situated on the main avenue, near the business part of the village, and is surrounded by a thick grove of native oaks and other trees. Back of the grove is a fruit-orchard, extending to the next street; between the grove and orchard is the shrubbery,—a dense mass of various flowering shrubs. Climbing plants cling about the piazzas in tangled luxuriance. Surrounded as the place is by the din and hum of business, yet on the grounds it is very quiet. No cat is kept on the premises, and a continual warfare was waged against all neighboring cats which ventured within the enclosure. This the birds were quick to learn, and gave cries of alarm whenever this dangerous enemy made his appearance, seeming to know that he would be quickly routed, and no place

could he hide but the keen eyes of the birds would ferret him out.

Four years ago I commenced this warfare on the cats, when comparatively few birds nested here. This summer twenty-seven birds have built about the grounds, several of them in close proximity to the house.

The lovely warbling vireo (*Vireo gilvus*) fastens its neat pensile nest low down on the ends of the twigs, where it sits quietly while I stand immediately beneath it, and it looks down upon me with its large, lustrous eyes in a sweet, confiding way, or warbles its low, tender, whispering strain in the branches above my head.

In Coues's "North American Birds," where we find only the most rigid and exact scientific descriptions of birds, the author seems, for once, to have forgotten himself, and allows this charming little songster to betray him into expressing the following beautiful sentiment:

"The warbling vireo forsakes the depth of the woodland for the park and orchard and shady street, where it glides through the foliage of the tallest trees, the unseen messenger of rest and peace to the busy, dusty haunts of men. Its voice is not strong, and many birds excel it in brilliancy and execution; but not one of them all can rival the tenderness and softness of the liquid strain of this modest vocalist."

The elegant scarlet tanager (*Pyrrangaea rubra*), with its more soberly attired mate, constructed their frail tenement in the most retired part of the orchard, on the forked branch of a plum-tree. The eggs were four in number, of a dull greenish color, spotted with brown. This graceful and brilliant bird is quiet and unobtrusive, and more shy than most of the other inhabitants of the grove, yet his attachment to his mate and young made him at times quite bold and fearless. While the mate was

sitting, he seemed to be ever on the alert. However quietly I approached the nest, he was there before me, and for the first few days made frantic efforts to lure me from the spot; but gradually he became reconciled to my presence, and by the time the young were hatched he would feed them while I stood beneath the tree.

The species is very abundant in some localities, but this is the first pair I have observed here. It is not much larger than the house-sparrow, and the body of the male is a bright scarlet, while its wings and tail are a jetty black.

Another brilliant denizen of the grove was the Baltimore oriole (*Icterus baltimore*). In the spring I brought from Florida a large amount of the long gray moss, *Tillandsia usneoides*, and hung it on the lower branches of the trees, where it grew and blossomed finely. Several pairs of orioles soon found this good building-material, and used it in the construction of their nests. I found one nest several streets away composed almost entirely of it. It remains a mystery how so many birds of this species, domiciled in different parts of the village, should have found and appropriated this moss.

Although but one pair of orioles swung their hammock-like nest in the grove, yet it was a favorite resort for many others, and after the breeding season was over they cheered us with their song long after all the other vocalists were silent.

Many other birds used the moss more or less in the construction of their nests. The robin used it largely: one, especially, finding it such excellent material, and so handy too, was not content until she festooned her nest all around. It was built in the forks of an oak, and the long sprays of moss were left swaying in the wind. It was arranged so artistically that I have been asked if I did

not drape the nest myself. The catbird, bluebird, and kingbird all used it, and even the little house-sparrow (*Spizella socialis*) cunningly wove it into the foundation of its dwelling.

But there were some conservatives among the birds who would not be tempted by this new-fangled stuff to deviate from the time-honored custom of their forefathers. Our little vireos even hung their nest on the branch of a hickory-tree on which the moss was hanging, yet they persistently turned their backs upon this innovation, and seemed to look with distrust and suspicion upon all the feathered builders who were so quick to take up with anything new. The inner bark of the honeysuckle, and nice long strips of bark from cedar posts or from any good, respectable, woody plant, was what their family had always used in the construction of their domiciles, and they were determined to preserve the established customs of their ancestors. And the moss might swing for all the little wood-pewees (*Contopus virens*) cared: had not their ancestors always used fibrous roots and strips of inner bark, and should they be tempted to deviate from their honored customs by this flaunting pendant from a foreign bough? So they too passed it coldly by, with suspicious looks on other families who were erecting their domiciles so near to theirs with this strange material.

Yet the wood-pewee's nests are not all of one pattern by any means. There are some fine architects among this species. One nest, located between the forked twigs of an oak, was very symmetrical in outline, and almost covered externally with beautiful lichens. The body of the nest was composed of fine fibrous roots, interwoven with a soft, downy substance which looked like the rusty wool of the cotton grass (*Eriophorum virginicum*), and which they must have gone a long distance to obtain. In a climbing rose-bush

trained against the house was another nest so dissimilar in form and structure that I never should have taken it for the nest of the same species if I had not caught the builder at work. It was composed entirely of coarse strips of fibrous bark and roots, no soft material for a lining, and the nest was a shallow, unsymmetrical affair. Yet the little architects attempted to embellish this humble abode. Near the top of the nest a bit of colored paper was glued on, and two or three small pieces of blue egg-shell,—probably the cast-off shell of a robin's egg,—and some small pieces of white paper. This was the extent of the decoration. No doubt the little artists became discouraged at this point, or were sensible enough to see that so rude a home would not be improved by ornament.

Most writers take the ground that the nest of this species is covered with lichens in order to conceal it; but it certainly cannot be urged in this case that it was an attempt of the kind; and may not these lichens be used more for ornament than for concealment? The bird is far from shy, is one of the most familiar denizens of the grove, and seems to have no objection to a spectator while it proceeds with its building and stuccoing.

Until within a few years, according to good observers, this was a shy, retiring bird, nesting only in secluded woods; but here it is, all at once, even more familiar than its cousin, the common pewee, or Phœbe-bird. Like the other fly-catchers, it takes its food on the wing, and has a habit of returning to the same spot. Noticing that it specially liked a clothes-line to light upon, I kept one stretched all summer for its accommodation. The line was a little higher than my head, and I often stood quietly beneath it, when the bird would alight very near me, and utter his prolonged, mournful note, until a fly came within his range, when he would dart away in pur-

suit, the snapping of his bill testifying to his unerring aim.

Burroughs, in his charming little book, "Wake Robin," says it is an event in one's life to find a humming-bird's nest. The event happened to me without any effort on my part. Looking up from a seat in the grove, I saw the ruby-throat drop down on its nest, like a shining emerald from the clouds: it did not pause upon the edge of the nest, but dropped immediately upon it. The nest was situated upon an oak twig, and was about the size of a black walnut, and from where I sat it looked more like an excrescence than a nest. It was situated in the fork of two twigs, and firmly glued at the base to the lower, but was not fastened to the upper twig.

I waited for the tiny occupant to leave the nest, and then with the aid of a step-ladder had no difficulty in looking into it. I found it contained two white eggs, about as large as medium-sized peas. Sometimes the male would drop upon the nest when the female left. I never disturbed them while they were sitting upon it, but often before I could get away, when I thought them out of sight, the male would suddenly appear, and greater demonstrations of anger I never saw manifested by any bird. He would ruffle up his tiny feathers, and seem nearly twice as large, and dash almost into my face, making a squeaking noise,—scolding and threatening until he had driven me quite a distance. He soon learned that I was very much afraid of him, so he turned tyrant, and often drove me from my seat in the grove when I had not been near his dwelling. I always submitted to the little lord, for what business had I to be prying into his domestic affairs? When the young were hatched they were not larger than humble-bees, but in a week they had flown. I cut the twig off, and found the nest was composed of

the same soft, downy substance which I had noticed in the wood-pewee's nest, but it was matted so closely together that it was almost as firm as the softer kinds of felt: it was a marvel of skill and beauty, and completely covered externally with lichens.

But of all the feathered choristers none were so charming, none so confiding and intelligent, as the catbird (*Galeoscoptes carolinensis*), three pairs of which nested close to the house, each pair rearing two broods of young. One nest was near a second-story window, in a climbing rose-bush; at first the birds slightly resented my attempts at familiarity, but I was persevering and very quiet, sitting by the open window with only a light wire screen between us; after they had become accustomed to seeing me thus, I raised the screen and sat where I could have put my hand upon the occupant of the nest, but I never disturbed the mother bird; so by the time the young were hatched, the parents would feed while I sat by the window. But this pair simply tolerated me; they treated me with a sort of sublime indifference, just as they would some large animal of which they were not afraid. When the young were fledged, they came upon the back piazza, where the old ones fed them close to my side.

Another pair of this species nested in a honeysuckle that climbed over the back piazza; and here was a bird—the male—who was not only not afraid, but he appreciated me, and was companionable and intelligent, and the best musician of the grove, fully equal to his famed Southern cousin, the mocking-bird (*Mimus polyglottus*). I could call this catbird from any part of the grove or orchard, and set him to singing as if in an ecstasy of delight, but in return for this I must be his servant and do his bidding.

There is a keen sense of enjoyment—I might say of exalted happiness—in being able to bring free birds of

the grove around one, which well repays for the time and patience and hermit-like life necessary to accomplish it.

If a cat made its appearance on the grounds, and I was not in sight, the bird would come screaming close to the door, when I would accompany him, he pointing out the cat, which I would drive in no gentle way from its lurking-place; other birds clamored about me, chasing the intruder, but he was the only one that returned with me to the house, where he expressed the most decided satisfaction. Several times, just as it was growing light, the wily cat was prowling about, and the bird would call me from my bed with his cries; hastily throwing on a water-proof cloak, I always went to the rescue, and often drove the robber through the wet orchard out across the street, the bird always accompanying and returning with me. The female was confiding and gentle, but not so intelligent as the male.

The second nest of this pair was built in a cedar-tree back of the house, within a few feet of the dense shrubbery before mentioned. The birds were three or four days building, and during this time I could not win the male from his work. I tried the softest blandishments—talked, chirruped, and whistled—all in vain; he was intent upon his work, and I was of no consequence whatever. He was a most exemplary mate, doing his share of the work with a will and perseverance even in the face of temptation,—an example of allegiance well worthy to be followed. I began to fear that I had lost my power over him; but no: no sooner was he at liberty than he returned to his pretty, confiding ways; he would flutter close to me, and chatter and sing and perform curious evolutions, as if in an ecstasy of happiness.

I had a large shallow dish of water set on the ground in the midst of the shrubbery for the accommodation of

the birds; but soon so many came to bathe that it was necessary to renew it every morning. My favorite soon learned when I was coming with the water, so he was on hand superintending the work and waiting for me to rinse out the dish and supply the fresh water, which was no sooner done than he was in it, splashing and enjoying himself.

It was August before the second brood was hatched, and, now that he had graver duties to perform, he was much less attentive to me; still he occasionally recognized and played around me, but his powers of song were greatly diminishing.

* * * * *

The catbird has ever been a favorite with all good observers and lovers of birds. Audubon says of this species, "No sooner has the catbird made its appearance in the country of its choice than its song is heard from the topmost branches of the trees around in the dawn of the morning. This song is a compound of many of the gentle trills and sweet modulations of our various woodland choristers, delivered with apparent caution, and with all the attention and softness necessary to enable the performer to please the ear of his mate. Each cadence passes on without faltering; and if you are acquainted with the songs of the birds he so sweetly imitates, you are sure to recognize the manner of the different species. When the warmth of his loving bosom engages him to make choice of the notes of our best songsters, he brings forth sounds as mellow and as powerful as those of the thrasher and mocking-bird. These medleys, when heard in the calm and balmy hours of retiring day, always seem to possess a double power to delight the listener.

"The manners of this species are lively and grotesque. It is extremely sensitive, and will follow an intruder to

a considerable distance, wailing and mewing as it passes from one tree to another, its tail now jerked and thrown from side to side, its wings drooping, and its breast deeply inclined. In some instances I have known this bird to recognize at once its friend from its foe, and to suffer the former even to handle the treasure in the nest, with all the marked assurance of the knowledge it possessed of its safety; when, on the contrary, the latter had to bear all its anger."

THE DANCERS OF THE NILE.

G. W. CURTIS.

[America has produced no works of travel superior, if equal, in beauty of language, polish of style, and richness of imagination, to those of George W. Curtis, from whose "Nile Notes of a Howadji" we offer the following brilliantly-written selection. There are two grades of travellers, those who see the visible world only, and those who through the coarse lines of the visible trace the fine lines of an invisible world, a poetic universe, existing only in the mind, yet the true sublimation and spiritual counterpart of those every-day things which every eye beholds. We may venture to doubt if many of us would see in the two Ghazeeyah here pictured all that appeared to the introverted eye of the imaginative traveller.]

THE Howadji entered the bower of the Ghazeeyah. A damsel admitted us at the gate, closely veiled, as if women's faces were to be seen no more forever. Across a clean little court, up stone steps that once were steadier, and we emerged upon a small, enclosed stone terrace, the sky-vaulted antechamber of that bower. Through a little door, that made us stoop to enter, we passed into the peculiar retreat of the Ghazeeyah. It was a small, white,

oblong room, with but one window, opposite the door, and that closed. On three sides there were small holes to admit light as in dungeons, but too lofty for the eye to look through, like the oriel windows of sacristies. Under these openings were small glass vases holding oil, on which floated wicks. These were the means of illumination.

A divan of honor filled the end of the room; on the side was another, less honorable, as is usual in all Egyptian houses; on the floor a carpet, partly covering it. A straw matting extended beyond the carpet toward the door; and between the matting and the door was a bare space of stone floor, whereon to shed the slippers.

Hadji Hamed, the long cook, had been ill; but, hearing of music, and dancing, and Ghawazee, he had turned out for the nonce, and accompanied us to the house, not all unmindful, possibly, of the delectations of the Mecca pilgrimage. He stood upon the stone terrace afterward, looking in with huge delight. The solemn, long, tomb-pilgrim! The merriest lunges of life were not lost upon him, notwithstanding.

The Howadji seated themselves orientally upon the divan of honor. To sit, as Westerns sit, is impossible upon a divan. There is some mysterious necessity for crossing the legs, and this Howadji never sees a tailor now in lands civilized, but the dimness of Eastern rooms and bazaars, the flowingness of robe, and the coiled splendor of the turban, and a world reclining leisurely at ease, rise distinct and dear in his mind, like that Sicilian mirage seen on divine days from Naples, but fleet as fair. To most men a tailor is the most unsuggestive of mortals. To the remembering Howadji he sits a poet.

The chibouque and nargileh and coffee belong to the divan, as the parts of harmony to each other. I seized

the flowing tube of a brilliant amber-hued nargileh, such as Hafiz might have smoked, and prayed Isis that some stray Persian might chance along to complete our company. The Pacha inhaled at times a more sedate nargileh, at times the chibouque of the Commander, who reclined upon the divan below.

A tall Egyptian female, filially related, I am sure, to a gentle giraffe who had been indiscreet with a hippopotamus, moved heavily about, lighting the lamps, and looking as if her bright eyes were feeding upon the flame, as the giraffes might browse upon lofty autumn leaves. There was something awful in this figure. She was the type of those tall, angular, Chinese-eyed, semi-smiling, wholly homely, and bewitched beings who sit in eternal profile in the sculptures of the temples. She was mystic, like the cow-horned Isis. I gradually feared that she had come off the wall of a tomb, probably in Thebes hard by, and that our Ghawazee delights would end in a sudden embalming, and laying away in the bowels of the hills, with a perpetual prospect of her upon the walls.

·Avaunt, spectre! The fay approaches, and Kushuk Arnem entered her bower. A bud no longer, yet a flower not too fully blown. Large, laughing eyes, red, pulpy lips, white teeth, arching nose, generous-featured, lazy, carelessly self-possessed, she came dancing in, addressing the Howadji in Arabic,—words whose honey they would not have distilled through interpretation. Be content with the aroma of sound, if you cannot catch the flavor of sense; and flavor can you never have through another mouth. Smiling and pantomime were our talking, and one choice Italian word she knew,—*buono*. Ah! how much was *buono* that choice evening! Eyes, lips, hair, form, dress, everything that the strangers had or wore, was endlessly *buono*. Dancing, singing, smoking, coffee,

—*buono, buono, buonissimo!* How much work one word will do!

The Ghazeeyah entered,—not mazed in that azure mist of gauze and muslin wherein Cerito floats fascinating across the scene; nor in the peacock plumage of sprightly Lucille Grahn; nor yet in that June cloudiness of aery apparel which Carlotta affects; nor in that sumptuous Spanishness of dark drapery wherein Fanny is most Fanny.

The glory of a butterfly is the starred brilliance of its wings. There are who declare that dress is divine, who aver that an untoileted woman is not wholly a woman, and that you may as well paint a saint without his halo as describe a woman without detailing her dress. Therefore, while the coarser sex veils longing eyes, will we tell the story of the Ghazeeyah's apparel.

Yellow morocco slippers hid her feet, rosy and round. Over these brooded a bewildering fulness of rainbow silk. Turkish trousers we call them, but they are *shintyan* in Arabic. Like the sleeve of a clergyman's gown, the lower end is gathered somewhere, and the fulness gracefully overfalls. I say rainbow, although to the How-adjî's little cognizant eye was the *shintyan* of more than the seven orthodox colors. In the bower of *Kushuk—nargileh*-clouded, coffee-scented—are eyes to be strictly trusted?

Yet we must not be entangled in this bewildering brilliance. A satin jacket, striped with velvet and of open sleeves, wherefrom floated forth a fleecy cloud of under-sleeve, rolling adown the rosy arms, as June clouds down the western rosiness of the sky, enclosed the bust. A shawl, twisted of many folds, cinctured the waist, confining the silken *shintyan*. A golden necklace of charms girdled the throat, and the hair, much unctuated, as is the

custom of the land, was adorned with a pendent fringe of black silk, tipped with gold, which hung upon the neck behind.

Let us confess to a dreamy, vaporous veil, overspreading, rather suffusing with color, the upper part of the arms and the lower limits of the neck. That rosiness is known as *tób* to the Arabians,—a mystery whereof the merely masculine mind is not cognizant. Beneath the *tób*, truth allows a beautiful bud-burstiness of bosom. Yet I swear, by John Bunyan, nothing so aggravating as the Howadji beholds in saloons unnamable, nearer the Hudson than the Nile. This brilliant cloud, whose spirit was Kushuk Ar-nem, our gay Ghazeeyah, gathered itself upon a divan and inhaled vigorously a nargileh. A damsel in *tób* and *shint-yan*, exhaling azure clouds of aromatic smoke, had not been displeasing to that Persian poet for whose coming I had prayed too late.

But more welcome than he, came the still-eyed Xenobi. She entered timidly like a bird. The Howadji had seen doves less gracefully sitting upon palm-boughs in the sunset, than she nestled upon the lower divan. A very dove of a Ghazeeyah, a quiet child, the last-born of Terpsichore. Blow it from Mount Atlas, a modest dancing-girl. She sat near this Howadji, and handed him, O Haroun Alraschid! the tube of his nargileh. Its serpentine sinuosity flowed through her fingers, as if the golden gayety of her costume were gliding from her alive. It was an electric chain of communication, and never until some Xenobi of a *houri* hands the Howadji the nargileh of Paradise will the smoke of the weed of Shiraz float so lightly or so sweetly taste.

Xenobi was a mere bud, of most flexible and graceful form,—ripe and round as the spring fruit of the tropics. Kushuk had the air of a woman for whom no surprises

survive. Xenobi saw in every new day a surprise, haply in every Howadji a lover.

She was more richly dressed than Kushuk. There were gay gold bands and clasps upon her jacket. Various necklaces of stamped gold and metallic charms clustered around her neck, and upon her head a bright silken web, as if a sun-suffused cloud were lingering there, and, dissolving, showered down her neck in a golden rain of pendants. Then, O Venus! more azure still, that delicious gauziness of *tób*, whereof more than to dream is delirium. Wonderful the witchery of a *tób*! Nor can the Howadji deem a maiden quite just to nature, who glides through the world unshintyaned and untóbed.

Xenobi was, perhaps, sixteen years old, and a fully-developed woman. Kushuk Arnem, of some half-dozen summers more. Kushuk was unhennaed. But the younger, as younger maidens may, graced herself with the genial gifts of nature. Her delicate filbert nails were rosily tinted on the tips with henna, and those peddler poets, meeting her in Paradise, would have felt the reason of their chant, "Odors of Paradise, O flowers of the henna!" But she had no kohl upon the eyelashes, nor, like Fatima of Damascus, whom the Howadji later saw, were her eyebrows shaved and replaced by thick, black arches of kohl. Yet fascinating are the almond-eyes of Egyptian women, bordered black with the kohl, whose intensity accords with the sumptuous passion that mingles moist and languid with their light. Eastern eyes are full of moonlight. Eastern beauty is a dream of passionate possibility, which the Howadji would fain awaken by the same spell with which the Prince of fairy dissolved the enchanted sleep of the princess. Yet kohl and henna are only beautiful for the beautiful. In a coffee-shop at Esne, bold-faced, among the men, sat a coarse courtesan sipping coffee and

smoking a nargileh, whose kohled eyebrows and eyelashes made her a *hourî* of hell.

"There is no joy but calm," I said, as the moments, brimmed with beauty, melted in the starlight, and the small room became a bower of bloom and a Persian garden of delight. We reclined, breathing fragrant fumes, and interchanging, through the Golden-sleeved, airy nothings. The *Howadji* and the *houris* had little in common but looks. Soulless as *Undine*, and suddenly risen from a laughing life in watery dells of lotus, sat the *houris*, and like the mariner sea-driven upon the enchanted isle of *Prospero* sat the *Howadji*, unknowing the graceful gossip of fairy. But there is a fairy always folded away in our souls, like a bright butterfly chrysalized, and, sailing eastward, layer after layer of propriety, moderation, deference to public opinion, safety of sentiment, and all the thick crusts of compromise and convention roll away, and, bending southward up the Nile, you may feel that fairy fairly flutter her wings. And if you pause at *Esne* she will fly out, and lead you a will-o'-the-wisp dance across all the trim, sharp hedges of accustomed proprieties, and over the barren flats of social decencies. Dumb is that fairy, so long has she been secluded, and cannot say much to her fellows. But she feels and sees and enjoys all the more exquisitely and profoundly for her long sequestration.

Presently an old woman came in with a *târ*, a kind of tambourine, and her husband, a grisly old sinner, with a *rabâb*, or one-stringed fiddle. Old *Hecate* was a gone *Ghazeeyah*,—a rose-leaf utterly shrivelled away from rosinness. No longer a dancer, she made music for dancing. And the husband, who played for her in her youth, now played with her in her age. Like two old votaries who feel when they can no longer see, they devoted all the

force of life remaining to the great game of pleasure, whose born thralls they were.

There were two tarabukas and brass castanets, and when the old pair were seated upon the carpet near the door they all smote their rude instruments, and a wild clang raged through the little chamber. Thereto they sang. Strange sounds,—such music as the angular, carved figures upon the temples would make, had they been conversing with us,—sounds to the ear like their gracelessness to the eye.

This was Egyptian Polyhymnia preluding Terpsichore.

Kushuk Arnem quaffed a goblet of hemp arrack. The beaker was passed to the upper divan, and the Howadji, sipping, found it to smack of aniseed. It was strong enough for the Pharaohs to have imbibed,—even for Herod before beholding Herodias; for these dances are the same. This dancing is more ancient than Aboo Simbel. In the land of the Pharaohs, the Howadji saw the dancing they saw, as uncouth as the temples they built. This dancing is to the ballet of civilized lands what the gracelessness of Egypt was to the grace of Greece. Had the angular figures of the temple-sculptures preluded with that music, they had certainly followed with this dancing.

Kushuk Arnem rose and loosened her shawl-girdle in such wise that I feared she was about to shed the frivolity of dress, as Venus shed the sea-foam, and stood opposite the divan, holding her brass castanets. Old Hecate beat the tár into a thunderous roar. Old husband drew sounds from his horrible rabáb sharper than the sting of remorse, and Xenobi and the Giraffe each thrummed a tarabuka until I thought the plaster would peel from the wall. Kushuk stood motionless, while this din deepened around her, the arrack aerializing her feet, the Howadji

hoped, and not her brain. The sharp surges of sound swept around the room, dashing in regular measure against her movelessness, until suddenly the whole surface of her frame quivered in measure with the music. Her hands were raised, clapping the castanets, and she slowly turned upon herself, her right leg the pivot, marvellously convulsing all the muscles of her body. When she had completed the circuit of the spot on which she stood, she advanced slowly, all the muscles jerking in time to the music, and in solid, substantial spasms.

It was a curious and wonderful gymnastic. There was no graceful dancing: once only there was the movement of dancing, when she advanced, throwing one leg before the other as gypsies dance. But the rest was most voluptuous motion,—not the lithe wooing of languid passion, but the soul of passion starting through every sense and quivering in every limb. It was the very intensity of motion, concentrated and constant. The music still swelled savagely, in maddened monotony of measure. Hecate and the old husband, fascinated with the Ghazeeyah's fire, threw their hands and arms excitedly about their instruments, and an occasional cry of enthusiasm and satisfaction burst from their lips. Suddenly stooping, still muscularly moving, Kushuk fell upon her knees, and writhed, with body, arms, and head upon the floor, still in measure, still clanking the castanets, and arose in the same manner. It was profoundly dramatic. The scenery of the dance was like that of a characteristic song. It was a lyric of love which words cannot tell,—profound, Oriental, intense, and terrible. Still she retreated, until the constantly down-slipping shawl seemed only just clinging to her hips, and, making the same circuit upon herself, she sat down, and, after this violent and extravagant exertion, was marbly cold.

Then, timid but not tremulous, the young Xenobi arose barefooted, and danced the same dance,—not with the finished skill of Kushuk, but gracefully and well, and with her eyes fixed constantly upon the elder. With the same regular throb of the muscles she advanced and retreated, and the Paradise-pavilioned prophet could not have felt his heavenly hareem complete, had he sat smoking and entranced with the Howadji.

Form so perfect was never yet carved in marble; not the Venus is so mellowly moulded. Her outline has not the voluptuous excess which is not too much,—which is not perceptible to mere criticism, and is more a feeling flushing along the form, than a greater fulness of the form itself. The Greek Venus was sea-born, but our Egyptian is sun-born. The brown blood of the sun burned along her veins; the soul of the sun streamed shaded from her eyes. She was still, almost statuesquely still. When she danced, it was only stillness intensely stirred, and followed that of Kushuk as moonlight succeeds sunshine. As she went on, Kushuk gradually rose, and, joining her, they danced together. The Epicureans of Cairo indeed, the very young priests of Venus, assemble the Ghawazee in the most secluded adyta of their dwellings, and there, eschewing the mystery of the shintyan and the gauziness of the tób, they behold the unencumbered beauty of these beautiful women. At festivals so fair, arrack, raw brandy, and “depraved human nature” naturally improvise a ballet whereupon the curtain here falls.

Suddenly, as the clarion-call awakens the long-slumbering spirit of the war-horse, old Hecate sprang to her feet, and, loosening her girdle, seized the castanets, and with the pure pride of power advanced upon the floor, and danced incredibly. Crouching, before, like a wasted old willow, that merely shakes its drooping leaves to the

tempest, she now shook her fibres with the vigor of a nascent elm, and moved up and down the room with a miraculous command of her frame.

In Venice I had heard a gray gondolier, dwindled into a ferryman, awakened in a moonlighted midnight, as we swept by with singers chanting Tasso, pour his swan-song of magnificent memory into the quick ear of night.

In the Champs Elysées I had heard a rheumy-eyed Invalid cry, with the sonorous enthusiasm of Austerlitz, "Vive Napoléon!" as a new Napoléon rode by.

It was the Indian summer goldening the white winter,—the zodiacal light far flashing day into the twilight. And here was the same in dead old Egypt,—in a Ghazeeyah who had brimmed her beaker with the threescore-and-ten drops of life. Not more strange, and unreal, and impressive in their way, the inscrutable remains of Egypt, sand-shrouded, but undecayed, than in hers, this strange spectacle of an efficient Coryphée of seventy.

Old Hecate! thou wast pure pomegranate also, and not banana, wonder most wonderful of all,—words which must remain hieroglyphics upon these pages, and whose explication must be sought in Egypt, as they must come hither who would realize the freshness of Karnak.

Slow, sweet singing followed. The refrain was plaintive, like those of the boat-songs,—soothing, after the excitement of the dancing, as nursery-lays to children after a tired day. "Buono," Kushuk Arnem! last of the Arnems, for so her name signified. Was it a remembering refrain of Palestine, whose daughter you are? "Taib," dove Xenobi! Fated, shall I say, or favored? Pledged life-long to pleasure! Who would dare to be? Who but a child so careless would dream that these placid ripples of youth will rock you stormless to El Dorado?

O Allah! and who cares? Refill the amber nargileh,

Xenobi,—another fingan of mellow mocha. Yet another strain more stirring. Hence, Hecate! shrivel into invisibility with the thundering tár, and the old husband with his diabolical rabáb. Waits not the one-eyed first officer below, with a linen lantern, to pilot us to the boat? And the beak of the Ibis, points it not to Syene, Nubia, and a world unknown?

Farewell, Kushuk! Addio, still-eyed dove! Almost thou persuadest me to pleasure. O Wall-street, Wall-street! because you are virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale?

INSTRUCTIONS IN THE ART OF DUELLING.

HUGH H. BRACKENRIDGE.

[Among the eighteenth-century American humorists must be included Hugh Henry Brackenridge. He was, indeed, born in Scotland (in 1748), but his literary life was passed in this country. He was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania in 1799, and died in 1816. He wrote several works, of which the only one known in existing literature is "Modern Chivalry; or, The Adventures of Captain Farrago," a humorous and satirical work, forming a sort of modern "Don Quixote." It has no special literary value, but contains much shrewd humor and satire, of which the specimen we give may serve as an example.]

HAVING thus dismissed the secondary man, he called in his servant Teague, and accosted him as follows: "Teague," said he, "you have heretofore discovered an ambition to be employed in some way that would advance your reputation. There is now a case fallen out, to which you are fully competent. It is not a matter that requires the head to contrive, but the hand to execute. The greatest

fool is as fit for it as the wise man. It is, indeed, your greatest blockheads that chiefly undertake it. The knowledge of law, physic, or divinity is out of the question. Literature and political understanding is useless. Nothing more is necessary than a little resolution of the heart. Yet it is an undertaking which is of much estimation with the rabble, and has a great many on its side to approve and praise it. The females of the world, especially, admire the act, and call it valor. I know you wish to stand well with the ladies. Here is an opportunity of advancing your credit. I have had what is called a challenge sent to me this morning. It is from a certain Jacko, who is a suitor to a Miss Vapor, and has taken offence at an expression of mine to her respecting him. I wish you to accept the challenge, and fight him for me."

At this proposition Teague looked wild, and made apology that he was not much used to boxing or cudgelling, except when he had a quarrel, or at a fair at home. "Boxing!" said the captain; "you are to fight what is called a duel. You are to encounter him with pistols, and put a bullet through him if you can. It is true, he will have the chance of putting one through you; but in that consists the honor; for where there is no danger there is no glory. You will provide yourself a second. There is an hostler here at the public house, that is a brave fellow, and will answer the purpose. Being furnished with a second, you will provide yourself with a pair of pistols, powder and ball of course. In the mean time, your adversary, notified of your intentions, will do the like. Thus equipped, you will advance to the place agreed upon. The ground will be measured out,—ten, seven, or five steps, back to back, and, coming round to your place, fire. Or, taking your ground, stand still and fire; or, it may be, advance and fire as you meet, at what distance you think

proper. The rules in this respect are not fixed, but as the parties can agree, or the seconds point out. When you come to fire, be sure you keep a steady hand and take good aim. Remember that, the pistol-barrel being short, the powder is apt to throw the bullet up. Your sight, therefore, ought to be about the waistband of his breeches, so that you have the whole length of his body, and his head in the bargain, to come and go upon. It is true, he in the mean time will take the same advantage of you. He may hit you about the groin, or the belly. I have known some shot in the thigh or the leg. The throat, also, and the head, are in themselves vulnerable. It is no uncommon thing to have an arm broke, or a splinter struck off the nose, or an eye shot out; but, as in that case the ball mostly passes through the brain, and the man being dead at any rate, the loss of sight is not felt."

As the Captain spoke, Teague seemed to feel in himself every wound which was described, the ball hitting him now in one part and now in another. At the last words, it seemed to pass through his head, and he was half dead, in imagination. Making a shift to express himself, he gave the Captain to understand that he could by no means undertake the office. "What!" said the Captain; "you, whom nothing would serve, some time ago, but to be a legislator, or philosopher, or preacher, in order to gain fame, will now decline a business for which you are qualified! This requires no knowledge of finances, no reading of natural history, or any study of the fathers. You have nothing more to do than keep a steady hand and a good eye.

"In the early practice of this exercise, I mean the combat of the duel, it was customary to exact an oath of the combatants, before they entered the lists, that they had no enchantments, or power of witchcraft, about them.

Whether you should think it necessary to put him to his *voir dire* on this point, I shall not say ; but I am persuaded that on your part you have too much honor to make use of spells, or undue means, to take away his life or save your own. You will leave all to the chance of fair shooting. One thing you will observe, and which is allowable in this matter: you will take care not to present yourself with a full breast, but angularly, and your head turned round over the left shoulder, like a weathercock. For thus, a smaller surface being presented to an adversary, he will be less likely to hit you. You must throw your legs into lines parallel, and keep them one directly behind the other. Thus you will stand like a sail hauled close to the wind. Keep a good countenance, a sharp eye, and a sour look ; and if you feel anything like a colic, or a palpitation of the heart, make no noise about it. If the ball should take you in the gills, or the gizzard, fall down as decently as you can, and die like a man of honor."

It was of no use to urge the matter ; the Irishman was but the more opposed to the proposition, and utterly refused to be *after* fighting in any such manner. The Captain, finding this to be the case, dismissed him to clean his boots and spurs and rub down his horse in the stable.

On reflection, it seemed advisable to the Captain to write an answer to the card which Colonel or Major Jacko, or whatever his title may have been, had sent him this morning. It was as follows :

"Sir,—I have two objections to this duel matter. The one is, lest I should hurt you ; and the other is, lest you should hurt me. I do not see any good it would do me to put a bullet through any part of your body. I could make no use of you when dead for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I am no cannibal, to feed on

the flesh of men. Why, then, shoot down a human creature, of which I could make no use? A buffalo would be better meat. For, though your flesh may be delicate and tender, yet it wants that firmness and consistency which takes and retains salt. At any rate, it would not be fit for long sea-voyages. You might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a raccoon or an opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing anything human now. As to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than that of a year-old colt.

"It would seem to me a strange thing to shoot at a man that would stand still to be shot at; inasmuch as I have been heretofore used to shoot at things flying, or running, or jumping. Were you on a tree, now, like a squirrel, endeavoring to hide yourself in the branches, or like a raccoon, that, after much eying and spying, I observe at length in the crotch of a tall oak, with boughs and leaves intervening, so that I could just get a sight of his hinder parts, I should think it pleasurable enough to take a shot at you. But, as it is, there is no skill or judgment requisite either to discover or take you down.

"As to myself, I do not much like to stand in the way of anything harmful. I am under apprehensions you might hit me. That being the case, I think it most advisable to stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object, a tree, or a barn door, about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word, and I shall acknowledge that if I had been in the same place you might also have hit me."

THE WANTS OF MAN.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

[The Adams family is one of the most illustrious in American political history, having furnished two Presidents to the United States, while four generations in succession have attained to some degree of prominence in politics or literature. John Quincy Adams, the second President of the name, was an active writer in general literature, his works embracing "Lectures on Rhetoric and Oratory," "The Bible and its Teachings," "Poems of Religion and Society," and many political papers. His "Wants of Man" is a very neatly rendered specimen of humorous poetry. It has, however, been surpassed in point of wit and polish by the imitative effort of an abler poet, the "Contentment" of Oliver Wendell Holmes. We give a verse or two of the latter for comparison :

"Little I ask ; my wants are few ;
I only wish a hut of stone
(A *very plain* brown stone will do)
That I may call my own ;
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me ;
Three courses are as good as ten ;
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen !
I always thought cold victual nice :
My *choice* would be vanilla ice."

But an original has a value of its own, superior to that of a better imitation, and we give Adams's fine poem, in preference to that of his witty successor.]

I.

"MAN wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
'Tis not with ME exactly so,
But 'tis so in the song.

My wants are many, and if told
Would muster many a score ;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

II.

What first I want is daily bread,
And canvas-backs, and wine,
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell,
With four choice cooks from France beside,
To dress my dinner well.

III.

What next I want, at heavy cost,
Is elegant attire,—
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire,
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck,
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

IV.

And then I want a mansion fair,
A dwelling-house in style,
Four stories high, for wholesome air,
A massive marble pile,
With halls for banquets and for balls,
All furnished rich and fine,
With stabled studs in fifty stalls,
And cellars for my wine.

V.

I want a garden and a park
My dwelling to surround,
A thousand acres (bless the mark!),
With walls encompassed round,
Where flocks may range, and herds may low,
And kids and lambkins play,
And flowers and fruits commingled grow,
All Eden to display.

VI.

I want, when summer's foliage falls,
And autumn strips the trees,
A house within the city's walls,
For comfort and for ease.
But, here as space is somewhat scant
And acres rather rare,
My house in town I only want
To occupy—a square.

VII.

I want a steward, butler, cooks,
A coachman, footman, grooms,
A library of well-bound books,
And picture-garnished rooms,
Correggios, Magdalen, and Night,
The Matron of the Chair,
Guido's fleet Coursers in their flight,
And Claudes at least a pair.

VIII.

Ay! and to stamp my form and face
Upon the solid rock,

I want, their lineaments to trace,
Carrara's milk-white block,
And let the chisel's art sublime
By Greenough's hand display
Through all the range of future time
My features to the day

IX.

I want a cabinet profuse
Of medals, coins, and gems ;
A printing-press for private use
Of fifty thousand *ems* ;
And plants and minerals and shells,
Worms, insects, fishes, birds ;
And every beast on earth that dwells
In solitude or herds.

X.

I want a board of burnished plate,
Of silver and of gold,
Tureens of twenty pounds in weight,
With sculpture's richest mould,
Plateaus, with chandeliers and lamps,
Plates, dishes all the same,
And porcelain vases with the stamps
Of Sèvres and Angoulême.

XI.

And maples of fair glossy stain
Must form my chamber doors,
And carpets of the Wilton grain
Must cover all my floors ;
My walls with tapestry bedecked
Must never be outdone ;

And damask curtains must protect
Their colors from the sun.

XII.

And mirrors of the largest pane
From Venice must be brought;
And sandal-wood and bamboo cane
For chairs and tables bought;
On all the mantel-pieces, clocks
Of thrice-gilt bronze must stand,
And screens of ebony and box
Invite the stranger's hand.

XIII.

I want (who does not want?) a wife,
Affectionate and fair,
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share;
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm yet placid mind;
With all my faults to love me still,
With sentiments refined.

XIV.

And as Time's car incessant runs
And Fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want (alas! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair,
The boys all wise and brave.

XV.

And when my bosom's darling sings
With melody divine,
A pedal harp of many strings
Must with her voice combine.
A piano exquisitely wrought
Must open stand apart,
That all my daughters may be taught
To win the stranger's heart.

XVI.

My wife and daughters will desire
Refreshment from perfumes,
Cosmetics for the skin require,
And artificial blooms.
The civet fragrance shall dispense
And treasured sweets return,
Cologne revive the flagging sense,
And smoking amber burn.

XVII.

And when, at night, my weary head
Begins to droop and doze,
A southern chamber holds my bed
For nature's soft repose,
With blankets, counterpanes, and sheet,
Mattress and bed of down,
And comfortables for my feet,
And pillows for my crown.

XVIII.

I want a warm and faithful friend
To cheer the adverse hour,

Who ne'er to flatter will descend
Nor bend the knee to power;
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see,
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him as his for me.

XIX.

I want a kind and tender heart,
For others' wants to feel;
A soul secure from Fortune's dart,
And bosom armed with steel,
To bear Divine chastisement's rod,
And mingling in my plan
Submission to the will of God
With charity to man.

XX.

I want a keen, observing eye,
An ever-listening ear,
The truth through all disguise to spy,
And wisdom's voice to hear;
A tongue to speak at virtue's need
In Heaven's sublimest strain,
And lips the cause of Man to plead,
And never plead in vain.

XXI.

I want uninterrupted health
Throughout my long career.
And streams of never-failing wealth
To scatter far and near,—
The destitute to clothe and feed,
Free bounty to bestow,

Supply the helpless orphan's need
And soothe the widow's woe.

XXII.

I want the genius to conceive,
The talents to unfold
Designs, the vicious to retrieve,
The virtuous to uphold ;
Inventive power, combining skill,
A persevering soul,
Of human hearts to mould the will
And reach from pole to pole.

XXIII.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command,
Charged by the People's unbought grace
To rule my native land ;
Nor crown nor sceptre would I ask
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

XXIV.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human kind,
That after-ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim
In choral union to the skies
Their blessings on my name.

XXV.

These are the wants of mortal man ;
I cannot want them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want, absorbing all,
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call,
The mercy of my God.

XXVI.

And, oh ! while circles in my veins
Of life the purple stream,
And yet a fragment small remains
Of nature's transient dream,
My soul, in humble hope unscared
Forget not thou to pray
That this thy *want* may be prepared
To meet the Judgment Day.

A ROYAL SEAT.

EUGENE BENSON.

[The author of our present Half-Hour was born at Hyde Park, New York, in 1837. He was trained as an artist, and has executed many meritorious paintings. In 1871 he went to Rome, to reside there permanently. His literary work has consisted mainly of contributions on art-subjects to periodicals. His "Art and Nature in Italy," from which our selection is taken, is a collection of these contributions. They are charmingly written, and show at once the ardor and love of

nature of the poet, and the fine critical judgment in art of the skilled painter.]

WHOEVER has read the "Asolani" of Cardinal Bembo must wish to see the place which it celebrates and find again its gardens of delight. For, old-fashioned and involved and slow in dramatic action as it is, with its endless refinements on the nature of love, it lets us have glimpses of a charming spot, and makes one ask, Where is the once famous country-seat of Catherine Cornaro? and is there anything to be seen of it?

It is a pretty story, that of the Queen's favorite maid of honor, the beautiful Fiametta, in honor of whose marriage Bembo wrote his "Asolani."

Berenice, and Gismondo, and Perottino, and Lavinello, and the old hermit—all most gentle people—conduct themselves with modesty and grace, and, with fine manners and leisure, talk of love as though it were the sole business of the day. These conversations took place a long time ago,—centuries ago. The Queen and her pleasant guests were here at Asolo, and below at her greater palace on the plain. Some trace of attractive life must still exist outside of Asolo. Where, then, we repeated, is her once famous country-seat? This question I put at Asolo, in front of the old tower of the castle which was once the home of the ex-Queen. In spite of being told that there was nothing to be seen of her ancient residence, on the plain, I felt sure that some traces of the splendid life of her time might reward my effort to get the very stuff with which imagination builds anew its dreamy fabric. I wished to go over the ground between delightful Asolo and the enchanting residence which formerly housed the court of the Queen of Cyprus. Walls and towers and all the gorgeous retinue of sixteenth-century life have been swept away, but the level fields, the winding roads, the

running streams, the silver and golden tones of sky and woods, and all the material of nature would yet renew for me some coveted impressions. And I thought my experience must be incomplete without this visit to the very ground of the famous Paradise of the lady from Cyprus.

Leaving the one winding street of Asolo, its arched arcade, the faded frescos of its old walls, its square tower and castle rock, by a charming road turning between chestnut slopes, whose bending and flowing spaces descend to the plain with many a grassy glade and many a golden vineyard and many a luring path, we drove toward El Parco, the site of Queen Cornaro's park and palace. All this is outside of the way of travel, and guide-books do not lead us to it. It therefore promised us something unworn in the way of old Italy.

For, one must admit it, there are threadbare places of travel in Italy, and there are the commonplaces of experience which cannot quicken any spark in an old traveller. But Asolo and El Parco are the very places to gratify the eye and start a fresh expectation of pleasure. One hour's drive brought us to a narrow way bordered with aspens, and willows, and acacias, and walnut and poplar trees. And what a fresh stream sped along the road-side! Presently we halted before the gateless entrance of what appeared to be an immense long farm-house, such as is common in this part of Italy. A heap of husked corn lay on the ground: several peasants were standing in the sun and civilly welcomed us, and half a dozen children stopped their play to look in wide-eyed wonder at the strangers who stepped forward.

One glance at the front of the long building gave us a shock of surprise. Farm-house, cattle-shed, and barn it was indeed,—a structure put to uses that the sanest communist would have approved; but part of the famed palace

of the Queen of Cyprus it was none the less, and the sign of its lordly state and beautiful aspect yet brightened its peeled walls and set over the peasant's home the features and forms of its old life of elegance. It was more than we expected, to see the full length of the great front covered with warm-colored frescos and decorative patterns of sixteenth-century art. So much! and perhaps the work of a master! For tradition tells that Giorgione himself painted the portrait of the Queen on horseback on the tower over the entrance to the park, and why should we not be looking now upon the vestiges of his work or of his school? All one's faculties of admiration are alert in front of a fragment of a fine time of art. One seeks to possess something so near ruin or hastens to dismiss some pretension so close to greatness. And what a contrast this great painted front of a peasant's home sheltering cattle, and beings but a step above the very animals they care for! It is a great building, with arches and columns and carved capitals, its whole surface covered with color and decorated with subjects of curious interest and much beauty.

As to the frescos, they are really worth much attention.

Neptune drives his dolphins through the sea; Apollo chases Daphne; St. Jerome beats his breast; Love dominates Force; fauns pipe to nude nymphs. These are the subjects yet to be seen in bright and harmonious color. An aged peasant-mother pointed out Neptune to me. It was Ceres infirm and old showing me the older god of the sea. As to the frescos, they are of the time of Giorgione and Pordenone, similar to those which we find in many of the North-Italian cities and villas. The old Venetians well knew that, in spite of the fact that fresco-painting is perishable and greatly exposed to weather, the outer wall of their houses was the best place for it. For fresco-

painting is too cold and thin a decoration away from sunlight. Struck by the sun, it glows and is splendid enough, —very different from the garish or cold effect it has under cover. It is essentially meant for scenic effect, and as such was universally employed by the great painters of the north of Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. And even when it is so ruined that with difficulty one can make out the subject, it remains decorative, and redeems old walls from the blankness of uninteresting ruin. We naturally reached this conclusion before the painted front of what remains of Catherine Cornaro's home. And what country but Italy could show such a contrast between the outer walls of a once noble dwelling and the life it now shelters? All the radiant paganism of its significance outside; within, a bit of the kingdom of piggery itself! In its bright hour made to entertain the mind with the most joyous subjects, and wholly given to that classical mythology which for a brief time in Italy actually struggled successfully against Christianity; for here it is all implied by these figures of Pan and Apollo and Neptune and listening nymphs. One curious fresco which must have greatly amused the idle ladies and gallants of the lettered and sportive life of this courtly place is worth describing. It represents a beautiful woman seated on the back of a gallant of the day, who is on all-fours, his face bridled like a horse, a bit in his mouth, the reins of which are held by the fair rider seated in smiling disdain on his back.

The old fresco must have stirred silvery laughter in many a fair guest first coming within this court of love. It brought back, to the mind's eye, the reality of the light pleasure of old life here.

As for the more classical subjects that are still to be seen, they are really superior work. We looked in vain

for further traces of the bright and untroubled glory of this place. The old peasant told me he recollected fifty years ago when there were towers standing, another wing of the building, and statues. These last were carried off to Padua. Now there are not even any old trees. Here were fountains fed from the nearer hills by an aqueduct. Here were great avenues and groves of laurel and exotic plants; and here the ex-Queen entertained a deputation from Cyprus, "a company of persons of distinction followed by thirty pages and numerous servants;" here she entertained "the Marchesa of Mantua, followed by her knights and two hundred servants;" here came Navagero, Venetian Ambassador to Spain, he whose gardens at Murano are spoken of to this day, one of the poets of his time, who with Bembo adorned with grace and elegance this brilliant life.

Catherine Cornaro brought her taste for this sumptuous country life from Cyprus, where the wildest extravagance was indulged in by the nobles of the islands: they were said to squander their wealth in hunting and tournaments. A certain count kept five hundred hounds, and every two hounds required the care of one man. No person of consideration kept less than twelve falconers. The King of Cyprus, high prelates, bishops, and princes, and barons, and knights, all indulged in this luxury of a splendid and sportive country life. The beautiful Venetian patrician girl who had gone to marry the King of Cyprus, dowered by the Venetian republic as an only daughter with one hundred thousand gold ducats, later abdicating her sovereignty of the island at the urgent and persistent request of the Venetian Senate, was given this whole region of Asolo in the province of Treviso, and here she brought the royal pastimes of Cyprus. We thought it worth some trouble and time to see much of this gay country as we

walked over its grassy fields. Millions of crocuses brightened the sward; swift, pure streams still freshened the ground. It was all most delightful, the place, the hour, and the sentiment of the day. The whole wide landscape basking in the light and warmth of autumn made us realize that we were in a chosen spot of the world. No part of Venetian territory, outside of Venice, is more interesting than this; there is none which has more of history, of romance, and of art to renew one's sense of a splendid life; and all this is now conveyed in a few names, and suggested by a few places,—the Park of the Queen, the Villa Maser, the Castle of Colalto, the tower of Eccellino,—in this cultivated, rich, varied country,—a country of walled towns and cities, of castles and towers and woods, and of pastoral quiet in sight of the solemn barriers of the Venetian Alps, through whose rocky gateways a day's journey will take one to the fantastic crags and pinnacles of the Dolomite world. This part of Italy is not the Italy of the olive and orange and pine; it is not classical Italy; but it is the Italy of romance, of high culture, of intense life, of great intellectual activity; and, without either the pretension or the austerity of Tuscan or the pride of Roman, it built Venice, created the Venetian state, Venetian art, and the grand men who brought Eastern civilization and Greek culture to Italy. See this country of their life, bosky, graceful, park-like, at the foot of the Alps, on this Trevesian plain, amid these delightful hills which lift and rise to Asolo, and from Asolo break away and fall and rise again with enchanting diversity to the greater barriers of the grander mountains.

A TRAITOR DISCOMFITED.

F. M. CRAWFORD.

[Francis Marion Crawford, who has recently attained distinction as a novelist, is a son of Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, and was born in Italy in 1845. His first work, "Mr. Isaacs," attracted general attention, from the new field which it occupied, the literary skill of the author, and its striking originality of character and incident. He has since published "Dr. Claudius," "A Roman Singer," and other novels. We give one of the most exciting scenes from "Mr. Isaacs." Ram Lal, who defeats the treachery of the captain and his band by a bit of unexplained Hindoo jugglery, is a sort of Buddhistic miracle-worker, with the power of appearing and disappearing at will. Shere Ali is an Afghan prince, who has been captured, and ransomed by Mr. Isaacs. The maharajah, who has been forced against his will to admit his prisoner to ransom, cherishes revengeful sentiments, and meditates treachery. This becomes known to Ram Lal, who prepares to defeat it.]

THE lower Himalayas are at first extremely disappointing. The scenery is enormous but not grand, and at first hardly seems large. The lower parts are at first sight a series of gently undulating hills and wooded dells; in some places it looks as if one might almost hunt the country. It is long before you realize that it is all on a gigantic scale; that the quick-set hedges are belts of rhododendrons of full growth, the water-jumps rivers, and the stone walls mountain-ridges; that to hunt a country like that you would have to ride a horse at least two hundred feet high. You cannot see at first, or even for some time, that the gentle-looking hill is a mountain of five or six thousand feet; in Simla you will not believe you are three thousand feet above the level of the Rhigi Kulm in Switzerland. Persons who are familiar with the aspect of the Rocky Mountains are aware of the singular lack of dignity in those enormous elevations. They are merely big, without

any superior beauty, until you come to the favored spots of nature's art, where some great contrast throws out into appalling relief the gulf between the high and the low. It is so in the Himalayas. You may travel for hours and days amidst vast forests and hills without the slightest sensation of pleasure or sense of admiration for the scene, till suddenly your path leads you out on the dizzy brink of an awful precipice,—a sheer fall, so exaggerated in horror that your most stirring memories of Mont Blanc, the Jungfrau, and the hideous arête of the Pitz Bernina, sink into vague insignificance. The gulf that divides you from the distant mountain seems like a huge bite taken bodily out of the world by some voracious god; far away rise snow-peaks such as were not dreamt of in your Swiss tour; the bottomless valley at your feet is misty and gloomy with blackness, streaked with mist, while the peaks above shoot gladly to the sun and catch his broadside rays like majestic white standards. Between you, as you stand leaning cautiously against the hill behind you, and the wonderful background far away in front, floats a strange vision, scarcely moving, but yet not still. A great golden shield sails steadily in vast circles, sending back the sunlight in every tint of burnished glow. The golden eagle of the Himalayas hangs in mid-air, a sheet of polished metal to the eye, pausing sometimes in the full blaze of reflection, as ages ago the sun and the moon stood still in the valley of Ajalon; too magnificent for description, as he is too dazzling to look at. The whole scene, if no greater name can be given to it, is on a scale so Titanic in its massive length and breadth and depth that you stand utterly trembling and weak and foolish as you look for the first time. You have never seen such masses of the world before.

It was in such a spot as this that, nearly at noon on the

appointed day, my dooly-bearers set me down and warned me I was at my journey's end. I stepped out and stood on the narrow way, pausing to look and to enjoy all that I saw. I had been in other parts of the lower Himalayas before, and the first sensations I had experienced had given way to those of a contemplative admiration. No longer awed or overpowered or oppressed by the sense of physical insignificance in my own person, I could endure to look on the stupendous panorama before me, and could even analyze what I felt. But before long my pardonable reverie was disturbed by a well-known voice. The clear tones rang like a trumpet along the mountain-side in a glad shout of welcome. I turned, and saw Isaacs coming quickly towards me, bounding along the edge of the precipice as if his life had been passed in tending goats and robbing eagles' nests. I, too, moved on to meet him, and in a moment we clasped hands in unfeigned delight at being again together.

[They are afterwards joined by the Hindoo pundit, Ram Lal, and the narrative continues.]

Just beyond the shoulder of the hill, sheltered from the north by the projecting boulders, was a small tent, carefully pitched and adjusted to stand the storms if any should come. Thither we all three bent our steps and sat down by the fire, for it was chilly, even cold, in the passes in September. Food was brought out by Isaacs, and we ate together as if no countless ages of different nationalities separated us. Ram Lal was perfectly natural and easy in his manners, and affable in what he said. Until the meal was finished no reference was made to the strange business that brought us from different points of the compass to the Himalayan heights. Then, at last, Ram Lal spoke: his meal had been the most frugal of the three,

and he had soon eaten his fill, but he employed himself in rolling cigarettes, which he did with marvellous skill, until we two had satisfied our younger and healthier appetites.

"Abdul Hafiz," he said, his gray face bent over his colorless hands as he twisted the papers, "shall we not tell Mr. Griggs what is to be done? Afterward he can lie in the tent and sleep until evening, for he is weary and needs to recruit his strength."

"So be it, Ram Lal," answered Isaacs.

"Very well. The position is this, Mr. Griggs. Neither Mr. Isaacs nor I trust those men that we are to meet, and therefore, as we are afraid of being killed unawares, we thought we would send for you to protect us." He smiled pleasantly as he saw the blank expression in my face.

"Certainly; and you shall hear how it is to be done. The place is not far from here, in the valley below. The band are already nearing the spot, and, at midnight we will go down and meet them. The meeting will be, of course, like all formal rendezvous for the delivery of prisoners. The captain of the band will come forward accompanied by his charge, and perhaps by a sowar. We three will stand together, side by side, and await their coming. Now, the plot is this. They have determined if possible to murder both Shere Ali and Isaacs then and there together. They have not counted on us, but they probably expect that our friend will arrive guarded by a troop of horse. The maharajah's men will try and sneak up close to where we stand, and at a signal, which the leader, in conversation with Isaacs, will give by laying his hand on his shoulder, the men will rush in and cut Shere Ali to pieces, and Isaacs too if the captain cannot do it alone. Now look here, Mr. Griggs. What we want you to do is this. Your friend—my friend—wants no

miracles, so that you have got to do by strength what might be done by stratagem, though not so quickly. When you see the leader lay his hand on Isaacs' shoulder, seize him by the throat and mind his other arm, which will be armed. Prevent him from injuring Isaacs, and I will attend to the rest, who will doubtless require my whole attention."

"But," I objected, "supposing that this captain turned out to be stronger or more active than I. What then?"

"Never fear," said Isaacs, smiling. "There aren't any."

"No," continued Ram Lal, "never disturb yourself about that, but just knock your man down and be done with it. I will guarantee you can do it well enough, and if he gives you trouble I may be able to help you."

"All right; give me some cigarettes." And before I had smoked one I was asleep.

When I awoke the sun was down, but there was a great light over everything. The full moon had just risen above the hills to eastward, and bathed every object in silver sheen. The far peaks, covered with snow, caught the reflection and sent the beams floating across the deep, dark valleys between. The big boulder, against which the tent was pitched, caught it too, and seemed changed from rough stone to precious metal; it was on the tent-pegs and the ropes, it was upon Isaacs' lithe figure, as he tightened his sash round his waist and looked to his pocket-book for the agreement. It made Ram Lal, the gray and colorless, look like a silver statue, and it made the smouldering flame of the watch-fire utterly dim and faint. It was a wonderful moon. I looked at my watch: it was eight o'clock.

"Yes," said Isaacs, "you were tired and have slept long. It is time to be off. There is some whiskey in that flask. I don't take those things, but Ram Lal says you

had better have some, as you might get fever." So I did. Then we started, leaving everything in the tent, of which we pegged down the flap. There were no natives about, the dooly-bearers having retired to the other side of the valley, and the jackals would find nothing to attract them, as we had thrown the remainder of our meal over the edge. As for weapons, I had a good revolver and a thick stick; Isaacs had a revolver and a vicious-looking Turkish knife; and Ram Lal had nothing at all, as far as I could see, except a long, light staff.

The effect of the moonlight was wild in the extreme, as we descended the side of the mountain by paths which were very far from smooth or easy. Every now and then, as we neared the valley, we turned the corner of some ridge and got a fair view of the plain. Then a step farther, and we were in the dark again, behind boulders and picking our way over loose stones, or struggling with the wretched foothold afforded by a surface of light gravel inclined to the horizontal at an angle of forty-five degrees. Then, with a scramble, a jump, and a little swearing in a great many languages,—I think we counted that we spoke twenty-seven between us,—we were on firm soil again, and swinging along over the bit of easy, level path. It would have been out of the question to go in doolies, and no pony could keep a foothold for five minutes on the uncertain ground.

At last, as we emerged into the bright moonlight on a little platform of rock at an angle of the path, we paused. Ram Lal, who seemed to know the way, was in front, and held up his hand to silence us. Isaacs and I kneeled down and looked over the brink. Some two hundred feet below, on a broad strip of green bordering the steep cliffs, was picketed a small body of horse. We could see the men squatting about in their small compact turbans and their

shining accoutrements; the horses tethered at various distances on the sward, cropping so vigorously that even at that height we could hear the dull sound as they rhythmically munched the grass. We could see in the middle of the little camp a man seated on a rug and wrapped in a heavy garment of some kind, quietly smoking a common lubble-bubble. Beside him stood another who reflected more moonlight than the rest, and who was therefore, by his trappings, the captain of the band. The seated smoker could be no other than Shere Ali.

Cautiously we descended the remaining windings of the steep path, turning whenever we had a chance, to look down on the horsemen and their prisoner below, till at last we emerged in the valley a quarter of a mile or so beyond where they were stationed. Here on the level of the plain we stopped a moment, and Ram Lal renewed his instructions to me.

"If the captain," he said, "lay's his hand on Isaacs' shoulder, seize him and throw him. If you cannot get him down, kill him,—any way you can: shoot him under the arm with your pistol. It is a matter of life and death."

"All right." And we walked boldly along the broad strip of sward. The moon was now almost immediately overhead, for it was midnight, or near it. I confess the scene awed me, the giant masses of the mountains above us, the vast distances of mysterious blue air, through which the snow-peaks shone out with a strange look that was not natural. The swish of the quickly-flowing stream at the edge of the plot we were walking over sounded hollow and unearthly; the velvety whirr of the great mountain-bats as they circled near us, stirred from the branches as we passed out, was disagreeable and heavy to hear. The moon shone brighter and brighter.

We were perhaps thirty yards from the little camp, in which there might be fifty men all told. Isaacs stood still and sung out a greeting.

"Peace to you, men of Baithopoor!" he shouted. It was the preconcerted form of address. Instantly the captain turned and looked toward us. Then he gave some orders in a low voice, and taking his prisoner by the hand assisted him to rise. There was a scurrying to and fro in the camp. The men seemed to be collecting, and moving to the edge of the bivouac. Some began to saddle the horses. The moon was so intensely bright that their movements were as plain to us as though it had been broad daylight.

Two figures came striding toward us,—the captain and Shere Ali. As I looked at them, curiously enough, as may be imagined, I noticed that the captain was the taller man by two or three inches, but Shere Ali's broad chest and slightly-bowed legs produced an impression of enormous strength. He looked the fierce-hearted, hard-handed warrior, from head to heel; though in accordance with Isaacs' treaty he had been well taken care of, and was dressed in the finest stuffs, his beard carefully clipped and his Indian turban rolled with great neatness round his dark and prominent brows.

The first thing for the captain was to satisfy himself as far as possible that we had no troops in ambush up there in the jungle on the base of the mountain. He had probably sent scouts out before, and was pretty sure there was no one there. To gain time, he made a great show of reading the agreement through from beginning to end, comparing it all the while with a copy he held. While this was going on, and I had put myself as near as possible to the captain, Isaacs and Shere Ali were in earnest conversation in the Persian tongue. Shere Ali told Abdul

that the captain's perusal of the contract must be a mere empty show, since the man did not know a word of the language. Isaacs, on hearing that the captain could not understand, immediately warned Shere Ali of the intended attempt to murder them both, of which Ram Lal, his friend, had heard, and I could see the old soldier's eye flash and his hand feel for his weapon, where there was none, at the mere mention of a fight. The captain began to talk to Isaacs, and I edged as near as I could, to be ready for my grip. Still it did not come. He talked on, very civilly, in intelligible Hindustani. What was the matter with the moon?

A few minutes before it had seemed as if there would be neither cloud nor mist in such a sky; and now a light filmy wreath was rising and darkening the splendor of the wonderful night. I looked across at Ram Lal. He was standing with one hand on his hip, and leaning with the other on his staff, and he was gazing up at the moon with as much interest as he ever displayed about anything. At that moment the captain handed Isaacs a prepared receipt for signature, to the effect that the prisoner had been duly delivered to his new owner. The light was growing dimmer, and Isaacs could hardly see to read the characters before he signed. He raised the scroll to his eyes and turned half around to see it better. At that moment the tall captain stretched forth his arm and laid his hand on Isaacs' shoulder, raising his other arm at the same time to his men, who had crept nearer and nearer to our group while the endless talking was going on. I was perfectly prepared, and the instant the soldier's hand touched Isaacs I had the man in my grip, catching his upraised arm in one hand and his throat with the other. The struggle did not last long, but it was furious in its agony. The tough Punjabi writhed and twisted like a

cat in my grasp, his eyes gleaming like living coals, springing back and forward in his vain and furious efforts to reach my feet and trip me. But it was no use. I had his throat and one arm well in hand, and could hold him so that he could not reach me with the other. My fingers sank deeper and deeper in his neck as we swayed backwards and sideways, tugging and hugging, breast to breast, till at last, with a fearful strain and wrench of every muscle in our two bodies, his arm went back with a jerk, broken like a pipe-stem, and his frame, collapsing and bending backwards, fell heavily to the ground beneath me.

The whole strength of me was at work in the struggle, but I could get a glimpse of the others as we whirled and swayed about.

Like the heavy pall of virgin white that is laid on the body of a pure maiden; of velvet, soft and sweet but heavy and impenetrable as death, relentless, awful, appalling the soul, and freezing the marrow in the bones, it came near the earth. The figure of the gray old man grew mystically to gigantic and unearthly size, his vast old hands stretched forth their skinny palms to receive the great curtain as it descended between the moonlight and the sleeping earth. His eyes were as stars, his hoary head rose majestically to an incalculable height; still the thick, all-wrapping mist came down, falling on horse and rider and wrestler and robber and Amir; hiding all, covering all, folding all, in its soft samite arms, till not a man's own hand was visible to him a span's length from his face.

I could feel the heaving chest of the captain beneath my knee; I could feel the twitching of the broken arm tortured under the pressure of my left hand; but I could see neither face nor arm nor breast, nor even my own fingers.

Only above me, as I stared up, seemed to tower the supernatural proportions of Ram Lal, a white apparition visible through the opaque whiteness that hid everything else from view. It was only a moment. A hand was on my shoulder, Isaacs' voice was in my ear, speaking to Shere Ali. Ram Lal drew me away.

"Be quick," he said; "take my hand, I will lead you to the light." We ran along the soft grass, following the sound of each other's feet, swiftly.

A moment more, and we were in the pass; the mist was lighter, and we could see our way. We rushed up the stony path fast and sure, till we reached the clear bright moonlight, blazing forth in silver splendor again. Far down below the velvet pall of mist lay thick and heavy, hiding the camp and its horses and men from our sight.

"Friend," said Isaacs, "you are as free as I. Praise Allah, and let us depart in peace."

The savage old warrior grasped the outstretched hand of the Persian and yelled aloud,—

"Illallah-ho-ho-ho!" His throat was as brass.

"La illah ill-allah!" repeated Isaacs in tones as of a hundred clarions, echoing by tree and mountain and river, down the valley.

"Thank God!" I said to Ram Lal.

"Call Him as you please, friend Griggs," answered the pundit.

It was daylight when we reached the tent at the top of the pass.

DEATH OF CHARLES THE BOLD.

JOHN FOSTER KIRK.

[History, in modern times, has been steadily growing in minuteness of detail, and many of our historians devote themselves to the story of a war, an epoch, or a reign, which they treat with exhaustive completeness. The story of the Netherlands has been thus handled in Motley's succession of valuable works, and to these Kirk's "History of Charles the Bold" is a highly-valuable addition, as a treatment of the most important feudal epoch of the Netherlands. It deals with two of the most notable characters of mediæval history, Louis XI., the ablest politician that ever filled the French throne, and Charles the Bold, a man of extraordinary force and ability, yet so ruled by impulse, and such a slave to his passions, that he was always at a disadvantage in dealing with the shrewd and cold-blooded trickster of France. The story of the wars of Charles with the Swiss is of exceeding interest. On three hard-fought fields the impetuous valor of the liberty-loving Swiss overthrew the trained and disciplined armies of one of the ablest captains of the age, and on the last of these fields Charles the Bold ended his checkered career, slain "like a dog in a ditch." We give this vividly-told incident in the following selection. Mr. Kirk was born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, in 1824. He was for many years secretary to Prescott, the historian. From 1871 to 1885 he was editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*. In the latter year he accepted the chair of history in the University of Pennsylvania.]

THE "Vigil of the Kings"—Sunday, the 5th of January, 1477—had come, and the reveille sounded, calling men to wake and die.

Heavy rains, the day before, had washed the earth, the flooded rivers rushing over a frozen current beneath,—impetuous, noisy, full, like the tides of life rolling above the frozen sea of death. But the night had been calm and cold; at dawn the shrunken waters gurgled faintly under a new surface of ice, and the gathering clouds were charged afresh with snow.

Charles had been busy throughout the night. He had resolved neither to abandon the siege nor to await the attack in his camp, but to meet and repel the enemy's advance. His force being too small for him to leave a sufficient guard against sallies from the town, he had drawn off his troops as noiselessly as possible under cover of the darkness.

"A short half-league" southeast of Nancy the road through Jarville and Laneuville to Saint-Nicolas entered a forest extending from the Meurthe on the east across the range of highlands bounding the horizon on the south and west. Near the verge of the wood, the road was intersected by a rivulet, called now, in commemoration of the events of the day, *Le Ruisseau de Bonsecours*. On both banks, to its junction with the Meurthe, it was thickly planted with hedges of thorn.

Behind this stream the duke posted his troops,—the artillery in front, on a mound commanding the road; behind it the infantry,—archers and pikemen,—drawn up in a single oblong square, in imitation of the Swiss. Here he took his own station, surrounded by his nobles and personal attendants, and mounted on a powerful black horse, called from its race and color *Il Moro*. Two slender bodies of cavalry composed the wings. The right, under Josse de Lalain, was placed on the high ground towards the source of the brook, but somewhat in the rear of the line; the left, under Galeotto, occupied a meadow, covered partially on the front as well as flank by the Meurthe, which here makes a double bend to the east and north, and is fordable in the angle. The evident object was to arrest and crush the enemy's columns while debouching from the forest. It was the sole chance of coping with a force so superior.

At Saint-Nicolas, after mass had been celebrated in the

church, food and wine were served out in abundance, and consumed with gayety and relish by men familiar with dangers and now confident of an easy victory. At eight o'clock they began their march. The troops were about equally divided between the vanguard and the "battle,"—the former comprising seven thousand spears and halberds and two thousand cavalry, the latter a thousand more foot and somewhat fewer horse. Eight hundred arquebusiers followed as a reserve. Herter led the van, with Thierstein as commander of the horse. René, with his suite, rode beside the main corps, on a spirited gray mare called *La Dame*. He wore over his armor a short mantle of cloth of gold embroidered with the double white cross of Lorraine, the sleeves trimmed with his colors,—gray, white, and red. His standard of white satin, decorated with a painting of the Annunciation, floated among a group of banners in the centre.

* * * * *

Before the troops had reached the farm-house on which they were to pivot, the snow fell so thickly that no one could see beyond his nearest comrade. In crossing a stream which runs past the building, the new-formed ice soon broke beneath their heavy tread, and left them wading, floundering, sometimes swimming. The road, or "hollow way," as it is also called, seems to have differed from the forest only in being more difficult to traverse. It was overgrown with a stubby and prickly brush. When at last the clearing was reached, the ranks were in disarray and the men half frozen. Sitting down, they poured the water from their shoes and arranged their clothing and arms.

Without having ocular proof of it, they had reached their position, facing the enemy's right flank. Suddenly the squall passed over and the sun shone forth. The

hostile forces were in full sight of each other. The Swiss horn, blown thrice with a prolonged breath, sent a blast of doom into the ears of the Burgundians. Wheeling rapidly into line, the troops began to descend the slope at a quick run.

On first catching sight of the foe in this unexpected quarter, the gunners made an effort to turn their pieces. But the process was then a laborious one, not to be effected in alarm and confusion. After a single wild discharge, killing but two men, the guns were abandoned.

But the Swiss were now stopped by the hedge. Charles had time to make a change of front and send forward his archers. The assailants suffered severely. Their weapons got caught in the brambles, and they were unable to break through. A troop of French horse was the first to clear a passage. It was met by a squadron under the Sire de la Rivière and driven from the field. Meanwhile Galeotto had been attacked and was giving way. Lalain was ordered to go to his support. But the arquebusiers, having come to the front, delivered a volley which arrested the charge. Many saddles were emptied. Lalain fell badly wounded. The affrighted horses galloped at random. Galeotto, who was soon after taken prisoner, made off with his men towards the ford.

Charles saw himself stripped of both his wings, assailed at once on both his flanks. He had his choice between a rapid flight and a speedy death. Well, then—death!

As he fastened his helmet, the golden lion on the crest became detached and fell to the ground. He forbade it to be replaced. *Hoc est signum Dei!*—"It is a sign from God,"—he said. From God? Ah, yes, he knew now the hand that was laid upon him!

Leading his troops, he plunged into the midst of his foes, now closing in on all sides. Among enemies and

friends the recollection of his surpassing valor in that hour of perdition, after the last gleam of hope had vanished, was long preserved. Old men of Franche-Comté were accustomed to tell how their fathers, tenants and followers of the Sire de Citey, had seen the duke, his face streaming with blood, charging and recharging "like a lion," ever in the thick of the combat, bringing help where the need was greatest. In Lorraine the same tradition existed. "Had all his men," says a chronicler of that province, "fought with a like ardor, our army must infallibly have been repulsed."

But no; so engaged, so overmatched, what courage could have availed? "The foot stood long and manfully," is the testimony of a hostile eye-witness. But the final struggle, though obstinate, was short. Broken and dispersed, the men had no recourse but flight. Some went eastward, in the direction of Essey, such as gained the river crossing where the ice bore, and breaking it behind them. The greater number kept to the west of Nancy, to gain the road to Condé and Luxembourg. Charles, with the handful that still remained around him, followed in the same direction. The mass, both of fugitives and pursuers, was already far ahead. There was no choice now. Flight, combat, death,—it was all one.

Closing up, the little band of nobles, last relic of chivalry, charged into the centre of a body of foot. A halberdier swung his weapon, and brought it down on the head of Charles. He reeled in the saddle. Citey flung his arms round him and steadied him, receiving while so engaged a thrust from a spear through the parted joints of his corselet.

Pressing on, still fighting, still hemmed in, they dropped one by one. Charles's page, a Roman of the ancient family of Colonna, rode a little behind, a gilt helmet hanging

from his saddle-bow. He kept his eye upon his master,—saw him surrounded, saw him at the edge of a ditch, saw his horse stumble, the rider fall. The next moment Colonna was himself dismounted and made prisoner by men who, it would appear, had belonged to the troop of Campobasso.

None knew who had fallen, or lingered to see. The rout swept along, the carnage had no pause. The course was strewn with arms, banners, and the bodies of the slain. Riderless horses plunged among the ranks of the victors and the vanquished. There was a road turning directly westward; but it went to Toul: French lances were there. Northward the valley contracted. On one side was the forest, on the other the river; ahead, the bridge of Bouxières,—guarded, barred, by Campobasso. Arrived there, all was over. A few turned aside into the forest, to be hunted still, to be butchered by the peasantry, to perish of hunger and cold. Others leaped into the river, shot at by the arquebusiers, driven back or stabbed by the traitors on the opposite bank, swept by the current underneath the ice. The slaughter here was far greater than on the field. No quarter was given by the Swiss. But the cavalry, both of Lorraine and the allies, received the swords of men of rank, as well from the sympathy of their class as for the sake of ransom. When René came up the sun had long set. There was little chance, less occasion, for further pursuit. The short winter's day had had its full share of blood. Merciful Night came down, enabling a scanty remnant to escape.

Messengers arrived entreating the duke of Lorraine to hasten back to Nancy and show himself to his longing people. When the pursuit had first begun, the citizens had sallied forth to take part in it. But, having neglected in their impatience to assume the proper badge, they had

been fiercely attacked by the Swiss and driven in, leaving some of their number dead. Now they thronged the gates and avenues, with lighted torches in their hands. It was seven o'clock when René appeared. The bells pealed out. Wild huzzas went up. Thousands of faces, gaunt with famine, were radiant with joy. It was not that they had missed him, that they had pined for him, so much. But they had suffered for him. Suffered,—oh, yes! how greatly let that trophy they have raised in front of his palace tell,—that lofty, grisly pile, composed of the skulls of the foul animals which for many weeks have been their only food!

Followed by the throng, René proceeded to the Church of Saint George, to offer up thanks for the victory which had restored him to the home and dominion of his ancestors. His palace had been rendered untenable by the Burgundian bombardment. He therefore took up his quarters at the house of a wealthy burgher. The doors were beset. There was no time for repose; all had so much to hear, so much to recount! The people were still starving; for though the army had brought ample supplies, they were too distant, and the cold was too intense, to seek them now. Nay, in the ecstasy of that night, the need, the means of relief, were forgotten.

The cavalry had returned to Saint-Nicolas. The Swiss were quartered in the Burgundian camp, where they found a fair share of booty, and abundance of food. They passed the night in revelry. Yet not all. Sharp as was the air, a thousand forms were dispersed over the field, stripping, snatching, gliding from heap to heap,—too intent, too eager, to give a kindly thrust to the agonized wretch that prayed for death. O Night, thou art crueler than Day!

Morning again broke, bringing fresh consciousness,

fuller confirmation, of the completeness of the victory. The lowest estimate of the enemy's slain was over three thousand. Those who reckoned in the drowned, and all the bodies scattered over a space of four leagues, set it at eight thousand. Whatever the number, the last Burgundian army had been destroyed. The only prisoners were nobles, the Great Bastard, the count of Chimay, the count of Nassau, Josse de Lalain, Philip of Hochberg, Olivier de Lamarche, and others of no less degree. All, or nearly all, had sons, brothers, cousins, among the dead. It was the Strasburgers who had had the luck to receive the surrender of the count of Nassau,—Engelbert the Rich,—whose ransom was cheaply valued at fifty thousand florins. Most of the others were René's own, and would pour a welcome supply into his empty treasury. Into *his* treasury? Illusive expectation! The French king would claim all these prisoners as his. He who had made the war, who had paid for the war, would be the rightful, the only, gainer by it.

Save the Swiss,—who, besides the spoil which they knew well how to win and how to hold, asked only for their modest wages. There was a third half-month's pay, which they came for the day after the battle, being in haste to return home. René was still without funds. But he had recovered his duchy, which was mortgaged for their dues, and they accepted his promise to send the amount after them to Basel, where their leaders would remain till its arrival. They took a friendly leave of René. "If the duke of Burgundy were still alive, and should return to disturb him, let him send for them again."

If the duke of Burgundy were still alive,—that was the thought that now occupied every breast. If he were alive, no doubt but that he would return, no hope that the war

was over. Messengers were sent to inquire, to explore. The field was searched. Horsemen went to Metz and neighboring places to ask whether he had passed. None had seen him, none could find him, none had anything to tell. Wild rumors started up. He had hidden in the forest, retired to a hermitage, assumed the religious garb. Goods were bought and sold, to be paid for on his reappearance. Years afterwards, there were those who still believed, still expected.

Yet intelligence, proof, was soon forthcoming. In the evening of Monday, Campobasso presented himself, bringing with him Colonna, who told what he had seen, and gave assurance that he could find the spot. Let him go then and seek, accompanied by those who would be surest to recognize the form,—Mathieu, the Portuguese physician, a valet-de-chambre, and a “laundress,” who had prepared the baths of the fallen prince.

They passed out at the gate of Saint John, descending to the low, then marshy, ground on the west of the town. It was drained by a ditch, the bed of a slender rivulet that turned a mill in the faubourg. The distance was not great,—less than half an English mile. Several hundred bodies lay near together. But these they passed, coming to where a small band, “thirteen or fourteen,” had fallen, fighting singly, yet together. Here lay Citey, here Contay, here a Croy, a Belvoir, a Lalain,—as in every battle-field; here Bièvre, loved by his enemies, his skull laid open “like a pot.”

These are on the edge of the ditch. At the bottom lies another body,—“short, but thick-set and well-membered,”—in worse plight than all the rest; stripped naked, horribly mangled, the cheek eaten away by wolves or famished dogs. Can this be he?

They stoop and examine. The nails, never pared, are

"longer than any other man's." Two teeth are gone,—through a fall years ago. There are other marks,—a fistula in the groin, in the neck a scar left by the sword-thrust received at Montlhéry. The men turn pale, the woman shrieks and throws herself upon the body. "My lord of Burgundy! My lord of Burgundy!" Yes, this is he,—the "Great Duke," the destroyer of Liège, the "Terror of France!"

They strive to raise it. The flesh, embedded in the ice, is rent by the effort. Help is sent for. Four of René's nobles come, men with implements, cloths, and bier; women have sent their veils. It is lifted and borne into the town, through the principal street, to the house of George Marqueiz, where there is a large and suitable chamber. The bearers rest a moment,—set down their burden on the pavement. Let the spot be forever marked with a cross of black stones.

It is carried in, washed with wine and warm water, again examined. There are three principal wounds. A halberd, entering at the side of the head, has cloven it from above the ear to the teeth. Both thighs have been pierced by a spear. Another has been thrust into the bowels from below.

It is wrapped in fine linen and laid out upon a table. The head, covered with a cap of red satin, lies on a cushion of the same color and material. An altar is decked beside it. Waxen tapers are lighted. The room is hung with black.

Bid his brother, his captive nobles, his surviving servants, come and see if this be indeed their prince. They assemble around, kneel and weep, take his hands, his feet, and press them to their lips and breasts. He was their sovereign, their "good lord," the chief of a glorious house, the last, the greatest, of his line.

NEW ENGLAND WEATHER.

S. L. CLEMENS.

[Mark Twain was not the first to deal with the weather of New England from a humorous point of view. One of New England's most famous orators and greatest men, Rufus Choate, had previously celebrated the "glorious uncertainty" of the climate of the wind-tormented East. We may precede the amusingly-extravagant effort of our recent humorist with a quotation of Choate's treatment of the same subject :

"Take the New England climate in summer, you would think the world was coming to an end. Certain recent heresies on that subject may have had a natural origin there. Cold to-day, hot to-morrow ; mercury at 80° in the morning, with wind at southwest, and in three hours more a sea turn, wind at east, a thick fog from the very bottom of the ocean, and a fall of forty degrees of Fahrenheit ; now so dry as to kill all the beans in New Hampshire, then floods carrying off the bridges of the Penobscot and Connecticut ; snow in Portsmouth in July, and the next day a man and a yoke of oxen killed by lightning in Rhode Island. You would think the world was twenty times coming to an end. But, I do not know how it is, we go along ; the early and the latter rain falls, each in its season, and seed-time and harvest do not fail ; the sixty days of hot corn weather are pretty sure to be measured out to us. The Indian summer, with its bland southwest wind and mitigated sunshine, brings all up ; and on the twenty-fifth of November, or thereabouts, being Thursday, three millions of grateful people, in meeting-houses, or around the family board, give thanks for a year of health, plenty, and happiness."

Mark Twain does not seem to find so much to be thankful for, but even to him the glory of the ice-jewelled trees in midwinter serves as absolution for weeks of preternaturally bad weather.]

I REVERENTLY believe that the Maker who made us all makes everything in New England but the weather. I don't know who makes that, but I think it must be raw apprentices in the Weather Clerk's factory, who experiment and learn how in New England, for board and

clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it.

There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. The weather is always doing something there, always attending strictly to business, always getting new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in the spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six kinds of weather inside of four-and-twenty-hours. It was I that made the fame and fortune of that man that had that marvellous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all climes. I said, "Don't you do it! you come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety, and quantity. Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. As to variety, why, he confessed he got hundreds of kinds of weather he had never heard of before. And as to quantity,—well, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare; weather to hire out, weather to sell; weather to deposit, weather to invest; weather to give to the poor.

The people of New England are by nature patient and forbearing; but there are some things that they will not stand. Every year they kill a lot of poets for writing about "Beautiful Spring." These are generally casual visitors, who bring their notions of spring from somewhere else, and cannot, of course, know how the natives feel about spring. And so, the first thing they know, the

opportunity to inquire how they feel has permanently gone by.

Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy, and thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the papers and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be on the Pacific, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region, see him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England, then see his tail drop. He doesn't know what the weather is to be in New England. He can't any more tell than he can tell how many Presidents of the United States there are going to be. Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something about like this: "Probable northeast to southwest winds, varying to the southward and westward and eastward and points between; high and low barometer sweeping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning." Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the programme may be wholly changed in the mean time."

Yes, one of the brightest gems of the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it, you are certain there is going to be plenty of weather,—a perfect grand review; but you can never tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling-pot, and ten to one you get drowned. You make up your mind that the earthquake is due; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know you get struck by lightning. These are great disappointments; but they

can't be helped. The lightning there is peculiar; it is so convincing; when it strikes a thing it doesn't leave enough of that behind for you to tell whether—well, you'd think it was something valuable and a Congressman had been there. And the thunder! When the thunder commences merely to tune up, and scrape and saw and key up the instruments for the performance, strangers say, "Why, what awful thunder you have here!" But when the baton is raised and the real concert begins, you'll find that stranger down in the cellar with his head in the ash-barrel.

Now as to the size of the weather in New England,—lengthwise, I mean. It is utterly disproportionate to the size of that little country. Half the time when it is packed as full as it can stick, you will see that New England weather sticking out beyond the edges, and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring States. She can't hold a tenth part of her weather. You can see cracks all about, where she has strained herself trying to do it.

I could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the New England weather, but I will give you but a single specimen. I like to hear rain on a tin roof, so I covered part of my roof with tin, with an eye to that luxury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rains on the tin? No, sir; skips it every time.

Mind, in this speech I have been trying to do honor to the New England weather; no language could do it justice. But, after all, there are at least one or two things about that weather (or, if you please, effects produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with. If we had not our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries,—the ice-storm,—when

a leafless tree is clothed from bottom to top,—ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is hung with ice-beads, frozen dew-drops, and the whole tree sparkles, cold and white, like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms, that glow and hum and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, from green to gold; the tree becomes a sparkling fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels, and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature, of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence! One cannot make the words too strong.

Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice-storm comes at last, I say, "There, I forgive you now; the books are square between us; you don't owe me a cent; go and sin no more; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world."

OLD ROADS AND WOOD-PATHS.

WILSON FLAGG.

[Modern science is not all a detail of dry facts. We have scientists with very warm blood in their veins, and as enthusiastic in their love of nature as the most ardent poet of the woods and fields. Such a one is—or rather was—Wilson Flagg, the author of "Birds and Seasons of New England," "Woods and By-Ways of New England," "Halcyon Days," and other works of mingled scientific and poetic observation. John Burroughs, Higginson, Thoreau, and others might be

named who, like him, mingle with a scientific closeness and accuracy of observation the strongest enthusiasm in their love for the woods and wilds. From "*Haleyon Days*" we extract two related essays, instinct with a feeling which most imaginative persons have experienced when in the depths of the woods or wandering along vagrant roads. Mr. Flagg was born in Massachusetts in 1805, and died in 1884.]

I CANNOT say that I am an admirer of those tasteful operations which are commonly termed improvements, and seldom observe them without a feeling of regret. More of the beauty of landscape is destroyed every year by attempts to improve it than by the ignorant or avaricious woodman who cuts down his trees for the railroad or the ship-yard. There is a certain kind of beauty which ought to be cherished by the people of every land,—including all such appearances as have arisen from operations not designed to create embellishment. As soon as we begin to cultivate a garden or decorate a house or an enclosure with the hope of dazzling the public eye, at that moment the spell of beauty is broken, and all the enchantment vanishes. There is something exceedingly delightful in the ornaments that have arisen spontaneously in those grounds which, after they were once reduced to tillage, have been left for many years in the primitive hands of Nature. Vain are all our attempts to imitate these indescribable beauties, such as we find along the borders of an old rustic farm, on an old road-side, or in a pasture that is overgrown with spontaneous shrubbery.

This kind of scenery is common in almost all those old roads which are not used as thoroughfares, but as avenues of communication between our small country villages. Our land is full of these rustic by-ways; and the rude scenery about them is more charming to my sight than the most highly ornamented landscapes which have been dressed by the hand of art. A part of their charm arises,

undoubtedly, from their association in our minds with the simplicity of life that once prevailed among our rural population. But this is not all. I believe it arises chiefly from the almost entire absence of decoration, save that which Nature has planted with her own hands. Wherever we see a profusion of embellishments introduced by art, though they consist wholly of natural objects, we no longer feel the presence of Nature's highest charm. Something very analogous to sunshine is shut out. The rural deities do not dwell there, and cannot inspire us with a fulness of satisfaction. It is difficult to explain the cause, but when I am rambling the fields or travelling over one of these old roads with that sort of quiet rapture with which we drift along in a boat down a narrow stream through the green woods in summer, the very first highly-artificial object I encounter which bears evidence of being put up for exhibition dissolves the spell, and I feel, all at once, as if I had stepped out of Paradise into the land of worldlings and vanity.

The beauty of our old roads does not consist in their crookedness, though it cannot be denied that this quality destroys their monotony and adds variety to our prospect by constantly changing our position. Neither does their beauty consist in their narrowness, though it will be admitted that this condition renders them more interesting by bringing their bushy sidewalks nearer together. Their principal charm comes from the character of their roadsides, now overgrown with all that blended variety of herbs and shrubbery which we encounter in a wild pasture. We hear a great deal of complaint of old roads because they are crooked and narrow and because our ancestors did not plant them with trees. But trees have grown up spontaneously in many places, sometimes forming knolls and coppices of inimitable beauty; and often

an irregular row of trees and shrubs of different species gives intricacy and variety to the scene.

And how much more delightful is a ride or a stroll over one of these narrow roads than through the most highly ornamented suburbs of our cities, with their avenues of more convenient width! The very neglect to which they have been left, together with the small amount of travelling over them, has caused numberless beauties to spring up in their borders. In these places Nature seems to have regained her sovereignty. The squirrel runs freely along the walls, and the hare may be seen peeping timidly out of her burrow at their foundation, or leaping across the road. The hazel-bushes often form a natural hedge-row for whole furlongs; and the sparrow and the robin, and even some of the less familiar birds, build their nests in the green thickets of barberries, viburnums, cornels, and whortleberry-bushes that grow in irregular rows and tufts along the rough and varied embankments.

Near any old road we seldom meet an artificial object that is made disagreeable by its manifest pretensions. Little one-story cottages are frequent, with their green slope in front, and a maple or an elm that affords them shelter and shade. The old stone wall festooned with wild grape-vines comes close up to their enclosures; and on one side of the house the garden is seen with its unpretending neatness, its few morning-glories trained up against the walls, its beds of scarlet runners reared upon trellises formed of the bended branches of the white birch driven into the soil, its few rose-bushes of those beautiful kinds which have long been naturalized in our gardens. When I behold these objects in their Arcadian simplicity, I lose all faith in the magnificent splendors of princely gardens. I feel persuaded that in these humble scenes dwells the highest kind of beauty, and that he is a

happy man who cares for no more embellishments than his own hands have undesignedly added to the simple charms of Nature.

Let us, therefore, carefully preserve these ancient winding roads, with all their primitive eccentricities. Let no modern vandalism, misnamed public economy, deprive the traveller of their pleasant advantages, by stopping up their beautiful curves and building shorter cuts for economizing distances. Who that is journeying for pleasure is not delighted with them, as they pass on through pleasant valleys, under the brows of hills, along the banks of green rivers or the borders of silvery lakes; now half-way up some gentle eminence that commands a view of a neighboring village, or winding round a hill and giving us a new view of the scenes we have just passed? They are no niggardly economists of time; but they seem as if purposely contrived to present to the eye of the traveller everything that renders the country desirable to the sight; now leading us over miles bounded by old gray stone walls half covered with sweet-briers, viburnums, and golden-rods; then again through fragrant woods under the brink of precipices nodding with wild shrubbery, and seeming to emulate the capricious windings of the stream in its blue course among the hills. How pleasant, when journeying, to enter a village by one of these gentle sweeps that gives us several glimpses of its scenes, in different aspects, before our arrival! How much indeed would be done for us by Nature, if we did not, in conformity with certain notions of improvement, constantly check her spontaneous efforts to cover the land with beauty!

WOOD-PATHS.

There is no person who is not sensitive to the beauty of a natural wood. All men feel the comfort of its shade

and protection, the freshness of its perfumed gales, the quiet of its seclusion, and its many pleasant accompaniments of birds, fruits, and flowers. We do not learn by tuition to appreciate these objects; they are adapted not only to our native wants, but they are the real cause of many of the poetic thoughts and images that abound in all literature. We feel, while rambling under these lofty trees, and over this carpet of leaves and mosses, that nothing which art has accomplished will compare with the primitive works of nature. There is no architecture so sublime as that of a forest; there are no gardens like the little paradises to be found here, wherever accident has left a dell or a dingle open to the sun; there is no music like that of its solitary birds; no worship so sincere as in these temples; no cloistered solitude so sweet as under these shadowy boughs.

Yet how much greater are the charms of a natural wood if it be intersected by wood-paths! When a farmer makes a passage for his wagon through a forest, he operates without artistic design, and his work harmonizes with nature. He thinks only of facilitating progress through his territory; for, though he may be alive to all pleasant rural sights and sounds, he cannot pause from his labors to do anything for mere embellishment. He is governed only by his ideas of utility and convenience. Yet the works of decorative art are tame and prosaic by the side of this rude pathway, which has expelled no wild plant from its habitats, nor a single forest warbler from its retreats. We experience within it a true sensation of nature, with a pleasant reminder of simple rural life. It is hallowed by its humble purpose of utility, by its freedom from artifice, by its perfect submission to the care of nature and chance, by its beauty without adornment.

The wood-path becomes henceforth an avenue to all the

delights of the season. It introduces us to the productions of the forest in their most interesting condition. The trees that spread their branches overhead shelter it from cold and heat, and permit thousands of beautiful shrubs to grow there that would be fatally crowded in the dense parts of the wood. Multitudes of flowers appear continually in its borders, one host following another in glowing succession, and looking upon us in our journey as with the eyes of so many little sentinels of light and beauty placed here to make the scene delightful to the sense and the imagination. Like birds that multiply around a human dwelling in the wilderness, flowers always become numerous in these woodland paths, and consecrate them to nature.

There is nothing here to call up any disagreeable ideas of pride and pretence, or to excite envy by the ostentatious parade of wealth. Nature never insults the most humble person who enters her sacred precincts. The rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, if they have any love of truth and beauty, are equally pleased and instructed. They surrender their hearts to the simplicity of the scenes around them, forget the cares that perplex their minds, and find pleasure in every object they meet. Here are both freedom and seclusion; for, though every foot of land has an owner, no invidious signs of appropriation are made apparent to the pilgrim of these walks. Everything has grown up without culture; for these wildings are the flowers that Nature strewed at her feet when she first stepped out of paradise to bless and beautify the earth. No spaded soil about the roots of the flowering shrubs indicates their petted value to some proprietor; no nicely-cut turf at the borders of the path shows the exercise of the topiary art, and the consequent exclusion of nature and freedom.

The flowers that peep out from this grassy path and its tangled borders are eclipsed in splendor by the prouder ones of the garden. They are lovely in their wildness and spontaneous grouping; but, like the stars of heaven, they affect the imagination more than the sight. Though fashion may condemn their beauty, Nature cherishes and preserves them; and to a poetic eye they have charms that cannot be heightened by art. For everything that blossoms here, or greens the turf, or jewels the trees and shrubbery with purple and scarlet fruit, or scatters incense in their path, was present at the bridal of the earth and sky. The gales that have always swept through these trees are familiar with their perfume; morning and evening greet them, and are acquainted with their beauty; the little brooks know them; sunshine and shadows have played and fondled with them; the wild bee has sipped of their honey, and the birds have nestled in their foliage.

In these fern-embroidered aisles and under these foliated arches, where the birds have warbled ever since the morning stars sung together, here will we linger when we would worship in Nature's sanctuary, and draw from her an inspiration that will make the scenes of earth as delightful as those of romance. We will seek the wood-haunts of the Naiad, where she sits by her fountain, distributing her favors to herb, tree, and flower, and among these dripping dells we will greet her as the "mother of dews." We will drink of her waters with the thrush and the wood-pigeon, and bear home baptismal drops from her well in the leaf-cups of the sarracenia, and incense from her altar in branches of eglantine and sweet-fern. We will sit under these wide-spreading oaks and take our repast with the squirrel, while from the tall tree-top he watches our motions.

We pass, as it were, in a happy dream, through vistas

under tall trees, forming with their foliage and the sky a netted canopy of green and blue, where delicate aerial voices of mingled chirping and song inspire every wanderer with their own cheerfulness. Sometimes there is a stillness almost sublime; in a moment are awakened certain musical and mysterious sounds that fill the mind with dim conceptions of something more beautiful still unseen and unknown; then a confusion of voices without discord; a universal hum, so soft and so melodious that every bird that sings may be distinctly heard above it, his voice made sweeter by this harmonious din. As we view the surface of some still water, embossed with the reflection of embowering shrubbery and of the herbs that fringe the border, the fountain seems to look upon us with distinct vision and to know us. Suddenly we are under the open sky; we have been led out of the wood into the retreat of the hare, who is startled from her repose by our unexpected intrusion.

Oh, happy path to blisses unknown in the outer world! Guide to joys that revellers cannot feel nor the ambitious know! Wherever there is gladness or beauty, or melody of birds and fountains, or little dells full of roses and honeysuckles, or dripping rocks green with velvet mosses and variegated lichens,—to all this wood-path leads the way; now safe through copses of tangled green-brier and clematis; through borders of roses untrained by art and not planted by man; through beds of raspberries intermingled with ferns, and thickets of tremulous aspens interwoven with sunshine; then under solemn pines, opening into a grander solitude, where dwells perpetual twilight,—halls familiar with darkness at noonday and visited only by the rays of the morning and evening sun.

Everywhere there is a store of essences on the dewy air;

sometimes a scent of pines, such as a mild south wind at twilight will waft into our windows from a neighboring grove; then the perfume of oaks, less sweet and aromatic, but like that which we may suppose to have surrounded the oracle of Dodona. Now a mild breeze will waft us the scent of strawberry-beds, bearing a message to the bee that tells where the flowers have spread their feast of nectar. At every season the air about these paths is full of sweet odors, that would communicate to our senses the proximity of certain plants. Not a flower appears that does not give some balmy notice of its presence; not a zephyr wanders through this avenue but with wings laden as if it had passed over the plains of Araby.

While strolling in one of these paths, where the ruts of the wagoner's wheels are hardly perceptible along the green turf, I am affected with a glow of pleasure that cannot be felt in a nicely-gravelled walk through the grounds of a palace. I feel a sense of tranquil and poetic seclusion here, that would dissolve, as by a spell, at the least appearance of ornamental design. It is difficult to explain the philosophy of this sentiment. But Nature, whose works perfectly harmonize with the rude wood-path and the artless operations of rustic toil, refuses her blessing to the nicely-trimmed avenue and the ambitious designs of wealth and pride. In a gravelled walk through a lordly estate there is neither seclusion nor repose; in the pathless wood seclusion soon becomes painful solitude; but in the unadorned wood-path is sweet retirement, while an endless maze of verdure and flowers renders the solitude charming.

Though the wood-path does not glow with the splendor and prodigality of a parterre, there is a never-ending variety of objects to enliven the senses and the imagination. Here are sweet violets dotting the greensward with heaven's own azure; roses that breathe into the

atmosphere the very aroma of purity; vines that throw their drapery over branches that form our canopy, making the air ambrosial with their fragrant blossoms in summer, and tempting our sight with their purple clusters in autumn. Here are mossy couches so soft, so beautiful, so hallowed, that the young maiden who should sit upon them becomes a goddess; and the student of nature turned pilgrim here would worship her with more devotion than he yields to science.

Take her, thou young enthusiast, and make her the dryad of this wood. Lead her up this rustic avenue, where violets will breathe out their grateful odors to the pressure of her maiden feet. Seat her in the shade of a druidical oak, and fill her lap with roses, which are the symbols of love, and with the flowers of the blue myosotis, sacred to remembrance. Bind her forehead with arbutus, as unfading as amaranth, and bring for her repast strawberries that cluster about these daisied grounds. Then will you feel that mankind are unhappy only as they wander from the simplicity of nature, and that we may regain our lost paradise as soon as we have learned to love nature more than art, and the heaven of such a place as this more than the world of cities and palaces.

MODERN BUSINESS METHODS.

C. A. BARTOL.

[Cyrus Augustus Bartol, the author of "Pictures of Europe," "Radical Problems," "Principles and Portraits," and other works, is a Unitarian clergyman, born in Maine in 1813. From the essay on "Business," in the last-named work, we make a short extract, illustrative of the dishonesty and the spirit of gambling with which mercantile

affairs are now deeply imbued. It is quite in order to call a halt on the unnatural high pressure of business as at present conducted, which was never before, and we may hope will never again be, equalled. The only sure cure, perhaps, is that suggested by Mr. Bartol,—the arousing of a general interest in other things besides the now all-absorbing pursuit of money-making.]

BUSINESS has no peculiarity properly exempting it from ethical rules applicable to domestic, civil, or ecclesiastical affairs. It is alike amenable to the law of truth, never in its favor to be repealed. The ship-owner who told the insurer not to make out the bespoke policy because his vessel had been heard from, he having learned she was lost and knowing the policy would be pressed upon him, as it immediately was, sacrificed his veracity to his case. The importer, eager to sell damaged copperas to his customer who hoped the dealer had not heard of a rise in the article abroad, bit the neighbor who was trying to bite him, and both played each other false. The dealer who hides defects and heightens the virtues in his goods, and goes then to church to glorify the truth in a doxology or collect of prayer, worships mammon, and makes an idol of God. If I chant or cheapen wares of my own or another's, what odds does it make whether they be roads and blocks of building or sour fruit on an apple-stand? What signifies the size of your operation when an unfair purpose renders it small just in proportion as it is large? You may handle Erie or Hudson or Pennsylvania Central or New York and Hartford; but if you do it in disguise, let me stand in the shoes of the poor woman who puts the biggest oranges on top, or turns the rotten peach inside, or is tempted to count eleven for twelve, rather than in the seven-leagued boots you play the highwayman and freebooter in, as you travel, and hurry to ruin others, and damn yourself! A man is a swindler who offers a mort-

gage on real estate that does not exist. What shall we say of the atrocity of selling bonds to pay for building the railway which is made the basis, when it is but begun and runs to completion only in the scheming brain, while the stacks of linen paper in handsome print are shuffled and dealt like packs of cards, and held under lock and key in trunks and safety-vaults, as if any robber would touch them, knowing what they are and that no hand will ever be tired cutting off with scissors their promising coupons? Treasurers and bank-presidents, who confound in their transactions their official capacity with their personal wants, and trade on the funds in their hands or use the credit of the corporation to prevent or break their fall, do in their guilty selves accuse of a dishonored and degraded condition the community in which they can hold up their heads. We have come to that state in which it is held by some judges a cruelty and an outrage when a thief is imprisoned or a defalcator pursued; but not from the emptied pockets do the loud apologies and sentimental pleas for swindling proceed! In the first and least departure from candor all enormity of evil has its germ. He who says business is business and religion is religion, to advocate their divorce, really says business is fraud, just as one says all is fair in politics; and he who says there is no friendship in trade makes trade a worse hell than Calvin ever consigned heretics to, and blasphemes God's decree that all true trade is friendship, and no bargain should be made in which both parties are not better off. If in certain circumstances, as is alleged, a man must cheat or starve, then let us have the starvation; for one instance of integrity so sublime would outweigh the effect of millions in the Indian famine. Starvers, as once were beggars, would become an order in the church, their martyrdom grander than that of the stake or the cross. There

is plenty of amiability; but our heart-strings are limp, relaxed from rectitude. They need to be wound up by conscience, and toned and tuned to humane conduct. We do not want any confessors of the old stamp or new professors of poverty, but saints on 'Change and sufferers for convictions that are better than any creed. When an English lord forsook the liberal party and called their notions cant, Earl Russell answered, "There is no cant so bad as the re-cant of patriotism." It is a poor dress of righteousness that will not stand any moral climate, but has to be put off and laid aside to suit custom and fashion in particular latitudes. It is not the wedding-garment, opening heaven to the guest.

Yet who expects absolute verity on both sides in a bargain? Of the cunning that gave them the advantage how many will boast! They got that furniture or picture from the distressed owner or ignorant dealer for such a pitiful price, concealing their knowledge and joy under cold indifference, and a mask of unwinking eyes, and pretending their purchase was naught: mean and forsworn hypocrites that they are, instead of the noble masters of knowledge for which they would pass! "Let him find out for himself; 'tis not my business to tell him the age of my horse, texture of my stuff, lien on my land, or goodness of my note of hand!" So by successive touches the sharper, who is own cousin to the trickster, whets his tool. "What do you pretend to ask?" is thought a respectful question, as if you had a price you expected to come down from, and there were a false bottom in every contract, when God fixes the principle of barter in the fact that something each has is worth more to the other, and the only equity is to find out how much. Hucksters' Row, to which I was sent as a boy, in the town where I lived, to fetch purchases home, is a long street and runs through all the

cities of the world! Not only mendacity, but waste of talent and time is in all the subterfuges and demands of this bantering and chaffering style; and the great Judge will call us to account for the loss of life and faculty in this deceitful crying up and crying down, which puts a useless or devilish diligence for productive industry, and, in the competitions of the great auction which business becomes, stirs so much ill blood, and substitutes for strife with guns and fists but a new war of words.

* * * * *

The fact that our business sins are so in excess of all other transgressions shows that acquisitiveness is the propensity most overstrained. Everybody speculates. Men on fixed salaries, clerks in banks and mills, are tempted by the ventures into which their employers plunge, to use for their own ventures their employers' means. These little figures in the columns can so easily be counted up wrong, and these notes and papers that represent value are so light and readily shifted, and houses and lands, ships and goods, factories and roads, in this printed form, can be so quickly put in one's pocket and carried so far away, and the time may be so long before the exchange or misreckoning is found out, that by facile opportunity all but the absolutely upright are seduced to take a hand in the vast stake played for on the table of chance, as if gambling were not outlawed, so that protection of property is the unsolved question of the day. Who shall guard its guards? An immense evil in all worldly values, under the spur of this eager pursuit, is their uncertain rate. It would seem that a quite honest dollar cannot be found; and those who tamper with the currency, and would make its volume like any book with as many pages as are wanted from the printing-press, plead the fluctuation of gold: metal or parchment, greenback or consol, is but a representative

whose reality does not exist! Pyrrhonism has left the schools and gone upon 'Change. Hence the melancholy waste of faculty on the universal and insoluble problem of the worth of things. Every species of stock rises and sinks. There is no bottom and no top. The bulls push and the bears pull! What an amount of strength, that might be employed in production, is wasted in calculation of sums that have continually to be done over again, and never come out altogether right! Arithmetical accounts, books of double entry, and geometric surveys, before such exhausting tasks, are vain to help; and what thousands are demoralized in this laborious idleness, and turned into busy drones! No wonder that many, grinding thus like millstones without a grist, become crazed, and some Napoleon of commerce, for whom his millions have proved too much, from the long puzzle of the market goes with a turned head to count imaginary money in a mad-house. Man, as merchant only, "walketh in a vain show." My friend, in the press of affairs heaping up wealth which appears only in shares on the corporations' books, calls a barren cliff by the sea fancy property. But his is fanciful and the cliff real; for there is somewhat permanent and unchangeable in the beauty where the soul takes its daily bath,—in the horizon whose exquisite line of the meeting land and sea and wood-girdled hill does not waver,—in the sky from whose inverted cup, as a horn of plenty to heart and imagination, daily blessings come,—and even in the charming phenomenon of the tide, so punctual although never at rest,—and in the perpetual and pervading glory, out of which life even as a shadow is cast; while the possessions on which you can *realize* are more unsubstantial and cloudy than any vapor that floats overhead through the air.

Abject poverty is a curse and a provocation to crime.

But unbounded personal appropriation of the signs and symbols of wealth is the very lunacy of conceit. Riches are good for what we can do with them; but if we do nothing but invest and reinvest, using them with no generous design for others' benefit, but only as so much seed-corn and so many nest-eggs to produce more, we impoverish our fellows and might as well be poor ourselves. The miser is a pauper, his counting-room a poor-house; and the worst sort of beggary will be the end and upshot of his destitution of love. None at last need charity so much as do they by whom it has never been shown! This keen scent for gain leaves little conscience. The sharp man will be a sharper, and how near to being dishonest is he who is close! Road and bank presidents, with enterprises outside their office, are tempted to divert corporate or public funds, in their hands or at their command, to their private risks. The accommodator and the accommodated, the lender and the borrower, are one man! It is a dangerous position; and thoughtful business-men are beginning to ask if directors are not biassed, and whether a president is more safe for being a Cræsus of large and manifold concerns.

Moderation is the lesson taught from all this enforced commercial stagnation. Intemperate undertakings strengthen no more than liquors that make drunk. How hard in this country we have worked to get poor! Business-mania is that sort of fever on whose heat debility attends; and we should have been richer to-day had we thought less of riches. Jehu, driving the chariot, is upset. How slowly and leisurely the car off the track is pried back! Ten years it takes for our business-train to get in motion again. The correction and cure for the business-man is to have something beside his affairs to take up his thought. When one has so much to do that

he cannot attend to important matters or fulfil friendly relations outside the bargains he shoves and is pushed into a corner and impounded by, he is not doing his business well, and we need not be surprised if he fail. Only by a decent culture of all the faculties can the mind's balance be preserved; and by its inward poise will outward footing be kept. One may as easily lop a bodily member and not go one-sided or lame, as starve his intellect and depopulate his imagination, yet have good judgment remain; and any warping or neglect of the moral sense will but aggravate the mischief. Other things being equal, we may trust the banker who loves the fine art that is above his finance, cherishes some exquisite taste and follows some branch of pure knowledge, rather than the one who, having only room for scales in his brain, will surely also have scales on his eyes. To prevent the creeping of cataract over the spiritual vision, we must not look out for worldly advantage till our gaze becomes a dazing stare, but practise ourselves to behold truth in all her forms. To our vocation let us add an avocation if we would keep sane.

Some great affection for God or his creatures is needful too. Atrophy of the heart has been at the bottom of how much earthly niggardliness! Let love be a hoard and hive for others, not ourselves, and we shall be spendthrifts in no sense, but economists in all, and, in Charles Lamb's expression, keep poverty at a sublimer distance than if we had the exchequer of a king. Our Senator Sumner said he had never dipped his hand into the United States treasury, yet who held him poor? Truly there is a fortune that has no wheel!

BOATING DOWN THE GRAND CAÑON.

W. H. RIDEING.

[In all the annals of human enterprise there could not well be found a more daring and perilous feat than that achieved by Major Powell and his brave companions in their exploration of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. This mighty cleft in the earth's rock-surface, with its full mile of precipitous depth in some localities, was known to be full of hidden perils, of whose actual nature next to nothing had been ascertained. Yet once entered there was no turning back,—or not without the risk of dangers equal to those of advancing. The preliminary story of this exploration—which we have omitted—describes a boat-journey down the cañon of the Green River, which bristled with dangers sufficient to deter any ordinary men from risking the perils of the greater stream. Yet the bold adventurers dared this unknown abyss, and came through its frightful perils in safety, and the mystery of the Grand Cañon vanished before the daring hand of science. Mr. Rideing is a native of England, where he was born in 1853. He has told the story of the exploration graphically and clearly.]

THEY passed the junction of the Grand and Green, and on July 21st they were on the Colorado itself. The walls are nearly vertical, and the river is broad and swift, but free from rocks and falls. From the edge of the water to the brink of the cliffs is nearly two thousand feet, and the cliffs are reflected on the quiet surface until it seems to the travellers that there is a vast abyss below them. But the tranquillity is not lasting: a little way below this space of majestic calm it was necessary to make three portages in succession, the distance being less than three-quarters of a mile, with a fall of seventy-five feet. In the evening Major Powell sat upon a rock by the edge of the river to look at the water and listen to its roar. Heavy shadows settled in the cañon as the sun passed behind the cliffs, and no glint of light remained on the crags above, but the

waves were crested with a white that seemed luminous. A great fall broke at the foot of a block of limestone fifty feet high, and rolled back in immense billows. Over the sunken rocks the flood was heaped up into mounds and even cones. The tumult was extraordinary. At a point where the rocks were very near the surface the water was thrown up ten or fifteen feet, and fell back in gentle curves as in a fountain.

On August 3d the party traversed a cañon of diversified features. The walls were still vertical in places, especially near the bends, and the river sweeping round the capes had undermined the cliffs. Sometimes the rocks over-arched; again curious narrow glens were found. The men explored the glens, in one of which they discovered a natural stairway several hundred feet high leading to a spring which burst out from an overhanging cliff among aspens and willows, while along the edges of the brooklet there were oaks and other rich vegetation. There were also many side-cañons with walls nearer to each other above than below, giving them the character of grottos; and there were carved walls, arches, alcoves, and monuments, to all of which the collective name of Glen Cañon was given.

One morning the surveyors came to a point where the river filled the entire channel and the walls were sheer to the water's edge. They saw a fall below, and in order to inspect it they pulled up against one of the cliffs, in which was a little shelf or crevice a few feet above their heads. One man stood on the deck of the boat while another climbed over his shoulders into this insecure foothold, along which they passed until it became a shelf which was broken by a chasm some yards farther on. They then returned to the boat and pulled across the stream for some logs which had lodged on the opposite shore, and with

which it was intended to bridge the gulf. It was no easy work hauling the wood along the fissure, but with care and patience they accomplished it, and reached a point in the cliffs from which the falls could be seen. It seemed practicable to lower the boats over the stormy waters by holding them with ropes from the cliffs; and this was done successfully, the incident illustrating how laborious their progress sometimes became.

The scenery was of unending interest. The rocks were of many colors,—white, gray, pink, and purple, with saffron tints. At an elbow of the river the water has excavated a semicircular chamber which would hold fifty thousand people, and farther on the cliffs are of softly-tinted marble lustrously polished by the waves. At one place Major Powell walked for more than a mile on a marble pavement fretted with strange devices and embossed with a thousand different patterns. Through a cleft in the wall the sun shone on this floor, which gleamed with iridescent beauty. Exploring the cleft, Major Powell found a succession of pools one above another, and each cold and clear, though the water of the river was a dull red. Then a bend in the cañon disclosed a massive abutment that seemed to be set with a million brilliant gems as they approached it, and every one wondered. As they came closer to it they saw many springs bursting from the rock high overhead, and the spray in the sunshine forms the gems which glitter in the walls, at the base of which is a profusion of mosses, ferns, and flowers. To the place above where the three portages were necessary the name of Cataract Cañon was given; and they were now well into the Grand Cañon itself. The walls were more than a mile in height, and, as Major Powell says, a vertical altitude like this is not easily pictured. “Stand on the south steps of the Treasury Building in Washington and look down Pennsylvania

Avenue to the Capitol Park, and measure this distance overhead, and imagine cliffs to extend to that altitude, and you will understand what I mean," the explorer has written; "or stand at Canal Street in New York and look up Broadway to Grace Church, and you have about the distance; or stand at the Lake Street bridge in Chicago and look down to the Central Dépôt, and you have it again." A thousand feet of the distance is through granite crags, above which are slopes and perpendicular cliffs to the summit. The gorge is black and narrow below, red and gray and flaring above.

Down these gloomy depths the expedition constantly glided, ever listening and ever peering ahead, for the cañon is winding and they could not see more than a few hundred yards in advance. The view changed every minute as some new crag or pinnacle or glen or peak became visible; but the men were fully engaged listening for rapids and looking for rocks. Navigation was exceedingly difficult, and it was often necessary to hold the boats from ledges in the cliffs as the falls were passed. The river was very deep and the cañon very narrow. The waters boiled and rushed in treacherous currents, which sometimes whirled the boats into the stream or hurried them against the walls. The oars were useless, and each crew labored for its own preservation as its frail vessel was spun round like a top or borne with the speed of a locomotive this way and that.

While they were thus uncontrollable, the boats entered a rapid, and one of them was driven in-shore, but, as there was no foothold for a portage, the men pushed into the stream again. The next minute a reflex wave filled the open compartment and waterlogged her: breaker after breaker rolled over her, and one capsized her. The men were thrown out, but they managed to cling to her,

and as they were swept down the other boats rescued them.

Heavy clouds rolled in the cañon, filling it with gloom. Sometimes they hung above from wall to wall and formed a roof; then a gust of wind from a side-cañon made a rift in them and the blue heavens were revealed, or they dispersed in patches which settled on the crags, while puffs of vapor issued out of the smaller gulches, and occasionally formed bars across the cañon, one above another, each opening a different vista. When they discharged their rains, little rills first trickled down the cliff, and these soon became brooks; the brooks grew into creeks and tumbled down through innumerable cascades, which added their music to the roar of the river. As soon as the rain ceased, rills, brooks, creeks, and cascades disappeared, their birth and death being equally sudden.

Desolate and inaccessible as the cañon is, many ruins of buildings are found perched upon ledges in the stupendous cliffs. In some instances the mouths of caves have been walled in, and the evidences all point to a race forever dreading and fortifying itself against an invader. Why did these people choose their embattlements so far away from all tillable land and sources of subsistence? Major Powell suggests this solution of the problem. For a century or two after the settlement of Mexico many expeditions were sent into the country now comprised in Arizona and New Mexico for the purpose of bringing the town-building people under the dominion of the Spanish government. Many of their villages were destroyed, and the inhabitants fled to regions at that time unexplored; and there are traditions among the existing Pueblos that the cañons were these lands. The Spanish conquerors had a monstrous greed for gold and a lust for saving souls. "Treasure they must have,—if not on earth, why, then,

in heaven,—and when they failed to find heathen temples bedecked with silver they propitiated heaven by seizing the heathen themselves. There is yet extant a copy of a record made by a heathen artist to express his conception of the demands of the conquerors. In one part of the picture we have a lake, and near by stands a priest pouring water on the head of a native. On the other side a poor Indian has a cord around his throat. Lines run from these two groups to a central figure, a man with a beard and full Spanish panoply. The interpretation of the picture-writing is this: ‘Be baptized as this saved heathen, or be hanged as this damned heathen.’ Doubtless some of the people preferred a third alternative, and rather than be baptized or hanged they chose to be imprisoned within these cañon-walls.”

The rains and the accidents in the rapids had seriously reduced the commissary by this time, and the provisions left were more or less injured. The bacon was uneatable, and had to be thrown away; the flour was musty, and the saleratus was lost overboard. On August 17th the party had only enough food remaining for ten days’ use, and, though they hoped that the worst places had been passed, the barometers were broken, and they did not know what descent they had yet to make. The canvas which they had brought with them for covering from Green River City was rotten, there was not one blanket apiece for the men, and more than half the party were hatless. Despite their hopes that the greatest obstacles had been overcome, however, on the morning of August 27th they reached a place which appeared more perilous than any they had so far passed. They landed on one side of the river, and clambered over the granite pinnacles for a mile or two without seeing any way by which they could lower the boats. Then they crossed to

the other side and walked along the top of a crag. In his eagerness to reach a point where he could see the roaring fall below, Major Powell went too far, and was caught at a point where he could neither advance nor retreat: the river was four hundred feet below, and he was suspended in front of the cliff with one foot on a small projecting rock and one hand fixed in a little crevice. He called for help, and the men passed him a line, but he could not let go of the rock long enough to seize it. While he felt his hold becoming weaker and expected momentarily to drop into the cañon, the men went to the boats and obtained three of the largest oars. The blade of one of them was pushed into the crevice of a rock beyond him in such a manner that it bound him across the body to the wall, and another oar was fixed so that he could stand upon it and walk out of the difficulty. He breathed again, but had felt that cold air which seems to fan one when death is near.

Another hour was spent in examining the river, but a good view of it could not be obtained, and they once more went to the opposite side. After some hard work among the cliffs they discovered that the lateral streams had washed a large number of boulders into the river, forming a dam over which the water made a broken fall of about twenty feet, below which was a rapid beset by huge rocks for two or three hundred yards. This was bordered on one side by a series of sharp projections of the cañon-walls, and beyond it was a second fall, ending in another and no less threatening rapid. At the bottom of the latter an immense slab of granite projected fully half-way across the river, and upon the inclined plane which it formed the water rolled with all the momentum gained in the falls and rapids above, and then swept over to the left. The men viewed the prospect with dismay,

but Major Powell had an insatiable desire to complete the exploration. He decided that it was possible to let the boats down over the first fall, then to run near the right cliff to a point just above the second fall, where they could pull into a little chute, and from the foot of that across the stream to avoid the great rock below. The men shook their heads, and after supper—a sorry supper of unleavened flour and water, coffee, and rancid bacon, eaten on the rocks—the elder Howland endeavored to dissuade the leader from his purpose, and, failing to do so, told him that he with his brother and Dunn would go no farther. That night Major Powell did not sleep at all, but paced to and fro, now measuring the remaining provisions, then contemplating the rushing falls and rapids. Might not Howland be right? Would it be wise to venture into that maelstrom which was white during the darkest hours of the night? At one time he almost concluded to leave the river and to strike out across the table-lands for the Mormon settlements. But this trip had been the object of his life for many years, looked forward to and dreamed of, and to leave the exploration unfinished when he was so near the end, to acknowledge defeat, was more than he could reconcile himself to.

In the morning his brother, Captain Powell, Sumner, Bradley, Hall, and Hawkins promised to remain with him, but the Howlands and Dunn were fixed in their determination to go no farther. The provisions were divided, and one of the boats was left with the deserters, who were also provided with three guns: Howland was also intrusted with duplicate copies of the records, and with some mementos the voyagers desired to have sent to friends and relatives should they not be heard of again. It was a solemn parting. The Howlands and Dunn entreated the others not to go on, telling them that it was

obvious madness; but the decision had been made, and the two boats pushed out into the stream.

They glided rapidly along the foot of the wall, grazing one large rock, and then they pulled into the falls and plunged over them. The open compartment of the major's boat was filled when she struck the first wave below, but she cut through the upheaval, and by vigorous strokes was drawn away from the dangerous rock farther down. They were scarcely a minute in running through the rapids, and found that what had seemed almost hopeless from above was really less difficult than many other points on the river. The Howlands and their companion were now out of sight, and guns were fired to indicate to them that the passage had been safely made and to induce them to follow; but no answer came, and after waiting two hours the descent of the river was resumed.

A succession of falls and rapids still had to be overcome, and in the afternoon the explorers were once more threatened with defeat. A little stream entered the cañon from the left, and immediately below the river broke over two falls, beyond which it rose in high waves and subsided in whirlpools. The boats hugged the left wall for some distance, but when the men saw that they could not descend on this side they pulled up-stream several hundred yards and crossed to the other. Here there was a bed of basalt about one hundred feet high, which, disembarking, they followed, pulling the boats after them by ropes. The major, as usual, went ahead, and discovered that it would be impossible to lower the boats from the cliff; but the men had already brought one of them to the brink of the falls and had secured her by a bight around a crag. The other boat, in which Bradley had remained, was shooting in and out from the cliffs with great violence, now straining the line by which she was held,

and now whirling against the rock as if she would dash herself to pieces. An effort was made to pass another rope to Bradley, but he was so preoccupied that he did not notice it, and the others saw him take a knife out of its sheath and step forward to cut the line. He had decided that it was better to go over the falls with her than to wait for her to be completely wrecked against the rocks. He did not show the least alarm, and as he leaned over to cut the rope the boat sheered into the stream, the stern-post broke, and he was adrift. With perfect composure he seized the large scull-oar, placed it in the stern row-lock, and pulled with all his strength, which was considerable, to turn the bow down-stream. After the third stroke she passed over the falls and was invisible for several seconds, when she reappeared upon a great wave, dancing high over its crest, then sinking between two vast walls of water. The men on the cliff held their breath as they watched. Again she disappeared, and this time was out of sight so long that poor Bradley's fate seemed settled; but in a moment more something was noticed emerging from the water farther down the stream: it was the boat, with Bradley standing on deck and twirling his hat to show that he was safe. He was spinning round in a whirlpool, however, and Sumner and Powell were sent along the cliff to see if they could help him, while the major and the others embarked in the remaining boat and passed over the fall. After reaching the brink they do not remember what happened to them, except that their boat was upset and that Bradley pulled them out of the water. Powell and Sumner joined them by climbing along the cliff, and, having put the boats in order, they once more started down the stream.

On the next day, August 29th, three months and five days after leaving Green River City, they reached the

foot of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the passage of which had been of continuous peril and toil, and on the 30th they ended their exploration at a ranch, from which the way was easy to Salt Lake City. "Now the danger is over," writes Major Powell in his diary; "now the toil has ceased; now the gloom has disappeared; now the firmament is bounded only by the horizon; and what a vast expanse of constellations can be seen! The river rolls by us in silent majesty; the quiet of the camp is sweet; our joy is almost ecstasy. We sit till long after midnight talking of the Grand Cañon, talking of home, but chiefly talking of the three men who left us. Are they wandering in those depths, unable to find a way out? are they searching over the desert-lands above for water? or are they nearing the settlements?"

It was about a year afterward that their fate became known. Major Powell was continuing his explorations, and, having passed through Pa-ru-nu-weap (or Roaring Water) Cañon, he spent some time among the Indians in the region beyond, from whom he learned that three white men had been killed the year before. They had come upon the Indian village starving and exhausted with fatigue, saying that they had descended the Grand Cañon. They were fed and started on the way to the settlements, but they had not gone far when an Indian arrived from the east side of the Colorado and told of some miners who had killed a squaw in a drunken brawl. He incited the tribe to follow and attack the three whites, who no doubt were the murderers. Their story of coming down the Grand Cañon was impossible,—no men had ever done that,—and it was a falsehood designed to cover their guilt. Excited by a desire for revenge, a party stole after them, surrounded them in ambush, and filled them with arrows. This was the tragic end of Dunn and the Howland brothers.

Little need be added. The unflinching courage, the quiet persistence, and the inexhaustible zeal of Major Powell enabled him to achieve a geographical exploit which had been deemed wholly impracticable, and which in adventurousness puts most of the feats of the Alpine Club in the shade. But the narrative may derive a further interest from one other fact concerning this intrepid explorer, whom we have seen standing at the bow of his boats and guiding them over tempestuous falls, rapids, and whirlpools, soaring among the crags of almost perpendicular cañon-walls, and suspended by his fingers from the rocks four hundred feet above the level of the river: Major Powell is a one-armed man!

THE RIVULET, THE RIVER, AND THE OCEAN.

The water, no less than the land, has served as an inspiring theme to the poets of modern times, and brook, river, lake, and ocean have been alike enchained in the delicate fetters of poetic verse. From the "Song of the Brook," as given in the mellifluous verses of William Wright, we have already offered a selection. The "Rivulet" of Bryant comes here first in order, on our route from the spring to the ocean. We can quote but a portion of this beautiful and thoughtful poem.

THIS little rill, that from the springs
Of yonder grove its current brings,
Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,
Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet, when life was new.
When woods in early green were dressed,
And from the chambers of the west.

The warmer breezes, travelling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about,
My truant steps from home would stray,
Upon its grassy side to play,
List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
And crop the violet on its brim,
With blooming cheek and open brow,
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

* * * * *

Thou changest not,—but I am changed,
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged ;
And the grave stranger, come to see
The play-place of his infancy,
Has scarce a single trace of him
Who sported once upon thy brim.
The visions of my youth are past,—
Too bright, too beautiful to last.
I've tried the world,—it wears no more
The coloring of romance it wore.
Yet well has Nature kept the truth
She promised in my earliest youth.
The radiant beauty shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God
Shows freshly, to my sobered eye,
Each charm it wore in days gone by.

* * * * *

And I shall sleep,—and on thy side,
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try,
And pass to hoary age and die.
But thou, unchanged from year to year,
Gayly shalt play and glitter here ;
Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thy endless infancy shalt pass ;

And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shalt mock the fading race of men.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

From Lydia Huntley Sigourney, a poetess who in her day attained great popularity, we copy one of the most favorable specimens of her productions.

CONNECTICUT RIVER.

Fair river! not unknown to classic song,
Which still in varying beauty roll'st along,
Where first thy infant fount is faintly seen,
A line of silver 'mid a fringe of green,
Or where near towering rocks thy bolder tide,
To win the giant-guarded pass, doth glide,
Or where in azure mantle pure and free
Thou giv'st thy cool hand to the tossing sea.

Though broader streams our sister realms may boast,
Herculean cities, and a prouder coast,
Yet from the bound where hoarse St. Lawrence roars,
To where La Plata rocks resounding shores,
From where the arms of slimy Nilus shine,
To the blue waters of the rushing Rhine,
Or where Ilissus glows like diamond spark,
Or sacred Ganges whelms her votaries dark,
No brighter skies the eye of day may see,
Nor soil more verdant, nor a race more free.

See! where amid their cultured vales they stand,
The generous offspring of a simple land;
Too rough for flattery, and all fear above,
King, priest, and prophet 'mid the homes they love,—
On equal laws their anchored hopes are stayed,
By all interpreted and all obeyed;

Alike the despot and the slave they hate,
And rise, firm columns of a happy state.
To them content is bliss, and labor health,
And knowledge power, and meek religion wealth.

The farmer, here, with honest pleasure sees
His orchards blushing to the fervid breeze,
His bleating flocks, the shearer's care that need,
His waving woods, the wintry hearth that feed,
His hardy steers, that break the yielding soil,
His patient sons, who aid their father's toil,
The ripening fields, for joyous harvest drest,
And the white spire, that points a world of rest.

* * * * *

In the same metre, and somewhat in the same tone, as Read's
"Drifting," John White Chadwick thus sings a sea-shore lyric :

BY THE SEA-SHORE.

The curv'd strand
Of cool, gray sand
Lies like a sickle by the sea ;
The tide is low,
But soft and slow
Is creeping higher up the lea.

The beach-birds fleet,
With twinkling feet,
Hurry and scurry to and fro,
And sip, and chat
Of this and that
Which you and I may never know. . . .

Each higher wave
Doth touch and lave
A million pebbles smooth and bright;
Straightway they grow
A beauteous show,
With hues unknown before bedight.

High up the beach,
Far out of reach
Of common tides that ebb and flow,
The drift-wood's heap
Doth record keep
Of storms that perished long ago. . . .

Where ends the beach,
The cliffs upreach
Their lichen-wrinkled foreheads old;
And here I rest,
While all the west
Grows brighter with the sunset's gold.

Far out at sea,
The ships that flee
Along the dim horizon's line
Their sails unfold
Like cloth of gold,
Transfigured by that light divine.

A calm more deep,
As 'twere asleep,
Upon the weary ocean falls;
So low it sighs,
Its murmur dies,
While shrill the boding cricket calls.

O peace and rest !
Upon the breast
Of God himself I seem to lean,
No break, no bar
Of sun or star :
Just God and I, with naught between.

Oh, when some day
In vain I pray
For days like this to come again,
I shall rejoice
With heart and voice
That one such day has ever been.

In a very different strain, in which the dreamy softness of the sunny sea is exchanged for the boding thunder of the ocean's storm-voice, an anonymous author thus sings his

SONG OF THE OCEAN.

This the burden of the breakers
As upon the beach they shiver,
Wild sea-birds that have flown hither
Glad to fold their fleecy pinions ;
This the weird and solemn anthem
Played in God's supreme cathedral—
By the blue sky domed, and closely
Walled in with the dim horizon—
On the sea, that mighty organ,
With the winds for stops, the tempest
For its thundering diapason,
This the choral song they sang me :

“ Man, who for a space endureth,
Fed with wild and wayward fancies ;

Man, whom every siren lureth
With her feeble necromancies ;
Mock me not with idle laughter,
Thou, so weak and evanescent :
I, the Past and the Hereafter,
Put to scorn thy fleeting Present.

“Weak in all thy pomp and power,
Hoping, dreaming, praying, sinning,
Creature of a shining hour,
Know, I am from the beginning.
Who shall limit my dominions,
Chain me down to time or distance ?
Lo ! the vast spread of my pinions
Sweeps the borders of existence.

“Ere man came, Time’s crowning wonder,
This my wave, that throbs and rages,
At God’s feet was hurled in thunder
On the wild strand of the ages.
Still I sing my dirge, unweary,
O’er lost hopes once loved and cherished :
I shall chant the Miserere
When the race of man has perished.”

Thus the ocean, white and wondrous,
Breaking on its beach in triumph,
Drawing back in lamentation
From its dim and foamy limit,
Sang to me in runic thunder,
While above me lapsed the summer,
While around the wet sands glistened,
And the sunbeams, like a glory,
Lit the long line of the breakers.

From Harriet Prescott Spofford's beautiful poem of a day's sea-drift, with the unpromising title of "Inside Plum Island," we select a few of the concluding verses :

There, all day long, the summer sea
 Creams murmuring up the shingle ;
There, all day long, the airs of earth
 With airs of heaven mingle.

Singing we went our happy way,
 Singing old songs, nor noted
Another voice that with us sung,
 As wing and wing we floated.

Till hushed we listened, while the air
 With music still was beating,
Voice answering tuneful voice, again
 The words we sang repeating.

A flight of fluting echoes, sent
 With elfin carol o'er us,—
More sweet than bird-song in the prime
 Rang out the sea-blown chorus.

Behind those dunes the storms had heaped
 In all fantastic fashion,
Who syllabled our song in strains
 Remote from human passion ?

What tones were those that caught our own,
 Filtered through light and distance,
And tossed them gayly to and fro
 With such a sweet insistence ?

What shoal of sea-sprites, to the sun
Along the margin flocking,
Dripping with salt dew from the deeps,
Made this melodious mocking?

We laughed,—a hundred voices rose
In airiest, fairiest laughter;
We sang,—a hundred voices quired
And sang the whole song after.

One standing eager in the prow
Blew out his bugle cheerly,
And far and wide their horns replied
More silvery and clearly.

And falling down the falling tide,
Slow and more slowly going,
Flown far, flown far, flown faint and fine,
We heard their horns still blowing.

Then, with the last delicious note
To other skies alluring,
Down ran the sails; beneath the Bluff
The boat lay at her mooring.

We all have "ships at sea," as we all have "castles in Spain,"—all, that is, except the Dryasdusts, who own nothing but what they can see and handle. Our ships seldom come to port, except in dreams, but we know that they are floating somewhere, deeply laden with costly treasures, and, until hope itself dies, we never despair of their coming.

I have ships that went to sea
More than fifty years ago:
None have yet come home to me,
But keep sailing to and fro.

I have seen them, in my sleep,
Plunging through the shoreless deep,
With tattered sails and battered hulls,
While around them screamed the gulls,
Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they stayed
From me, sailing round the world,
And I've said, "I'm half afraid
That their sails will ne'er be furled."
Great the treasures that they hold,—
Silks and plumes, and bars of gold;
While the spices which they bear
Fill with fragrance all the air,
As they sail, as they sail.

Every sailor in the port
Knows that I have ships at sea,
Of the winds and waves the sport;
And the sailors pity me.
Oft they come and with me walk,
Cheering me with hopeful talk,
Till I put my fears aside,
And contented watch the tide
Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,
Gazing for them down the bay,
Days and nights, for many years,
Till I turned heart-sick away.
But the pilots, when they land,
Stop and take me by the hand,
Saying, "You will live to see
Your proud vessels come from sea,
One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair,
Nor let hope or courage fail;
And some day, when skies are fair,
Up the bay my ships will sail.
I can buy then all I need,—
Prints to look at, books to read,
Horses, wines, and works of art,
Every thing except a heart :
That is lost, that is lost.

Once when I was pure and young,
Poorer, too, than I am now,
Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,
Or a wrinkle creased my brow,
There was one whose heart was mine;
But she's something now divine,
And though come my ships from sea,
They can bring no heart to me,
Evermore, evermore.

R. B. COFFIN.

MINUTE FORMS OF LIFE.

G. P. MARSH.

[George Perkins Marsh, the author of our present Half-Hour, was eminent alike in politics, science, and general literature. Born in Vermont in 1801, he was appointed United States minister to Turkey in 1849, and minister to Italy in 1861. His studies in philology are indicated by his "Compendious Grammar of the Old Northern or Icelandic Language," "Lectures on the English Language," and "The Origin and History of the English Language." His other principal work is "Man and Nature" published in an enlarged form later under

the title of "The Earth as Modified by Human Action." He died in 1882. Our selection is from the last-named work.]

BESIDES the larger inhabitants of the land and of the sea, the quadrupeds, the reptiles, the birds, the amphibia, the crustacea, the fish, the insects, and the worms, there are other countless forms of vital being. Earth, water, the ducts and fluids of vegetable and of animal life, the very air we breathe, are peopled by minute organisms which perform most important functions in both the living and the inanimate kingdoms of nature. Of the offices assigned to these creatures, the most familiar to common observation is the extraction of lime, and, more rarely, of silex, from the waters inhabited by them, and the deposit of these minerals in a solid form, either as the material of their habitations or as the exuviæ of their bodies. The microscope and other means of scientific observation assure us that the chalk-beds of England and of France, the coral reefs of marine waters in warm climates, vast calcareous and silicious deposits in the sea and in many fresh-water ponds, the common polishing earths and slates, and many species of apparently dense and solid rock, are the work of the humble organisms of which I speak, often, indeed, of animalculæ so small as to become visible only by the aid of lenses magnifying thousands of times the linear measures. It is popularly supposed that animalculæ, or what are commonly embraced under the vague name of infusoria, inhabit the water alone; but naturalists have long known that the atmospheric dust transported by every wind and deposited by every calm is full of microscopic life or of its relics. The soil on which the city of Berlin stands contains, at the depth of ten or fifteen feet below the surface, living elaborators of silex; and a microscopic examination of a handful of earth connected with the material evidences of guilt has enabled the naturalist

to point out the very spot where a crime was committed. It has been computed that one-sixth part of the solid matter let fall by great rivers at their outlets consists of still recognizable infusory shells and shields; and, as the friction of rolling water must reduce many of these fragile structures to a state of comminution which even the microscope cannot resolve into distinct particles, and thus identify as relics of animal or of vegetable life, we must conclude that a considerably larger proportion of river deposits is really the product of animalcules.

It is evident that the chemical, and in many cases the mechanical, character of a great number of the objects important in the material economy of human life must be affected by the presence of so large an organic element in their substance, and it is equally obvious that all agricultural and all industrial operations tend to disturb the natural arrangements of this element, to increase or to diminish the special adaptation of every medium in which it lives to the particular orders of being inhabited by it. The conversion of woodland into pasturage, of pasture into plough-land, of swamp or of shallow sea into dry ground, the rotations of cultivated crops, must prove fatal to millions of living things upon every rood of surface thus deranged by man, and must, at the same time, more or less fully compensate this destruction of life by promoting the growth and multiplication of other tribes equally minute in dimensions.

I do not know that man has yet endeavored to avail himself, by artificial contrivances, of the agency of these wonderful architects and manufacturers. We are hardly well enough acquainted with their natural economy to devise means to turn their industry to profitable account, and they are in very many cases too slow in producing visible results for an age so impatient as ours. The over-

civilization of the nineteenth century cannot wait for wealth to be amassed by infinitesimal gains, and we are in haste to *speculate* upon the powers of nature, as we do upon objects of bargain and sale in our trafficking one with another. But there are still some cases where the little we know of a life, whose workings are invisible to the naked eye, suggests the possibility of advantageously directing the efforts of troops of artisans that we cannot see. Upon coasts occupied by the corallines, the reef-building animalcule does not work near the mouth of rivers. Hence the change of the outlet of a stream, often a very easy matter, may promote the construction of a barrier to coast navigation at one point, and check the formation of a reef at another, by diverting a current of fresh water from the former and pouring it into the sea at the latter. Cases may probably be found, in tropical seas, where rivers have prevented the working of the coral animalcules in straits separating islands from each other or from the mainland. The diversion of such streams might remove this obstacle, and reefs consequently be formed which would convert an archipelago into a single large island, and finally join that to the neighboring continent.

Quatrefages proposed to destroy the teredo in harbors by impregnating the water with a mineral solution fatal to them. Perhaps the labors of the coralline animals might be arrested over a considerable extent of sea-coast by similar means. The reef-builders are leisurely architects, but the precious coral is formed so rapidly that the beds may be refished advantageously as often as once in ten years. It does not seem impossible that branches of this coral might be attached to the keel of a ship and transplanted to the American coast, where the Gulf Stream would furnish a suitable temperature beyond the climatic limits that otherwise confine its growth; and

thus a new source of profit might perhaps be added to the scanty returns of the hardy fishermen. This experiment is certainly well worth trying.

In certain geological formations, the diatomaceæ deposit, at the bottom of fresh-water ponds, beds of silicious shields, valuable as a material for a species of very light fire-brick, in the manufacture of water-glass and of hydraulic cement, and ultimately, doubtless, in many yet undiscovered industrial processes. An attentive study of the conditions favorable to the propagation of the diatomaceæ might perhaps help us to profit directly by the productivity of this organism, and, at the same time, disclose secrets of nature capable of being turned to valuable account in dealing with silicious rocks and the metal which is the base of them.

Our acquaintance with the obscure and infinitesimal life of which I have now been treating is very recent, and still very imperfect. We know that it is of vast importance in geology, but we are so ambitious to grasp the great, so little accustomed to occupy ourselves with the minute, that we are not yet prepared to enter seriously upon the question how far we can control and utilize the operations, not of unembodied physical forces merely, but of beings, in popular apprehension, almost as immaterial as they. . . .

Nature has no unit of magnitude by which she measures her works. Man takes his standards of dimension from himself. The hair's breadth was his minimum until the microscope told him that there are animated creatures to which one of the hairs of his head is a larger cylinder than is the trunk of the giant California *sequoia* to him. He borrows his inch from the breadth of his thumb, his palm and span from the width of his hand and the spread of his fingers, his foot from the length of the organ so

named ; his cubit is the distance from the tip of his middle finger to his elbow, and his fathom is the space he can measure with his outstretched arms. To a being who instinctively finds the standard of all magnitudes in his own material frame, all objects exceeding his own dimensions are absolutely great, all falling short of them absolutely small. Hence we habitually regard the whale and the elephant as essentially large and therefore important creatures, the animalcule as an essentially small and therefore unimportant organism. But no geological formation owes its origin to the labors or the remains of the huge mammal, while the animalcule composes, or has furnished, the substance of strata thousands of feet in thickness, and extending, in unbroken beds, over many degrees of terrestrial surface. If man is destined to inhabit the earth much longer, and to advance in natural knowledge with the rapidity which has marked his progress in physical science for the last two or three centuries, he will learn to put a wiser estimate on the works of creation, and will derive not only great instruction from studying the ways of nature in her obscurest, humblest walks, but great material advantage from stimulating her productive energies in provinces of her empire hitherto regarded as forever inaccessible, utterly barren.

DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS.

D. G. BRINTON.

[In the list of American archæologists the name of Dr. Daniel Garrison Brinton ranks among the highest, and his works are probably the most valuable contributions to this science yet made by an American author. These works are diversified in their scope, including "The

Florida Peninsula," "The Myths of the New World," "The Religious Sentiment," "Ancient Hero Myths," and an edition, yet in progress, of the literature of the American aborigines,—“The Maya Chronicles,” “The Comedy-Ballet of Güegüence,” etc.,—with numerous periodical papers on archæological subjects. Dr. Brinton was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1834.]

OF the various ideas in religious history there are three which, through their permanence and frequent revival, we may justly suppose in accordance with the above-mentioned canons to contain a large measure of truth, and yet to be far from wholly true. They may be considered as leading moments in religious growth, yet withal lacking something or other essential to the satisfaction of the religious sentiment. The first of these is the idea of the *perfected individual*; the second, the idea of the *perfected commonwealth*; the third, that of *personal survival*. These have been the formative ideas (*Ideen der Gestaltung*) in the prayers, myths, rites, and religious institutions of many nations at widely-separated times.

Of the two first mentioned it may be said that every extended faith has accepted them to some degree. They are the secret of the alliances of religion with art, with government, with ethics, with science, education, and sentiment.

These alliances have often been taken by historians to contain the vital elements of religion itself, and many explanations based on one or another assumption of the kind have been proffered. Religion, while it may embrace any of them, is independent of them all. Its relations to them have been transitory, and the more so as their aims have been local and material. The brief duration of the subjection of religion to such incongenial ties was well compared by Lord Herbert of Cherbury to the early maturity of brutes, who attain their full growth in a year

or two, while man needs a quarter of a century. The inferior aims of the religious sentiment were discarded one after another to make way for higher ones, which were slowly dawning upon it. In this progress it was guided largely by the three ideas I have mentioned, which have been in many forms leading stimuli of the religious thought of the race.

First, of the *idea of the perfected individual*.

Many writers have supposed that the contemplation of Power in nature first stirred religious thought in man. Though this is not the view taken in this book, no one will question that the leading trait in the gods of barbarism is physical strength. The naïve anthropomorphism of the savage makes his god of a mighty arm, a giant in stature, puissant and terrible. He hurls the thunderbolt, and piles up the mountains in sport. His name is often The Strong One, as in the Allah, Eloah of the Semitic tongues. Hercules, Chon, Melkarth, Dorsanes, Thor, and others were of the most ancient divinities in Greece, Egypt, Phœnicia, India, and Scandinavia, and were all embodiments of physical force. Such, too, was largely the character of the Algonkin Messou, who scooped out the great lakes with his hands and tore up the largest trees by the roots. The huge boulders from the glacial epoch which are scattered over their country are the pebbles he tossed in play or in anger. The cleft in the Andes, through which flows the river Funha, was opened by a single blow of Nemqueteba, chief god of the Muyscas. In all such and a hundred similar legends, easy to quote, we see the notion of strength, brute force, muscular power, was that deemed most appropriate to divinity, and that which he who would be godlike must most sedulously seek. When filled with the god, the votary felt a surpassing vigor. The Berserker fury was found in the

wilds of America and Africa, as well as among the Fiords. Sickness and weakness, on the contrary, were signs that the gods were against him. Therefore, in all early stages of culture, the office of priest and physician was one. Conciliation of the gods was the catholicon.

Such deities were fearful to behold. They are represented as mighty of stature and terrible of mien, calculated to appall, not attract, to inspire fear, not to kindle love. In tropical America, in Egypt, in Thibet, almost where you will, there is little to please the eye in the pictures and statues of deities.

In Greece alone, a national temperament, marvellously sensitive to symmetry, developed the combination of maximum strength with perfect form in the sun-god, Apollo, and of grace with beauty in Aphrodite. The Greeks were the apostles of the religion of beauty. Their philosophic thought saw the permanent in the Form, which outlives strength, and is that alone in which the race has being. In its transmission love is the agent, and Aphrodite, unmatched in beauty and mother of love, was a creation worthy of their devotion. Thus with them the religious sentiment still sought its satisfaction in the individual, not indeed in the muscle, but in the feature and expression.

When the old gods fell, the Christian fathers taught their flocks to abhor the beautiful as one with the sensual. St. Clement of Alexandria and Tertullian describe Christ as ugly of visage and undersized, a sort of Socrates in appearance. Christian art was long in getting recognition. The heathens were the first to represent in picture and statues Christ and the apostles, and for long the fathers of the church opposed the multiplication of such images, saying that the inward beauty was alone desirable. Christian art reached its highest inspiration under the influence

of Greek culture after the fall of Constantinople. In the very year, however, that Rafaello Sanzio met his premature death, Luther burned the decretals of the pope in the market-place of Wittenberg, and preached a doctrine as hostile to art as was that of Eusebius and Chrysostom. There was no longer any hope for the religion of beauty.

Nevertheless, under the influence of the revival of ancient art which arose with Winckelmann towards the close of the last century, a gospel of æsthetics was preached. Its apostles were chiefly Germans, and among them Schiller and Goethe are not inconspicuous names. The latter, before his long life was closed, began to see the emptiness of such teachings, and the violence perpetrated on the mind by forcing on the religious sentiment the food fit only for the æsthetic emotions.

The highest conception of individual perfection is reached in a character whose physical and mental powers are symmetrically trained and always directed by conscious reason to their appropriate ends. Self-government, founded on self-knowledge, wards off the pangs of disappointment by limiting ambition to the attainable. The affections and emotions, and the pleasures of sensation as well, are indulged in or abstained from, but never to the darkening of the intellect. All the talents are placed at usury; every power exercised systematically and fruitfully with a consecration to a noble purpose.

This is the religion of culture. None other ranks among its adherents so many great minds; men, as Carlyle expresses it, of much religiosity, if of little religion. The ideal is a taking one. Such utter self-reliance, not from ignorance, but from the perfection of knowledge, was that which Buddha held up to his followers: "Self is the God of self: who else should be the God?" In this century

Goethe, Wordsworth, beyond all others Wilhelm von Humboldt, have set forth this ideal. Less strongly intellectual natures, as Maine de Biran, De Senancourt, and Matthew Arnold, listen with admiration, but feel how unknown to the mass of human kind must remain the tongue these masters speak.

Thus did the religious sentiment seek its satisfaction in the idealization, first of physical force, then of form, and last of mental force, but in each case turned away unsatisfied. Wherein did these ideals fail? The first-mentioned in exalting power over principle, might over right. As was well said by the philosophical Novalis, "The ideal of morality has no more dangerous rival than the ideal of physical strength, of the most vigorous life. Through it man is transformed into a reasoning beast, whose brutal cleverness has a fascination for weak minds." The religion of beauty failed in that it addressed the æsthetic emotions, not the reasoning power. Art does not promote the good; it owes no fealty to either utility or ethics: in itself, it must be, in the negative sense of the words, at once useless and immoral. "Nature is not its standard, nor is truth its chief end." Its spirit is repose, "the perfect form in perfect rest;" whereas the spirit of religion is action because of imperfection. Even the gods must know of suffering, and partake, in incarnations, of the miseries of men.

In the religion of culture what can we blame? That it is lacking in the impulses of action through the isolation it fosters; that it is and must be limited to a few, for it provides no defence for the weaknesses the many inherit; that its tendency is antagonistic to religion, as it cuts away the feeling of dependence, and the trust in the unknown; that it allows too little to enthusiasm ever to become a power. . . .

The Idea of the perfected Commonwealth:—This is the conception at the base of all theocracies, forms of government whose statutes are identified with the precepts of religion. Instead of a constitution there is the Law, given and sanctioned by God as a rule of action.

The Law is at first the Myth applied. Its object is as much to propitiate the gods as to preserve social order. It is absolute because it is inspired. Many of its ordinances as drawn from the myth are inapplicable to man, and are unjust or frivolous. Yet, such as it is, it rules the conduct of the commonwealth and expresses the ideal of its perfected condition.

All the oldest codes of laws are religious, and are alleged revelations. The Pentateuch, the Avesta, the Laws of Manu, the Twelve Tables, the Laws of Seleucus, all carry the endorsement, "And God said." Their real intention is to teach the relation of man to God, rather than the relations of man to man. On practical points—on the rights of property, on succession and wills, on contracts, on the adoption of neighbors, and on the treatment of enemies—they often violate the plainest dictates of natural justice, of common humanity, even of family affection. Their precepts are frequently frivolous, sometimes grossly immoral. But if these laws are compared with the earliest myths and cults, and the opinions then entertained of the gods, and how to propitiate them, it becomes easy to see how the precepts of the law flowed from these inchoate imaginings of the religious sentiment.

The improvement of civil statutes did not come through religion. Experience, observation, and free thought taught man justice, and his kindlier emotions were educated by the desire to cherish and preserve which arose from family and social ties. As these came to be recognized as necessary relations of society, religion appropriated them, in-

corporated them into her ideal, and even claimed them as her revelations. History largely invalidates this claim. The moral progress of mankind has been mainly apart from dogmatic teachings, often in conflict with them. An established rule of faith may enforce obedience to its statutes, but can never develop morals. "True virtue is independent of every religion, and incompatible with any which is accepted on authority."

Yet thinkers, even the best of them, appear to have had difficulty in discerning any nobler arena for the religious sentiment than the social one. "Religion," says Matthew Arnold, "is conduct." It is the power "which makes for righteousness." "As civil law," said Voltaire, "enforces morality in public, so the use of religion is to compel it in private life." "A complete morality," observes a contemporary Christian writer, "meets all the practical ends of religion." In such expressions man's social relations, his duty to his neighbor, are taken to exhaust religion. It is still the idea of the commonwealth, the religion of morality, the submission to a law recognized as divine. Whether the law is a code of ethics, the decision of a general council, or the ten commandments, it is alike held to be written by the finger of God, and imperative. Good works are the demands of such religion. . . .

Thus the ideal of the commonwealth is found in those creeds which give prominence to law, to ethics, and to sentiment, the altruistic elements of mind. It fails, because its authority is antagonistic to morality in that it impedes the search for the truth. Neither is morality religion, for it deals with the relative, while religion should guide itself by the absolute. Every great religious teacher has violated the morality of his day. Even sentiment, attractive as it is, is no ground on which to build a church. It is, at best, one of the lower emotional planes of action.

Love itself, which must be the kernel of every true religion, is not in earthly relations an altruistic sentiment. The measure and the source of all such love is self-love. The creed which rejects this as its corner-stone will build in vain. . . .

But, as the two moments of religious thought which I have now discussed have both reached their culmination in a substantial repudiation of religion, that which stimulates the religious sentiment to-day must be something different from either. This I take to be the *idea of personal survival* after physical death, or, as it is generally called, the doctrine of the immortality of the soul.

This is the main dogma in the leading religions of the world to-day. "A God," remarks Sir William Hamilton, speaking for the enlightened Christians of his generation, "is to us of practical interest only inasmuch as he is the condition of our immortality." In his attractive work, *La Vie Eternelle*, whose large popularity shows it to express the prevailing views of modern Protestant thought, Ernest Naville takes pains to distinguish that Christianity is not a means of living a holy life so much as one of gaining a blessed hereafter. The promises of a life after death are numerous and distinct in the New Testament. Most of the recommendations of action and suffering in this world are based on the doctrine of compensation in the world to come.

Mohammed taught the same tenet with equal or even greater emphasis. In one sura he says, "To whatever is evil may they be likened who believe not in a future life;" and elsewhere, "As for the blessed ones,—their place is Paradise. There shall they dwell so long as the heavens and the earth endure, enjoying the imperishable bounties of God. But as for those who shall be consigned to misery, their place is the Fire. There shall they abide so long as

the heavens and the earth shall last, unless God wills it otherwise."

In Buddhism, as generally understood, the doctrine of a future life is just as clear. Not only does the soul wander from one to another animal body, but when it has completed its peregrinations and reaches its final abode it revels in all sorts of bliss. For the condition of Nirvana, understood by philosophical Buddhists as that of the extinction of desires even to the desire of life, and of the complete enlightenment of the mind even to the recognition that existence itself is an illusion, has no such meaning to the millions who profess themselves the followers of the sage of Kapilavastu. They take it to be a material Paradise with pleasures as real as those painted by Mohammed, wherein they will dwell beyond all time, a reward for their devotions and faith in this life.

These three religions embrace three-fourths of the human race and all its civilized nations, with trifling exceptions. They displaced and extinguished the older creeds and in a few centuries controlled the earth; but as against each other their strife has been of little avail. The reason is, they share the same momentum of religious thought, differing in its interpretation not more among themselves than do orthodox members of either faith in their own fold. Many enlightened Muslims and Christians, for example, consider the descriptions of Paradise given in the Koran and the Apocalypse to convey wholly spiritual meanings. . . .

The central doctrine of the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, the leading impulse which he gave to the religious thought of his age, was that the thinking part of man survives his physical death, and that its condition does not depend on the rites of interment, as other religions then taught, but on the character of its thoughts during

life here. Filled with this new and sublime idea, he developed it in its numerous applications, and drew from it those startling inferences which, to this day, stagger his followers, and have been in turn the terror and derision of his foes. This he saw, that against a mind inwardly penetrated with the full conviction of a life hereafter, obtainable under known conditions, the powers of this world are utterly futile, and its pleasures hollow phantoms. . . .

While the religious doctrine of personal survival has thus a position defensible on grounds of reason as being that of the inherent permanence of self-conscious truth, it also calls to its aid and indefinitely elevates the most powerful of all the emotions, *love*. This, as I have shown in the second chapter, is the sentiment which is characteristic of *preservative* acts. Self-love, which is prominent in the idea of the perfected individual, sex-love, which is the spirit of the multiform religious symbolism of the reproductive act, and the love of race, which is the chief motor in the religion of humanity, are purified of their grosser demands and assigned each its meet post in the labor of uniting the conceptions of the true under the relation of personality.

The highest development of which such love is capable arises through the contemplation of those verities which are abstract and eternal, and which thus set forth, to the extent the individual mind is capable of receiving it, the completed notion of diuturnity. This highest love is the "love of God." A Supreme Intelligence, one to which all truth is perfect, must forever dwell in such contemplation. Therefore the deeper minds of Christianity define man's love of God as God's love to himself. "Eternal life," says Ernest Naville, "is in its principle the union with God and the joy that results from that union." The pious William

Law wrote, "No man can reach God with his love, or have union with Him by it, but he who is inspired with that one same spirit of love with which God loved himself from all eternity, before there was any creation."

A SOUTH-SEA IDYL.

C. W. STODDARD.

[Charles Warren Stoddard, the author of our present selection, was born at Rochester, New York, in 1848. He removed to California in 1855, and began to write verse at an early age. In 1864 he went to the Hawaiian Islands, where his life since has been mainly spent, and where he obtained the material for his beautiful and poetical series of "South-Sea Idyls," from one of which we give an extract. He has also published "Poems," and "Mashallah: a Flight into Egypt." In 1885 he became Professor of English Literature in Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Indiana.]

FROM a bluff whose bald forehead jutted a thousand feet into the air, and under whose chin the sea shrugged its great shoulders, Kahéle, my boy,—that delightful contradiction, who was always plausible, yet never right,—Kahéle and I looked timidly over into the sunset valley of Méha. The "Valley of Solitude" it was called; albeit, at that moment, and with half an eye, we counted the thirty grass-lodges of the village, and heard the liquid tongues of a trio of water-falls, that dived head-first into the groves at the farther end of the valley, where the mountain seemed to have opened its heart wide enough to let a rivulet escape into the sea. But the spot was a palpable and living dream, and no fond rivulet would go too hastily through it: so there was a glittering sort of mono-

gram writ in water, and about it the village lodges were clustered in a very pleasing disorder.

The trail dropped down the cliff below us in long, swinging zigzags, and wound lazily through the village; crossed the stream at the ford; dipped off toward the sea, as though the beach, shining like coarse gold, were a trifle too lovely to be passed without recognition; and then it climbed laboriously up the opposite cliff, and struck off into space. In ten seconds a bird might have spanned the deep ravine, and caught as much of its loveliness as we; but we weren't birds, and, moreover, we had six legs apiece to look after, so we tipped off from the dizzy ridge that overhung the valley of Méha to the north, and gradually descended into the heat and silence of the place, that seemed to make a picture of itself when we first looked down upon it from our eyry.

We found the floor of the valley very solemn and very lonely when we at last got down into it. Three youngsters, as brown as berries, and without any leaves upon them, broke loose from a banana-orchard and leaped into a low *hou-tree* as we approached. They were a little shy of my color, pale-faces being rare in that vicinity. Two women who were washing at the ford—and washing the very garments they should have had upon their backs—discovered us, and plunged into the stream with a refreshing splash, and a laugh apiece that was worth hearing, it was so genuine and hearty. Another youngster hurried off from a stone wall like a startled lizard, and struck on his head, but didn't cry much, for he was too frightened. A large woman lay at full length on a broad mat, spread under a *pandanus*, and slept like a turtle. I began to think there were nothing but women and children in the solitary valley, but Kahéle had kept an eye on the reef, and, with an air of superior intelligence, he assured me that there were

many men living about there, and they, with most of the women and children, were then out in the surf, fishing.

"To the beach, by all means!" cried I; and to the beach we hastened, where, indeed, we found heaps of cast-off raiment, and a hundred footprints in the sand. What would Mr. Robinson Crusoe have said to that, I wonder! Across the level water, heads, hands, and shoulders, and sometimes half-bodies, were floating about, like the *amphibia*. We were at once greeted with a shout of welcome, which came faintly to us above the roar of the surf, as it broke heavily on the reef, a half-mile out from shore. It was drawing toward the hour when the fishers came to land, and we had not long to wait before, one after another, they came out of the sea like so many mermen and mermaids. They were refreshingly innocent of etiquette,—at least of our translation of it; and, with a freedom that was amusing as well as a little embarrassing, I was deliberately fingered, fondled, and fussed with by nearly every dusky soul in turn. "At last," thought I, "fate has led me beyond the pale of civilization; for this begins to look like the genuine article."

With uncommon slowness, the mermaids donned more or less of their apparel, a few preferring to carry their robes over their arms; for the air was delicious, and ropes of sea-weed are accounted full dress in that delectable latitude. Down on the sand the mermen heaped their scaly spoils,—fish of all shapes and sizes, fish of every color; some of them throwing somersaults in the sand, like young athletes; some of them making wry faces in their last agony; some of them lying still and clammy, with big, round eyes like smoked-pearl vest-buttons set in the middle of their cheeks; all of them smelling fish-like, and none of them looking very tempting. Small boys laid hold on small fry, bit their heads off, and held the silver-

coated morsels between their teeth, like animated sticks of candy. There was a Fridayish and Lent-like atmosphere hovering over the spot, and I turned away to watch some youths who were riding surf-boards not far distant,—agile, narrow-hipped youths, with tremendous biceps and proud, impudent heads set on broad shoulders, like young gods. These were the flower and chivalry of the Méha blood, and they swam like young porpoises, every one of them.

There was a break in the reef before us; the sea knew it, and seemed to take special delight in rushing upon the shore as though it were about to devour sand, savages, and everything. Kahéle and I watched the surf-swimmers for some time, charmed with the spectacle. Such buoyancy of material matter I had never dreamed of. Kahéle, though much in the flesh, could not long resist the temptation to exhibit his prowess, and, having been offered a surf-board that would have made a good lid to his coffin, and was itself as light as cork and as smooth as glass, suddenly threw off his last claim to respectability, seized his sea-sled, and dived with it under the first roller, which was then about to break above his head, not three feet from him. Beyond it, a second roller reared its awful front, but he swam under that with ease; at the sound of his “open sesame” its emerald gates parted and closed after him. He seemed some triton, playing with the elements, and dreadfully “at home” in that very wet place. The third and mightiest of the waves was gathering its strength for a charge upon the shore. Having reached its outer ripple, again Kahéle dived, and reappeared on the other side of the watery hill, balanced for a moment in the glassy hollow, turned suddenly, and, mounting the towering monster, he lay at full length on his fragile raft, using his arms as a bird its pinions,—in fact, soaring for a mo-

ment with the wave under him. As it rose, he climbed to the top of it, and there, in the midst of foam seething like champagne, on the crest of a rushing sea-avalanche about to crumble and dissolve beneath him, his surf-board hidden in spume, on the very top bubble of all, Kahéle danced like a shadow. He leaped to his feet and swam in the air, another Mercury tiptoeing a heaven-kissing hill, buoyant as vapor, and with a suggestion of invisible wings about him,—Kahéle transformed for a moment, and for a moment only; the next-second my daring sea-skater leaped ashore, with a howling breaker swashing at his heels. It was something glorious and almost incredible; but I saw it with my own eyes, and I wanted to double his salary on the spot.

Sunset in the valley of Méha. The air full of floating particles, that twinkled like diamond-dust; the great green chasm at the head of the valley illuminated by one broad bar of light shot obliquely through it, tipped at the end with a shower of white rockets that fringed a waterfall, and a fragment of rainbow like a torn banner. That deep, shadowy ravine seemed, for a moment, some mystery about to be divulged; but the light faded too soon, and I never learned the truth of it. The sea quieter than usual; very little sound, save the rhythmical vibration of the air, that suggested flowing waters and quivering leaves; the lights shifted along the upper cliffs; a silver-white tropic-bird sailed from cloud to cloud, swiftly and noiselessly, like a shooting star. A delicious moment, but a brief one: soon the sun was down, and the deepening shadows and gathering coolness set all the valley astir.

Camp-fires were kindled throughout the village; column after column of thin blue smoke ascended in waving spirals, separating at the top in leaf-shaped clouds. It was like the spiritual resurrection of some ancient palm-

grove; and when the moon rose, a little later, flooding the Vale of Solitude with her vague light, the illusion was perfected; and a group of savages, scenting the savory progress of their supper, sat, hungry and talkative, under every ghostly palm. Clear voices ascended in monotonous and weird recitative; they chanted a monody on the death of some loved one, prompted, perhaps, by the funereal solemnity of the hour; or sang an ode to the moonrise, the still-flowing river, or the valley of Méha, so solitary in one sense, though by no means alone in its loneliness.

Kahéle patronized me extensively. I was introduced to camp after camp, and in rapid succession repeated the experiences of a traveller who has much to answer for in the way of color and the peculiar cut of his garments. I felt as though I was some natural curiosity, in charge of the robustious Kahéle, who waxed more and more officious every hour of his engagement; and his tongue ran riot as he descanted upon my characteristics, to the joy of the curious audiences we attracted.

Some hours must have passed before we thought of sleep. How could we think of it, when every soul was wide awake, and time alone seemed to pass us by unconsciously? But Kahéle finally led me to a chief's house, where, under coverlets of *kapa*, spiced with herbs, and in the midst of numerous members of the household, I was advised to compose my soul in peace and patiently await daylight. I did so, for the drowsy sense that best illustrates the tail-end of a day's journey possessed me, and I was finally overcome by the low, monotonous drone of a language that I found about as intelligible as the cooing of the multitudinous pigeon. The boy sat near me, still descanting upon our late experiences, our possible future, and the thousand trivial occurrences that make the recollections of travel forever charming. The familiar pipe,

smoked at about the rate of three whiffs apiece, circulated freely, and kept the air mildly flavored with tobacco; and night, with all that pertains to it, bowed over me, as in an unguarded moment I surrendered to its narcotizing touch.

There was another valley in my sleep, like unto the one I had closed my eyes upon, and I saw it thronged with ancients. No white face had yet filled those savage and sensuous hearts with a sense of disgust, which I believe all dark races feel when they first behold a bleached skin. Again the breathless heralds announced the approach of a king, and the multitudes gathered to receive him. I heard the beating of the tom-toms, and saw the dancers ambling and posing before his august majesty, who reclined in the midst of a retinue of obsequious retainers. The spearsmen hurled their spears, and the strong men swung their clubs; the stone-throwers threw skilfully, and the sweetest singers sang long *méles* in praise of their royal guest. A cry of fear rent the air as a stricken one fled toward the city of refuge; the priests passed by me in solemn procession, their robes spotted with sacrificial blood. War-canoes drew in from the sea, and death fell upon the valley. I heard the wail for the slaughtered, and saw the grim idols borne forth in the arms of the triumphant; then I awoke in the midst of that dream-pageant of savage and barbaric splendor.

It was still night; the sea was again moaning; the cool air of the mountain rustled in the long thatch at the doorway; a ripe bread-fruit fell to the earth with a low thud. I rose from my mat and looked about me. The room was nearly deserted; some one lay swathed like a mummy in a dark corner of the lodge, but of what sex I knew not,—probably one who had outlived all sensations and perhaps all desires; a rush, strung full of oily *kukui* nuts, flamed in the centre of the room, and a thread of black smoke

climbed almost to the peak of the roof; but, falling in with a current of fresh air, it was spirited away in a moment.

I looked out of the low door: the hour was such a one as tinges the stoutest heart with superstition; the landscape was complete in two colors,—a moist, transparent gray, and a thin, feathery silver, that seemed almost palpable to the touch. Out on the slopes near the stream reclined groups of natives, chatting, singing, smoking, or silently regarding the moon. I passed them unnoticed; dim paths led me through guava-jungles, under orange-groves, and beside clusters of jasmine, overpowering in their fragrance. Against the low eaves of the several lodges sat singers, players upon the rude instruments of the land, and glib talkers, who waxed eloquent, and gesticulated with exceeding grace. Footsteps rustled before and behind me; I stole into the thicket, and saw lovers wandering together, locked in each other's embrace, and saw friends go hand in hand conversing in low tones, or perhaps mute, with an impressive air of the most complete tranquillity. The night-blooming cereus laid its ivory urn open to the moonlight, and a myriad of crickets chirped in one continuous jubilee. Voices of merriment were wafted down to me; and, stealing onward toward the great meadow by the stream, where the sleepless inhabitants of the valley held high carnival, I saw the most dignified chiefs of Méha sporting like children, while the children capered like imps, and the whole community seemed bewitched with the glorious atmosphere of that particular night.

Who was the gayest of the gay, and the most lawless of the unlawful? My boy, Kahéle, in whom I had placed my trust, and whom, until this hour at least, I had regarded as a most promising specimen of the reorganized barbarians.

Perhaps it was all right; perhaps I had been counting his steps with too much confidence; they might have been simply a creditable performance, the result of careful training on the part of his tutors. I am inclined to think they were. At any rate, Kahéle went clean back to barbarism that night, and seemed to take to it amazingly. I said nothing. I thought it wiser to seem to hold the reins, though I held them loosely, than to try to check the career of my half-tamed domestic and to find him beyond my control: therefore I sat on one side taking notes, and found it rather jolly on the whole.

The river looked like an inky flood with a broken silver crust; canoes floated upon its sluggish tide like long feathers; swimmers plied up and down it, now and then "blowing," whale-fashion, but slipping through the water as noiselessly as trout. I could scarcely tell which was the more attractive,—Nature, so fragrant and so voluptuous, or man, who had become a part of Nature for the hour, and was very unlike man as I had been taught to accept him.

Not till dawn did the dance or the song cease; not till everybody was gray and fagged and tongues had stopped wagging from sheer exhaustion. I returned to my mats long ere that, to revolve in my mind plans for the following day.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

E. E. HALE.

[In the art of giving an aspect of probability to the most preposterous situations Edward Everett Hale stands pre-eminent among American writers. In his numerous short stories he has invented an extraordinary diversity of imaginative plots, yet his narrations are invested

with such soberness of detail and such close attention to dates, localities, and other essentials of historic correctness that in reading them we are half inclined to swallow the grotesquely impossible. Of these works we may name "The Man without a Country," "My Double, and How he Undid me," "The Brick Moon," "His Level Best," and the novel "Philip Nolan's Friends." But these are only a few of very many stories. "The Man without a Country" attracted great attention, and, preposterous as its plot is, many persons were deceived into the belief that it was a detail of actual occurrences, and that Philip Nolan really endured the extraordinary punishment described. We need here but remark that the story was written during the war, with the design of vividly showing to secessionists what was involved in becoming recreant to one's native land. Mr. Hale is a native of Massachusetts, and was born in 1822. He is by profession a Unitarian minister, and has been stationed at Boston since 1856. As a preliminary to our extract, we may say that Philip Nolan was concerned in Burr's conspiracy, and on his trial cursed the United States and hoped never to see that country again. The sentence of the court was that he should be taken at his word, and should never be permitted to see or hear the name of the United States again. In our selection we omit these opening portions of the story.]

THE rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "the man without a country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war,—cut off more than half the talk men liked to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of

the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own state-room,—he always had a state-room,—which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite “Plain-Buttons,” as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him “Plain-Buttons” because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army-uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army-button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the *Brandywine*, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make up a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys called them “Dons,” but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America.

This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough and more than enough to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the devil would order, was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out the "Tempest" from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry and was ten thousand

years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming,—

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,”—

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically,—

“This is my own, my native land!”

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on,—

“Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?—
If such there breathe, go, mark him well.”—

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on,—

“For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,”—

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his state-room, “And by Jove,” said Phillips, “we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make

up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his state-room he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible, or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him,—very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally,—I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested to him by one of Fléchier's sermons,—but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When Captain Shaw was coming home,—if, as I say, it was Shaw,—rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt-junk and meant to have turtle-soup before they came home. But after several days the Warren came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward-bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps,—that there was no going home for him, even to a

prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again. . . .

[We omit here a variety of dramatic incidents, tending to make more vivid and distressing the punishment of the unhappy prisoner, or descriptive of his occupations, feelings, and opinions, and take up the narrative again nearer its end.]

Later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the Department appears to know nothing.

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or, rather, it is a myth, *ben trovato*, involving a tremendous blowing-up with which he sunk Burr,—asking him how he liked to be “without a country.” But it is clear from Burr’s life that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

So poor Philip Nolan had his wish fulfilled. I know but one fate more dreadful: it is the fate reserved for those men who shall have one day to exile themselves from their country because they have attempted her ruin, and shall have at the same time to see the prosperity and honor to which she rises when she has rid herself of them and their iniquities. The wish of poor Nolan, as we all learned to

call him, not because his punishment was too great, but because his repentance was so clear, was precisely the wish of every Bragg and Beauregard who broke a soldier's oath two years ago, and of every Maury and Barron who broke a sailor's. I do not know how often they have repented. I do know that they have done all that in them lay that they might have no country,—that all the honors, associations, memories, and hopes which belong to "country" might be broken up into little shreds and distributed to the winds. I know, too, that their punishment, as they vegetate through what is left of life to them in wretched Boulognes and Leicester Squares, where they are destined to upbraid each other till they die, will have all the agony of Nolan's, with the added pang that every one who sees them will see them to despise and to execrate them. They will have their wish, like him.

For him, poor fellow, he repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that, when Texas was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of maps and cut Texas out of it,—from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. . . .

[We have not space to enter into all the detail of Philip Nolan's sad life, and therefore omit a portion of the narrative to give the closing scene, as detailed in a letter to the fictitious narrator of the "strange story."]

“LEVANT, 2° 2' S. @ 131° W.

“DEAR FRED:—I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his state-room,—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there,—the first time the doctor had been in the state-room,—and he said he should like to see me. O dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room, in the old *Intrepid* days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, ‘Here, you see, I have a country!’ And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: ‘Indiana Territory,’ ‘Mississippi Territory,’ and ‘Louisiana Territory,’ as I suppose our fathers learned such things; but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his Western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

“‘Oh, Danforth,’ he said, ‘I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now?—Stop! stop! do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America,—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away; I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. Oh, Danforth, Danforth,’ he sighed out, ‘how like a wretched night’s dream a boy’s idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me,—tell me something,—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!’

“Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I, that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood’s life, the madness of a boy’s treason? ‘Mr. Nolan,’ said I, ‘I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?’

“Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, ‘God bless you!’ ‘Tell me their names,’ he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. ‘The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi,—that was where Fort Adams is,—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?’

“Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the

names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his cousin died there; he had marked a gold cross near where he supposed his grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon; that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal beside furs.' Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the Chesapeake, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the Leopard, and whether Burr ever tried again,—and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war,—told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the Java,—asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott, and Jackson; told him all I could think of about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And do you think, he asked who was in command of the 'Legion of the West.' I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his head-quarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now.

'It must be at old Vick's plantation, at Walnut Hills,' said he: 'well, that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him,—of emigration, and the means of it,—of steamboats and railroads and telegraphs,—of inventions and books and literature,—of the College and West Point and the Naval School,—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian, and the Exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol, and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Washington. Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal Rebellion!

"And he drank it in and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he

asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer,' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place,—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvellous kindness,'—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority,'—and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:

"'They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written,—

"'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory

at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it,—

‘ *In Memory of*
‘ PHILIP NOLAN,
‘ *Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.*
‘ He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but
no man deserved less at her hands.’ ”

THE VAGABONDS.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[We have given a selection from Trowbridge's highly humorous prose. He has written so many poems of high dramatic merit that it is difficult to select one of distinctively superior value to the others. In this dilemma we permit the public to select for us, and give that poem on which the stamp of popular appreciation has been most decidedly set.]

WE are two travellers, Roger and I.

Roger's my dog—Come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentlemen,—mind your eye!

Over the table,—look out for the lamp!—
The rogue is growing a little old;

Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved—together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!

A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
(This out-door business is bad for strings),

Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir,—I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—
Aren't we, Roger?—See him wink!—
Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too,—see him nod his head?
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said,—
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
Shall march a little.—Start, you villain!
Paws up! Eyes front! Salute your officer!

'Bout face! Attention! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going!—
Some brandy!—thank you!—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink;—
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features,—
You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen HER, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!

If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife:
'Twas better for her that we should part,—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
On the dusty road; a carriage stopped:
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'Twas well she died before—— Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing in place of a heart?
He's sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
No doubt, remembering things that were,—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now ; that glass was warming.—

You rascal ! limber your lazy feet !

We must be fiddling and performing

For supper and bed, or starve in the street.—

Not a very gay life to lead, you think ?

But soon we shall go where lodgings are free

And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink ;

The sooner the better for Roger and me !

THE BIBLE AND THE ILIAD.

FRANCIS WAYLAND.

[Francis Wayland was born in New York in 1796. He became an eminent Baptist divine, and in 1826 was chosen president of Brown University at Providence. He is best known by his writings, which are of high philosophical and literary value. Among them are "Elements of Moral Science," "Elements of Political Economy," and "Limitations of Human Responsibility." Of the latter Griswold remarks that it "will be looked upon as one of the great guiding monuments of human thought in the department to which it refers." We give one of his most eloquent passages. He died in 1865.]

As to the powerful, I had almost said miraculous, effect of the Sacred Scriptures, there can no longer be a doubt in the mind of any one on whom fact can make an impression. That the truths of the Bible have the power of awakening an intense moral feeling in man under every variety of character, learned or ignorant, civilized or savage ; that they make bad men good, and send a pulse of healthful feeling through all the domestic, civil, and social relations ; that they teach men to love right, to hate wrong, and to seek each other's welfare, as the children of one common parent ; that they control the baleful

passions of the human heart, and thus make men proficient in the science of self-government; and, finally, that they teach him to aspire after a conformity to a Being of infinite holiness, and fill him with hopes infinitely more purifying, more exalted, more suited to his nature, than any other which this world has ever known,—are facts incontrovertible as the laws of philosophy, or the demonstrations of mathematics. Evidence in support of all this can be brought from every age in the history of man, since there has been a revelation from God on earth. We see the proof of it everywhere around us. There is scarcely a neighborhood in our country, where the Bible is circulated, in which we cannot point you to a very considerable portion of its population whom its truths have reclaimed from the practice of vice, and taught the practice of whatsoever things are pure, and honest, and just, and of good report.

That this distinctive and peculiar effect is produced upon every man to whom the gospel is announced, we pretend not to affirm. But we do affirm that, besides producing this special renovation, to which we have alluded, upon a part, it in a most remarkable degree elevates the tone of moral feeling throughout the whole community. Wherever the Bible is freely circulated, and its doctrines carried home to the understandings of men, the aspect of society is altered; the frequency of crime is diminished; men begin to love justice, and to administer it by law; and a virtuous public opinion, that strongest safeguard of right, spreads over a nation the shield of its invisible protection. Wherever it has faithfully been brought to bear upon the human heart, even under most unpromising circumstances, it has, within a single generation, revolutionized the whole structure of society, and thus, within a few years, done more for man than all

other means have for ages accomplished without it. For proof of all this, I need only refer you to the effects of the gospel in Greenland, or in South Africa, in the Society Islands, or even among the aborigines of our own country.

But, before we leave this part of the subject, it may be well to pause for a moment, and inquire whether, in addition to its moral efficacy, the Bible may not exert a powerful influence upon the intellectual character of man.

And here it is scarcely necessary that I should remark that, of all the books with which, since the invention of writing, this world has been deluged, the number of those is very small which have produced any perceptible effect on the mass of human character. By far the greater part have been, even by their cotemporaries, unnoticed and unknown. Not many a one has made its little mark upon the generation that produced it, though it sunk with that generation to utter forgetfulness. But, after the ceaseless toil of six thousand years, how few have been the works the adamant basis of whose reputation has stood unhurt amid the fluctuations of time, and whose impression can be traced through successive centuries on the history of our species!

When, however, such a work appears, its effects are absolutely incalculable; and such a work, you are aware, is the *Iliad* of Homer. Who can estimate the results produced by the incomparable efforts of a single mind? who can tell what Greece owes to this first-born of song? her breathing marbles, her solemn temples, her unrivalled eloquence, and her matchless verse, all point us to that transcendent genius who, by the very splendor of his own effulgence, woke the human intellect from the slumber of ages. It was Homer who gave laws to the artist; it was Homer who inspired the poet; it was Homer who

thundered in the senate; and, more than all, it was Homer who was sung by the people; and hence a nation was cast into the mould of one mighty mind, and the land of the Iliad became the region of taste, the birthplace of the arts.

Nor was this influence confined within the limits of Greece. Long after the sceptre of empire had passed westward, genius still held her court on the banks of the Ilissus, and from the country of Homer gave laws to the world. The light which the blind old man of Scio had kindled in Greece shed its radiance over Italy; and thus did he awaken a second nation into intellectual existence. And we may form some idea of the power which this one work has to the present day exerted over the mind of man, by remarking that "nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new-name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments."

But, considered simply as an intellectual production, who will compare the poems of Homer with the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament? Where in the Iliad shall we find simplicity and pathos which shall vie with the narrative of Moses, or maxims of conduct to equal in wisdom the Proverbs of Solomon, or sublimity which does not fade away before the conceptions of Job or David, of Isaiah or St. John? But I cannot pursue this comparison. I feel that it is doing wrong to the mind which dictated the Iliad, and to those other mighty intellects on whom the light of the holy oracles never shined. Who that has read his poem has not observed how he strove in vain to give dignity to the mythology of his time? Who has not seen how the religion of his country, unable to support the flight of his imagination, sunk powerless beneath him? It is the unseen world where the

master spirits of our race breathe freely and are at home ; and it is mournful to behold the intellect of Homer striving to free itself from the conceptions of materialism, and then sinking down into hopeless despair, to weave idle tales about Jupiter and Juno, Apollo and Diana. But the difficulties under which he labored are abundantly illustrated by the fact that the light which poured upon the human intellect taught other ages how unworthy was the religion of his day of the man who was compelled to use it. "It seems to me," says Longinus, "that Homer, when he ascribes dissensions, jealousies, tears, imprisonments, and other afflictions to his deities, hath, as much as was in his power, made the men of the Iliad gods, and the gods men. To men, when afflicted, death is the termination of evils ; but he hath made not only the nature, but the miseries, of the gods eternal."

If, then, so great results have flowed from this one effort of a single mind, what may we not expect from the combined efforts of several, at least his equals in power over the human heart ? If that one genius, though groping in the thick darkness of absurd idolatry, wrought so glorious a transformation in the character of his countrymen, what may we not look for from the universal dissemination of those writings on whose authors was poured the full splendor of eternal truth ? If unassisted human nature, spell-bound by childish mythology, have done so much, what may we not hope for from the supernatural efforts of pre-eminent genius which spake as it was moved by the Holy Ghost ?

THE TERROR OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

M. A. TINCKER.

[Mary Agnes Tincker, a recent American novelist of fine ability, was born at Ellsworth, Maine, in 1833. During the civil war she acted as nurse in a Washington military hospital. In 1873 she went to Europe and became a resident of Italy. She has written numerous novels, among which are "Signor Monaldini's Niece," "By the Tiber," "The Jewel in the Lotos," and "Aurora." From the last-named work we select a vivid account of an earthquake, with the terrible scenes succeeding it. It is written with great beauty and spirit, and may be viewed as one of the choicest bits of American fictitious literature.]

IN the public *salon* some people began to sing a *brindisi* and chorus,—

"Versa, tocca, si beva, si canti;
Di letizia son radi gl'istanti;
Ma alla vista d'un nappo che spuma,
Sempre sfuma la noia dal cor."

"I wish they wouldn't sing that, or sing anything," said a woman's voice in a balcony. "It makes me feel bad. An old man who went by a little while ago has given me a turn. He looked so strangely old and solemn, and behaved so oddly. He stopped and looked up at the hotel and all over it, not as if he were curious or interested, but as though he knew that he was taking his last look at it. And I heard him say, "Pray to the Madonna! Pray! Pray!" It seemed as though he expected to die to-night. I really wish I knew who he is. Feel how cold my hands have grown."

"Versa dunque, si beva, si canti,"

sang the chorus.

"Good-night, mamma," said a girlish voice in English in

one of the upper chambers. "And if the weather should be fine we will go to-morrow?"

"Yes, dear, God willing. Good-night."

The drinking-song ended. Some one was at the piano who struck the keys with a heavy hand, then played a slow bar or two.

"Who can that be playing a funeral march in the *salon!*" exclaimed the duchess. "Will no one stop him!"

At the word a tremendous explosion filled the air, as if the solid earth itself had burst, the chandeliers in the *salons* swung to and fro, the ceilings folded up like a book, and those who were in the windows rocked to and fro and backward and downward. The hands outstretched to clasp each other did not meet, the lifted glass did not reach the lip, the player did not rise from the piano. Each and all were stricken with the paralysis of a swift horror and cast downward to a swift destruction. A deafening metallic crash, as of myriads of iron chains flung down violently, rendered inaudible the cries of perishing thousands. Darkness fell, and a tempestuous cloud of dust swept over the scene, with a sharp, continuous rattle of falling stones, like musketry.

Then there was silence.

And then through the darkness and dust a single cry went up from the survivors,—such a cry as may rise from human hearts at the last day.

In less than half an hour after the earthquake all the survivors of Casamicciola not imprisoned by its fallen stones were gathered at the sea-shore. Men, women, and children who had escaped from their beds were there half clad, others mingled with them in all the elegance of full dress. There were poor and rich, natives and strangers, friends and foes; but in that moment they remembered only that they were helpless human creatures in awful

peril. At any moment another shock might open the earth under their feet or send the sea to overwhelm them. They clung together for courage, as brands are gathered to kindle a blaze, but they dared not speak a word to each other. Only sobs, sighs, and tremulously-whispered prayers broke from their lips as they stood in shivering expectation.

The cloud of dust that yet swirled whitely about the ruins, hiding the few remaining lights, was reflected with a ghostly glimmer in the sea, and the sea crept to the land silent and hushed. It seemed to fawn upon the shore, like a frightened dog upon his master's feet. No shock had stirred its waves.

Cries came forth from that cloud-covered darkness, the cries of those who prayed for human help, and of those who called on death to relieve them of their torments,—sounds half suffocated, as from caverns; but the hearts of those who were gathered on the shore were frozen with terror and felt no compassion. Another voice mingled with these, but one above the earth, and wandering hither and thither underneath that incense-smoke of destruction.

"Roberto!" it cried. "Oh, Erné! Where are you? It is I, Michele!"

But no one answered.

Hither and thither, pausing to listen, searching up and down through the perilous unseen wilderness of stones, he went, repeating over and over that cry of anguish, "Oh, where are you? Where are you? It is I, Michele! Roberto! Erné!"

And there was no answer.

Was it hours or minutes before some one launched a boat to carry the news to Naples and bring help? Was it hours or days before the steamers anchored about the marina came to take the people away? Who could

count time? They rushed to get on board, pushing and trampling each other, fighting for a place, ready in their savage terror to push each other into the sea rather than remain.

A few remained willingly ; among them a girl of twelve years, who cried out for her mother and brother, buried somewhere there. She had been allowed to go to the theatre that night, and the theatre, being of wood, had not fallen. Another was a young man, who waited for daylight to search for his sister in one of the hotels. In the darkness he could not even find the street leading to it. There was no street.

Some soldiers came from the next town after a while,—not more than a score,—and a company of prisoners were brought to begin the work of rescue. It was terribly insufficient help, but the men worked bravely, heart and hand doing their utmost. Even with daylight it was hard to know where to search ; and even when the sites of the streets and houses were discovered it was dangerous to remove stones, except where some sign of life was given from beneath. It was possible to cover the buried yet deeper by inconsidered labor.

The brother found and rescued his sister, and bore her away fainting in his arms. The little girl of twelve years moved away stones with her own hands, guided by her mother's voice beneath. Her small hands bruised themselves on brick and stick and stone unhelped, her eyes were wide open and shining brilliantly with mingled terror and courage, there was dust on her pretty *festa* dress and on her long bright hair that streamed over her shoulders and caught the sunlight in sparks. She reached them, stone by stone, and helped them out, her mother and her brother.

Many dead were taken out and carried down to the shore,

where they were laid out under cover. Near where they lay a woman sat on the ground and rocked a cradle, hushing those who passed by, lest they should wake the babe covered up there. The babe was dead and the mother mad. A poor woman dug wildly among a heap of stones, crying, "'Tis here! 'tis here! I see it! Help me!" And, scarce as help was, a passing soldier came to her aid. A half-hour's search brought forth what she sought,—a broom that she had borrowed from a neighbor the day before. She was in a nightmare of terror and confusion. A hundred incidents, strange, ludicrous, and terrible, took place.

Amid it all one man had worked for hours all alone. His eyes blood-shot, his face pale and soiled, blood oozing from his hands, sweat dropping down his face, his teeth set hard, his breathing labored, he worked without a moment's rest, pausing now and then to listen, then going on tirelessly, but with care. Now and then a heavier weight would send the blood to his face with the strain of lifting, but the color dropped again as quickly as it had come. Now and then a vivid light of hope would spring into his eyes, then die out, leaving the brows drawn into a knot of blackness where they met.

He knew the spot, the garden and the chamber, and had studied the ruin before touching a stone. The lower and central parts of the house had fallen inward in a sort of vortex, the front had fallen into the street, and a part of the roof, separating itself, had slid aside into the garden. It was here that he searched. The timbers, separated from each other, but only a few of them broken, supported here and there the débris of the walls, leaving a void beneath; but the displacement of a stone might precipitate this unstable mass below. In other places there seemed to be a solid mass of stones and rubbish down to the ground.

Michele lifted stone by stone from over these timbers with as fine a care as a surgeon uses when taking up an artery.

All at once he uttered a cry and suspended his shaking hands a moment, not daring to touch what he saw. The last stone raised had disclosed a fold of blue velvet. Feverishly clearing away what intervened, he bent and lifted a child in his arms, brushed the dust from its embroidered clothes and from the curly head that dropped aside nervelessly. Then he got up and stumbled in wild haste over the stones, sobbing as he ran, "Oh, little Ern  ! little Ern  !" till he reached the marina and found a surgeon.

"Don't say that he is dead, doctor!" he prayed, holding the child in his arms as a mother holds an infant, and gazing into the surgeon's face with tear-blinded eyes.

"Poor little fellow!" the surgeon said. "Yes, he is dead. Don't you see?"

"Dead!" echoed Michele, stupefied.

He laid the child down, smoothed the clothes and the hair, kissed the small hands and crossed them, kissed the small feet and straightened them, then hastened back to his work. His tears were stopped. The first touch of death had quieted him. His resolution was taken.

How the hours passed he knew not. If the sun scorched him he knew not. He took no note of others working near him, nor of those who were taken out, dead or alive. His one thought was of the two boys he had been sent to guard, and of the terrible moment when he must see their father's face, if he should be alive when his master came. He hoped that he would not be alive.

At last there came a moment when one step and presence drew his attention when no other could, and, looking up suddenly, though no one had spoken to him, he saw the ghost of D'Rubiera standing there before him.

Michele threw himself forward at his master's feet.

"Don't kill me!" he cried. "Wait till I find Don Roberto, and then I will go and drown myself. I said I would when I laid down Erné."

"Hush! hush!" was all the answer he received.

The duke had brought two soldiers with him, and they all four worked together, Michele directing. "This was their chamber; this was the place of one bed, this the other. The window was between, and it has fallen out with the roof over it. The signor marchese must have been at the window. He was waiting for me to come. He was dressed."

If the boy had been in the window at the moment of the shock, he might have been thrown into the garden or have fallen downward with the floor, though his brother's bed still remained attached to a fragment of the wall propped on the ruins beneath. To search below was to remove a mountain piecemeal. They worked toward the garden, therefore, carefully lifting the débris while trying to keep the timbers in place. They came upon Roberto's night-gown and a pillow of his bed wedged in between two beams. D'Rubiera lost his calmness for an instant as he caught the little white robe to his breast.

Presently an opening appeared through which they could look down into a dark hole beneath the window. The beams had there a large stone across them, which joined with them to arrest the tiles and stones already cleared away. Now they were to know! If he had fallen outward, he was there. But a danger threatened in arriving at him, for the stone which lay across the timbers nearly covered the entrance to the opening below, and was not only almost too heavy for them to remove, but, being only slightly supported, might fall when they tried to lift it in order to pass.

"If you can hold the stone up a little while and let me through," Michele said, "I will go down and see what is there."

The other three lifted, the duke with his left arm and shoulder underneath the weight, and Michele looked eagerly down.

"Oh, Michele!"

That faint cry came up out of the darkness and smote through them all like a flash of lightning.

With the start the duke gave at that sound the weight on his arm slipped a little. "Hold the stone!" he shouted. "Don't let it fall, for your lives! Down, Michele!"

"Can I come down?" Michele asked, with his face bent low.

"Yes, but don't step on me," the boy answered, faintly. "I cannot move. There's a stick across me."

Michele slipped through the opening, hung suspended a moment with his hands on the beams, then let go. He had but a foot or two to drop.

"Hold on to the stone!" he called up. "If it falls we shall be crushed. Give me five minutes."

It seemed five hours to the strained muscles and trembling hearts above, but it was indeed scarcely more than five minutes before a child's head appeared, and a child's hands making a desperate effort to scramble up.

"Oh, papa!" he cried, catching sight of his father, "help me out. I can't get out alone," and ceased his efforts.

"Out with you instantly by yourself!" his father exclaimed. "Out, or I'll whip you! Do you want Michele to be killed? That's right. Bravo! Try again. Now!"

Tears rushed to the boy's eyes at the first stern words his father had ever spoken to him, and his face was full of astonishment. But he obeyed. So commanded, there was nothing he would not have attempted. Clinging like a

cat, struggling, sinking, and rising again, he clambered up.

"My brave boy!" said the father in his heart. "Thank God I taught him to be obedient and manly!" But he gave no sign of approval then, even when Roberto looked at him timidly with swimming eyes, waiting for permission to approach. He was gazing at the place where Michele's two hands were visible, then his head. In a moment he was up again.

Then D'Rubiera suffered a faint moan to escape his lips. "Help me to get my arm away, Michele," he said. "It is broken."

The start he gave at the first sound of Roberto's voice had caused the stone he held to slip, and its whole weight had fallen on his arm, which was in fact broken. But he forgot the pain of it when he turned and faced his boy for one speechless instant, his free hand outstretched, his eyes alight.

Roberto rushed to his father and clasped him round the neck. "Were you angry because I came away from Sassovivo?" he asked. "I couldn't help it, papa. Mamma made me come."

"Hush, child! hush!" D'Rubiera said, putting him away.

"Where is Ern ?" the boy asked.

"My son, your brother is in heaven," his father said. "Don't ask any more questions now. Go down to the marina with Michele, and wait till I come. But first, Michele, show me what part of the house the duchess occupied."

In a few minutes Michele appeared again.

"Signor colonel," he said, "there's a steamer going to Naples in fifteen minutes. Hadn't you better send away the signor marchese and—and—Don Ernesto? And at

the same time you should have your arm set. You can trust me here while you are gone. I know what to do. And, besides, you see there is a mountain of stones here. It would be well if we could have more help. They wouldn't give it for my asking, but you would not be refused. Anyway, the signor marchese ought to go away. It isn't sure that there will be no more earthquakes."

D'Rubiera went, sent the living and the dead child to Naples, consigned to the care of a friend, had his arm set, procured one more man to help him, and returned to the hotel.

He saw some men taking out two women who were clasped in each other's arms. One was dead; the other breathed, but was senseless. They were Madame Lafrage and her English companion, the latter but slightly injured. Others had taken out an English mother and her daughter, both severely, but not dangerously, hurt.

"The French lady's chamber was over madama's *salone*," Michele said.

In fact, the railing and the larger stones of madama's balcony were visible among the débris at their feet; but the floor had fallen out and was piled up with what had come down from the upper wall. As they worked away in silence, D'Rubiera doing what could be done with one hand, he suddenly uttered a cry of horror, and started back, letting go an object he had taken for the end of a tile and from which his grasp had displaced the accumulated dust.

It was a woman's hand, jewelled, white, and cold. A band of cameos in pink coral bound the slender wrist, on one of the tapering fingers a diamond flashed back like fire at the sun, on another was a jewelled wonder,—a tiny serpent, coil above coil of emerald scales, reaching from joint to joint, a large pearl in the gaping, ruby-lined jaws.

The hand was clinched and frozen to marble, all its life seeming to have gone into those glittering jewels.

D'Rubiera drew back, sank on his knees, and covered his face. There was no life under those stones, and there was a more than natural horror. That fist seemed to threaten him out of another existence, and to his excited fancy the serpent with the pearl in its mouth was her cruel soul bearing away his child from him.

"I sent her away, and she is dead because she was sent away," he thought. "She may call me her murderer and his. I sent her away."

He would not think of her sins. He accused himself, though he was not guilty. Poor Laura! If he had not meant to bear with her he should not have married her. He tried to be grieved and pitiful, but in vain. He was only horrified.

"Take her up tenderly, Michele," he said. "I cannot look again."

He turned his face away till he heard them going slowly past him, and heard Michele say, "Come, signor colonel."

Then he got up and followed them.

A door had been brought, the body laid on it, and a cloth thrown over the face and bust. Only the feet were visible beneath a mass of crushed black gauze sewn with wild roses. What pretty feet they were! How dainty were the slippers and the silken hose! He recollected seeing her lace her slippers, and even that he had himself laced them in the early days of their married life. He reproached himself that he had ever ceased those lover-like attentions, if indeed it were he who had put a stop to them. They pleased her. Perhaps if he had always been devoted in the way she liked she would have been gentler. It was all his fault,—all his! He would not

hear the voice of reason which tried in vain to justify or, at least, excuse him. Poor little feet which would never step again! To see them move with life he would willingly have put his neck to the earth for them to tread upon.

Night was approaching. People were constantly arriving, seeking wildly for their friends; or others come to aid. At a short distance from the shore there were villas as yet unvisited. All was silence in those places. With a glass one might have discovered in the distance, here and there, a human figure clinging to a tree, a wall, a window, motionless in a convulsion of terror which had lasted almost four-and-twenty hours.

The Duke of Sassovivo embarked with his dead for Naples. Michele, overpowered by fatigue, slept at his feet like a dog, curled up on the deck. They were withdrawn a little from the others, and the duke spoke to no one. He sat thinking of the last hour he had spent with his sons, sitting at night between them as they slept. The stars shone, and the waters lisped about the boat glimmering with many a reflected light. It was like a dream. How long was it since he left Naples? He did not know. Impossible that it should have been that very morning!

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

J. G. WHITTIER.

O FRIENDS! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument ;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds :
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought ?
Who talks of scheme and plan ?
The Lord is God ! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground.
Ye tread with boldness shod ;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice ; even such
His pitying love I deem :
Ye seek a king ; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss ;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas ! I know,
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings:
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of His hate,—I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

A MINE-EXPLOSION.

F. H. BURNETT.

[Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett was born at Manchester, England, in 1849. She came to this country in 1865, and since 1873 has resided in Washington. Her high reputation as a novelist originated with her powerful and thrillingly-interesting story of English mining-life, "That Lass o' Lowrie's." Her later novels are devoted to American scenes. The selection we give is from "That Lass o' Lowrie's." Derrick, the mine-superintendent, is in love with Joan Lowrie, the ignorant but noble girl of the mines, who warmly returns his affection.]

THE next morning Derrick went down to the mine as usual. There were several things he wished to do in these last two days. He had heard that the managers had entered into negotiations with a new engineer, and he wished the man to find no half-done work. The day was bright and frosty, and the sharp, bracing air seemed to clear his brain. He felt more hopeful, and less inclined to view matters darkly.

He remembered afterward that, as he stepped into the cage, he turned to look at the unpicturesque little town, brightened by the winter's sun, and that, as he went down, he glanced up at the sky and marked how intense appeared the bit of blue which was framed in by the mouth of the shaft.

Even in the few hours that had elapsed since the meeting the rumor of what he had said and done had been bruited about. Some collier had heard it and had told it to his comrades, and so it had gone from one to the other. It had been talked over at the evening and morning meal in divers cottages, and many an anxious woman had warmed into praise of the man who had "had a thowt for th' men."

In the first gallery he entered, he found a deputation of

men awaiting him,—a group of burly miners with picks and shovels over their shoulders,—and the head of this deputation, a spokesman burlier and generally gruffer than the rest, stopped him.

"Mester," he said, "we chaps 'ud loike to ha' a word wi' yo'."

"All right," was Derrick's reply: "I am ready to listen."

The rest crowded nearer, as if anxious to participate as much as possible and give their spokesman the support of their presence.

"It is na mich as we ha' gotten to say," said the man, "but we're fain to say it. Are na we, mates?"

"Ay, we are, lad," in chorus.

"It's about summat as we'n heerd. Theer wur a chap as tow'd some on us last neet as yo'd gotten th' sack fro' th' managers,—or leastways as yo'd turned th' tables on 'em an' gi'en them th' sack yo'rsen. An' we'n heerd as it begun wi' yore standin' up fur us chaps, axin' fur things as wur wanted i' th' pit to save us fro' runnin' more risk than we need. An' we heerd as yo' spoke up bold, an' argied fur us an' stood to what yo' thowt war th' reet thing, an' we set our moinds on tellin' yo' as we'd heerd it an' talked it over, an' we'd loike to say a word o' thanks i' common fur th' pluck yo' showed. Is na that it, mates?"

"Ay, that it is, lad!" responded the chorus.

Suddenly one of the group stepped out and threw down his pick.

"An' I'm dom'd, mates," he said, "if here is na a chap as 'ud loike to shake hands wi' him."

It was the signal for the rest to follow his example. They crowded about their champion, thrusting grimy paws into his hand, grasping it almost enthusiastically.

"Good luck to yo', lad!" said one. "We'n noan smooth soart o' chaps, but we'n stand by what's fair an' plucky."

We shall ha' a good word fur thee when tha hast made thy flittin'."

"I'm glad of that, lads," responded Derrick, heartily, by no means unmoved by the rough-and-ready spirit of the scene. "I only wish I had had better luck, that's all."

A few hours later, the whole of the little town was shaken to its very foundations by something like an earthquake, accompanied by an ominous, booming sound, which brought people flocking out of their houses, with white faces. Some of them had heard it before; all knew what it meant. From the colliers' cottages poured forth women, shrieking and wailing,—women who bore children in their arms and had older ones dragging at their skirts, and who made their desperate way to the pit with one accord. From houses and workshops there rushed men, who, coming out in twos and threes, joined each other, and, forming a breathless crowd, ran through the streets, scarcely daring to speak a word; and all ran toward the pit.

There were scores at its mouth in five minutes; in ten minutes there were hundreds, and above all the clamor rose the cry of women:

"My mester's down!"

"An' mine!"

"An' mine!"

"Four lads o' mine is down!"

"Three o' mine!"

"My little un's theer,—th' youngest,—nobbut ten year owd,—nobbut ten year owd, poor little chap! an' on'y been at work a week!"

"Ay, wenches, God ha' mercy on us aw'!—God ha' mercy!" And then more shrieks and wails, in which the terror-stricken children joined.

It was a fearful sight. How many lay dead and dying in the noisome darkness below, God only knew! How many lay mangled and crushed, waiting for their death, Heaven only could tell!

In five minutes after the explosion occurred, a slight figure in clerical garb made its way through the crowd with an air of excited determination.

"Th' parson's feart," was the general comment.

"My men," he said, raising his voice so that all could hear, "can any of you tell me who last saw Fergus Derrick?"

There was a brief pause, and then came a reply from a collier who stood near.

"I coom up out o' th' pit an hour ago," he said: "I wur th' last as coom up, an' it wur on'y chance as browt me. Derrick wur wi' his men i' th' new part o' th' mine. I seed him as I passed through."

Grace's face became a shade or so paler, but he made no more inquiries.

His friend either lay dead below, or was waiting for his doom at that very moment. He stepped a little farther forward.

"Unfortunately for myself, at present," he said, "I have no practical knowledge of the nature of these accidents. Will some of you tell me how long it will be before we can make our first effort to rescue the men who are below?"

Did he mean to volunteer, this young whipper-snapper of a parson? And if he did, could he know what he was doing?

"I ask you," he said, "because I wish to offer myself as a volunteer at once: I think I am stronger than you imagine, and at least my heart will be in the work. I have a friend below,—myself," his voice altering its tone and losing its firmness,—“a friend who is worthy the

sacrifice of ten such lives as mine if such a sacrifice could save him."

One or two of the older and more experienced spoke up. Under an hour it would be impossible to make the attempt: it might even be a longer time, but in an hour they might, at least, make their first effort.

If such was the case, the parson said, the intervening period must be turned to the best account. In that time much could be thought of and done which would assist themselves and benefit the sufferers. He called upon the strongest and most experienced, and, almost without their recognizing the prominence of his position, led them on in the work. He even rallied the weeping women and gave them something to do. One was sent for this necessary article and another for that. A couple of boys were dispatched to the next village for extra medical assistance, so that there need be no lack of attention when it was required. He took off his broadcloth and worked with the rest of them until all the necessary preparations were made and it was considered possible to descend into the mine.

When all was ready, he went to the mouth of the shaft and took his place quietly.

It was a hazardous task they had before them. Death would stare them in the face all through its performance. There was choking after-damp below, noxious vapors, to breathe which was to die; there was the chance of crushing masses falling from the shaken galleries; and yet these men left their companions one by one and ranged themselves, without saying a word, at the curate's side.

"My friends," said Grace, baring his head, and raising a feminine hand,—“my friends, we will say a short prayer.”

It was only a few words. Then the curate spoke again.

“Ready!” he said.

But just at that moment there stepped out from the anguished crowd a girl, whose face was set and deathly, though there was no touch of fear upon it.

"I ax yo'," she said, "to let me go wi' yo' and do what I con. Lasses, some on yo' speak a word fur Joan Lowrie!"

There was a breathless start. The women even stopped their outcry to look at her as she stood apart from them, —a desperate appeal in the very quiet of her gesture as she turned to look about her for some one to speak.

"Lasses," she said again, "some on yo' speak a word fur Joan Lowrie!"

There rose a murmur among them then, and the next instant this murmur was a cry.

"Ay," they answered, "we con aw speak fur yo'. Let her go, lads! She's worth two o' th' best on yo'. Nowt fears her. Ay, she mun go, if she will, mun Joan Lowrie! Go, Joan, lass, and we'n not forget thee!"

But the men demurred. The finer instinct of some of them shrank from giving a woman a place in such a perilous undertaking; the coarser element in others rebelled against it.

"We'n ha' no wenches," these said, surlily.

Grace stepped forward. He went to Joan Lowrie and touched her gently on the shoulder.

"We cannot think of it," he said. "It is very brave and generous, and—God bless you!—but it cannot be. I could not think of allowing it myself, if the rest would."

"Parson," said Joan, coolly, but not roughly, "tha'd ha' hard work to help thysen if so be as th' lads wur willin'."

"But," he protested, "it may be death. I could not bear the thought of it. You are a woman. We cannot let you risk your life!"

She turned to the volunteers.

"Lads," she cried, passionately, "yo' munnot turn me

back. I—sin I mun tell yo',"—and she faced them like a queen,—“theer's a mon down theer as I'd gi' my heart's blood to save.”

They did not know whom she meant, but they demurred no longer.

“Tak' thy place, wench,” said the oldest of them. “If tha mun, tha mun.”

She took her seat in the cage by Grace, and when she took it she half turned her face away. But when those above began to lower them, and they found themselves swinging downward into what might be to them a pit of death, she spoke to him.

“Theer's a prayer I'd loike yo' to pray,” she said. “Pray that if we mun dee, we may na dee until we ha' done our work.”

It was a dreadful work indeed that the rescuers had to do in those black galleries. And Joan was the bravest, quickest, most persistent of all. Paul Grace, following in her wake, found himself obeying her slightest word or gesture. He worked constantly at her side, for he, at least, had guessed the truth. He knew that they were both engaged in the same quest. When at last they had worked their way—lifting, helping, comforting—to the end of the passage where the collier had said he last saw the master, then, for one moment, she paused, and her companion, with a thrill of pity, touched her to attract her attention.

“Let me go first,” he said.

“Nay,” she answered, “we'n go together.”

The gallery was a long and low one, and had been terribly shaken. In some places the props had been torn away, in others they were borne down by the loosened blocks of coal. The dim light of the “Davy” Joan held up showed such a wreck that Grace spoke to her again.

"You must let me go first," he said, with gentle firmness. "If one of these blocks should fall——"

Joan interrupted him :

"If one on 'em should fall I'm th' one as it had better fall on. There is na mony foak as 'ud miss Joan Lowrie. Yo' ha' work o' yore own to do."

She stepped into the gallery before he could protest, and he could only follow her. She went before, holding the Davy high, so that its light might be thrown as far forward as possible. Now and then she was forced to stoop to make her way around a bending prop ; sometimes there was a fallen mass to be surmounted ; but she was at the front still when they reached the other end without finding the object of their search.

"It—he is na there," she said. "Let us try th' next passage." And she turned into it.

It was she who first came upon what they were looking for ; but they did not find it in the next passage, or the next, or even the next. It was farther away from the scene of the explosion than they had dared to hope. As they entered a narrow side-gallery Grace heard her utter a low sound, and the next minute she was down upon her knees.

"Theer's a mon here," she said. "It's him as we're lookin' fur."

She held the dim little lantern close to the face,—a still face with closed eyes, and blood upon it. Grace knelt down too, his heart aching with dread.

"Is he——" he began, but could not finish.

Joan Lowrie laid her hand upon the apparently motionless breast and waited almost a minute, and then she lifted her own face, white as the wounded man's,—white and solemn, and wet with a sudden rain of tears.

"He is na dead," she said. "We ha' saved him."

She sat down upon the floor of the gallery, and lifting his head laid it upon her bosom, holding it close as a mother might hold the head of her child.

"Mester," she said, "gi' me th' brandy-flask, and tak' thou thy Davy an' go fur some o' th' men to help us get him to th' leet o' day. I'm gone weak at last. I conna do no more. I'll go wi' him to th' top."

When the cage ascended to the mouth again with its last load of sufferers, Joan Lowrie came with it, blinded and dazzled by the golden winter's sunlight as it fell upon her haggard face. She was holding the head of what seemed to be a dead man upon her knee. A great shout of welcome rose up from the by-standers.

She helped them to lay her charge upon a pile of coats and blankets prepared for him, and then she turned to the doctor who had hurried to the spot to see what could be done.

"He is na dead," she said. "Lay yore hond on his heart. It beats yet, mester,—on'y a little, but it beats."

"No," said the doctor, "he is not dead—yet," with a breath's pause between the two last words. "If some of you will help me to put him on a stretcher, he may be carried home, and I will go with him. There is just a chance for him, poor fellow, and he must have immediate attention. Where does he live?"

"He must go with me," said Grace. "He is my friend."

So they took him up, and Joan stood a little apart and watched them carry him away,—watched the bearers until they were out of sight, and then turned again and joined the women in their work among the sufferers.

**THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW**

**RENEWED BOOKS ARE SUBJECT TO IMMEDIATE
RECALL**

LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, DAVIS

Book Slip-70m-9,'65 (F7151s4)458

Nº 511973

Morris, C.

**Half-hours with
the best American
authors.**

PS507

M67

v.3

**LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
DAVIS**

